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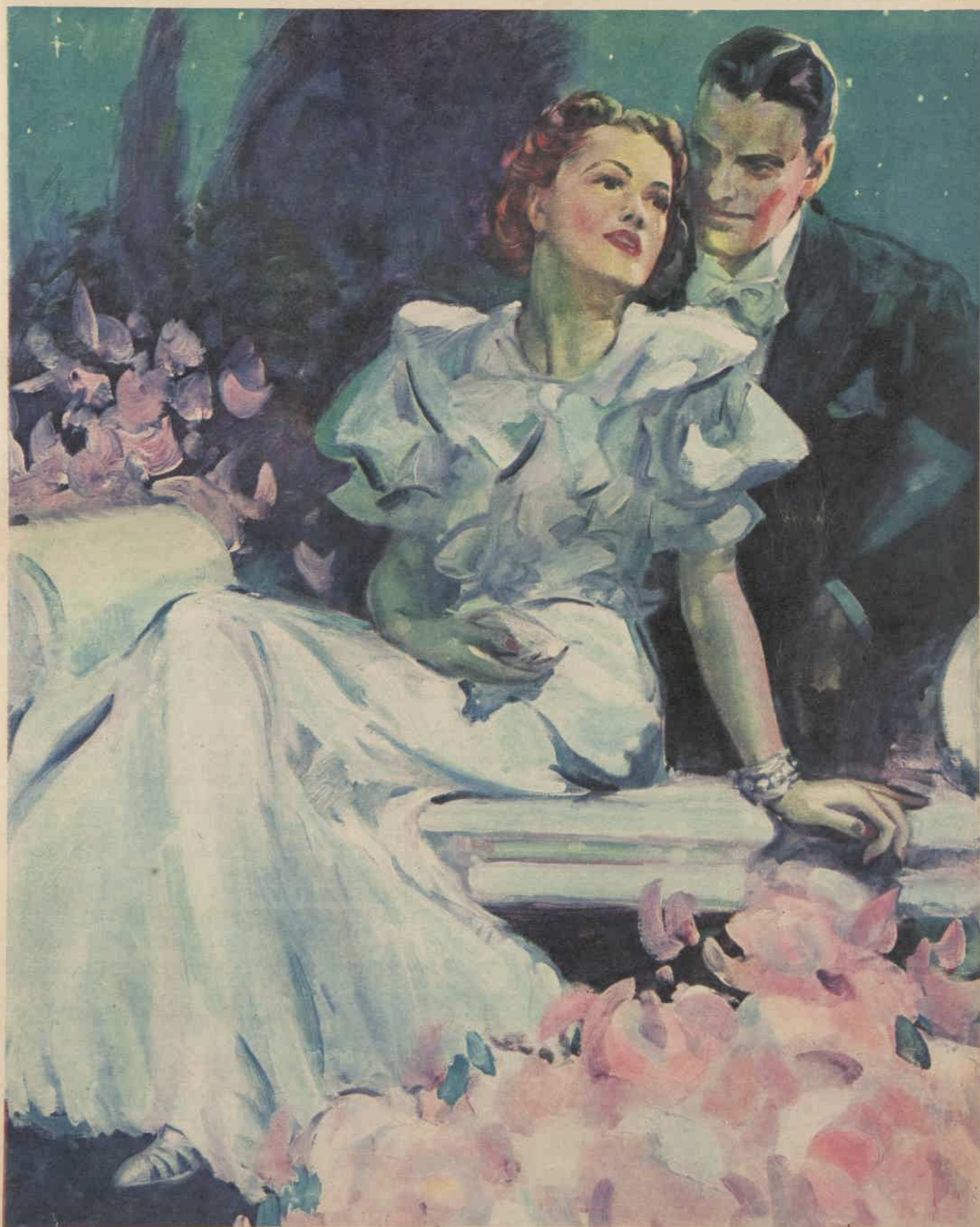
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NEW LAWS for MARRIAGES

Brilliant Novelist Discusses Advantages of Revised Code for Youth of 1937

Suggestions for new divorce laws are constantly cropping up in the world's Parliaments.

But new marriage laws would deal better with this problem of unhappy marriages, contends Kathleen Norris, brilliant and world-famous novelist, who elaborates her views in the following striking article.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

By Special Arrangement to The Australian Women's Weekly.

IF there was a clearly-defined marriage law to-day, then our children would know when they were breaking the law.

As it is, no law exists for most of them, and they flounder about in a state of complete confusion.

If boys could be instructed by their fathers in thoughtfulness, self-control, steadiness, high purpose, marriage would be different for their wives.

If women would seriously school their daughters in humility, tolerance, moderation, and a decent working knowledge of budgets and housekeeping, the divorce courts would feel as if the depression were just setting in.

No Standard

IT'S a real national misfortune that there is no code book for girls and boys to study before they embark upon the great adventure of marriage.

In the older days and civilisations the churches, whatever their faults, did society a mighty service when they took upon themselves the responsibility of instructing the young husband and wife in their duties.

Patience, gentleness, endurance, courage were taught as French and mathematics are to-day; there was a standard to maintain.

To-day there is no such standard. Many of our youngsters marry without any suspicion that they are bound to meet emotional crises

Kathleen Norris Says:—

THE delight of forgiving, of being reconciled, is one of the royal prerogatives of marriage; the power to say "I'm sorry" is more devastating than machine guns and air-craft.

ahead; disappointments, humiliations, differences of opinion.

Much less are they warned or prepared for these inevitable rocks in the smooth sea of novelty and excitement and love.

This is the reason for thousands of wrecked homes and, incidentally, wrecked homes and lives, every year.

The tragedy we expect we can all face with dignity and intelligence. It is the complete unexpectedness of unhappiness that forces the untrained boy into sullen stubbornness, and sends the girl weeping home to her mother.

Nobody ever told them that anyone could be so horrid, that marriage was so hard, that life was so disillusioning!

Is it ever fair to let our children drift on, thinking that although childhood has its ups and downs, and youth its bitter trials and deprivations and disappointments, the



A HAPPY DANCE through life together is the way married life appeals to most young couples—at the beginning. But marriage is a hard job, reasons Kathleen Norris, brilliant novelist, in this article.

moment they marry life turns to roses?

Wouldn't it be more sensible to remind them that life in grammar school, in High, in college has always been a rather complicated and disappointing affair, that taxes, headaches, social complications, money stringencies, the complete bewildering failure of friends always have been a part of the scheme and always will be?

Reasonable!

BUT young couples aren't taught to be patient and humble and forgiving to-day. They are taught to be reasonable instead, and there never was a marriage yet that could be saved by reason!

Spilled girls develop into real women under tenderness and understanding. Unthinking raw cubes of boys grow to be considerate and gentle husbands, appreciative of what a wife, home, children mean, when their unreasonableness and ignorance are met with character and dignity.

We grow one way or we grow another, as the years go by.

The subject interests me unusually at the moment because of Hester. Hester was married in a big church, with bridesmaids and music, a few years ago.

Two years later, with a beautiful little Paul to raise, she told us all eagerly why she and Paul senior had got a divorce. He was a nice fellow, but he loved night-clubs, dancing, drinking; she liked books and a few friends. They just had "nothing in common," and so they separated.

What they really didn't have was character and code. These would have saved them, and saved the child to whom she must eternally justify herself now, by belittling his father.

We ought to teach our children that any marriage can be a failure, and any marriage a success.

We ought to ask ourselves, not if they are going to have luck enough to be happy, but whether or not they have character, self-control, high principle enough to make a success of any destiny that befalls them.

A few years ago I talked to a weeping bride of eight months who had attempted to take her own life in her despair.

She was 21, pretty, smart. She fell in love in her last year at Uni-

versity with a penniless boy two years older.

On the day he graduated they were married and went to live in a three-room bungalow that was furnished only with a three-quarter bed, two chairs, a desk and a dressing-table. No china, no rugs, no lamps, no comfort in the chill fogs and winds of the city winter.

The girl's family cast her off in anger; the girl had no job. Bitter quarrels and scenes set in, and within a few months the girl, forgiven, went back to her mother.

Then came a deadlock. There was no escape for them through divorce—since both objected to taking the necessary legal steps.

A Hard Job

HER father reproachful, her mother brokenhearted, her own soul sick with shame, Margot had only to discover to her consternation that presently there was going to be a baby to decide desperately that the whole thing was a hopeless wreck, and to cut her wrists.

Well, they saved her, and Dan went to the middle-west State in which she lived to talk to her. Her father got him a job, her mother and other advisers talked pretty radically to both him and to Margot, and the two took up their partnership again in a little apartment near the girl's fine, gentle, helpful mother.

That was six years ago. Now they have a boy and a girl, a car and a radio and membership in a country club, and are as established and happy and devoted a pair as could be found in the world.

They simply hadn't understood that marriage is a job and a hard job. They had thought it was all a matter of whim; fun to get married, fun to run off by themselves, fun to be poor and adventuresome and daring! The minute the fun stopped they wanted to stop, too.

Nobody had ever told them seriously, repeatedly impressed it on them over and over again, that marriage has its high and holy laws, its code and its honor.

Nobody had ever told them what to do when things went wrong. And yet, was there any grown-up near them who didn't know that sooner or later things DO?

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Mayfair.

Won Highest Elocution Award
MISS MOLLY OPIE, who has gained the Final Fellowship of the Trinity College, London, is 20 years of age, and is the youngest South Australian to gain the Fellowship—the highest elocution award.

She did her first examination in 1930, and at 15 got her A.T.C.L. Diploma, when her paper was the only one to be passed of the 35 candidates who entered. She got her L.T.C.L. in 1935.



Tasmanian Singer

AFTER five years' musical study overseas, Charles Benson, a Tasmanian singer of note, has returned to his homeland. Was a student of Madame Marchese and Maggie Tate in London. He was heard over the air in two Empire broadcasts from the B.B.C., and gave numerous successful recitals in London and Edinburgh. Mr. Benson will give two concerts in Hobart this month.



—Brookthorn.

Work on Forest Products

DR. T. M. REYNOLDS, M.Sc. (Sydney), D.Phil. (Oxford), a Sydney girl, is the only woman in Australia engaged in chemistry work on forest products.

After three years spent in organic chemistry work at Oxford, she became attached to the Division of Forest Products, an important part of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, in Australia.

Her research work last year was largely devoted to the preparation of pulp and paper.

Travelled...then found beauty and back home!

HERE COMES BETTY, LOOK!

I SUPPOSE SHE WILL HAVE SOME BIZARRE ADORNMENTS TO SHOCK US.

TEETH THE SAME... LIPS THE SAME... HAIR DONE THE SAME WAY... YET...

DO YOU THINK I'VE CHANGED?

YOUR COMPLEXION, BETTY—IT'S BECOME AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL!

AH! I KNOW! THAT'S SOMETHING I LEARNED FROM MY ENGLISH COUSINS.

BEEN SPENDING A FORTUNE AT SOME LONDON BEAUTY SPECIALIST?

NO—SIMPLY USING ERASMIC FACE POWDER. YOU CAN BUY IT HERE, AND IT COSTS ONLY A SHILLING.

ERASMIC "filminess" veils you lightly, with an indescribable glamour.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

Erasmic Vanishing Cream, 2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube. A light, protective powder base.

Erasmic Cold Cream, 2/6 Jar. Softens and nourishes as it cleanses.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

57,18,37

MRS. LYONS' Farewell MESSAGE to Australian WOMEN

"I Shall Do My Best to Carry Our Banner High"

On the eve of her departure for London to attend the Coronation, Mrs. J. A. Lyons, wife of the Prime Minister of Australia, in an exclusive interview, gave the following message for the women of the Commonwealth to The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I am going to London as the representative of the women of this great country. It is a task which to me is a very great pleasure. I regard it as the highest honor that could be accorded to anyone, and I hope I shall not let the women of Australia down. If I do, you will all know that it was not because I did not try my utmost to carry our banner high."

ALTHOUGH I am looking forward keenly to the trip to represent Australia with my husband in paying tribute to our beloved King and Queen, which I regard as the proudest and most wonderful thing that could happen to be, I will leave my heart behind, not only in a personal sense with my own family, but in the sense that Australia will claim it wherever I am.

"I felt when I came back last time after the Jubilee celebrations that in spite of whatever difficulties we might encounter in life in Australia, it was still the best country in the world for people to live in. I still feel that, and I know perfectly well that I will come back with that opinion unchanged."

"I very much appreciate this opportunity before leaving Australia to thank all you women from every part of the Commonwealth for the very great kindness and the friendliness that you have shown me for the past several years."

Much-needed Rest

PARTICULARLY am I grateful for the many, many letters written to me expressing your pleasure at my recovery of health after my long illness, and the fact that I am able to go away on this trip."

In the comparatively little time Mrs. Lyons has had since her convalescence to make the preparations for her voyage and for the care of her family while she is away she has been kept extremely busy.

Although occupied in buying clothes for herself and her eldest daughter, Sheila, who is to accompany her, Mrs. Lyons has managed to sandwich in a number of public engagements to enable the women of Sydney, Melbourne, and Canberra to extend to her personally their best wishes.

Mrs. Lyons and Miss Sheila Lyons join the Prime Minister on the Orontes in Adelaide this Thursday. Mrs. Lyons said that she had had a look at their suite on the Orontes when in Sydney, and was very pleased with it.

"It is a beautifully roomy suite, and we should be most comfortable," she said, "after the rush and bustle of the preparation and packing for the journey I am looking forward eagerly to having a much-needed rest on the voyage to England. It will be a very great comfort and help having Sheila with me."

Australia First

I THINK I must be about the luckiest girl in the world to be able to go to the Coronation," said Miss Sheila Lyons, who is so excited and thrilled at the prospect that she has only a hazy recollection of events during the past few weeks.

Never before in all her life, she said, had there been such an orgy of new clothes, as her mother insisted on taking all their clothes for the visit with them. Only the special gowns for the Coronation and presentation ceremonies would be bought in London.

"Mother insists on Australia

first," explained Sheila, "but these ceremonial gowns must conform very strictly with rules of dress laid down by the Court, and consequently must be made for us in London."

Sheila is looking forward with the greatest eagerness to being presented at Court although she admits that she feels extremely nervous at the prospect. "But the thrill of my presentation will make up for that," she added.

Asked what part of the trip she expected to interest her most, Sheila said that she had heard so much of interest from her mother after her Jubilee visit, that she had no clear idea on the matter. One thing, however, she certainly was determined to do—to see Salisbury Cathedral, because her mother had told her so much of its beauties.

Sheila's Hopes

SHE also hopes to see many other places which are enshrined in the history of England, and to catch a glimpse also of Italy and France on the journey across to London from Naples, where they will leave the boat.

Sheila has never been away from Australia before, her trips so far



MR. AND MRS. AND MISS SHEILA LYONS ready to start out on their trip to England for the Coronation.

—Women's Weekly photo.

being confined to the journey from Tasmania to Sydney, Canberra, and Melbourne.

"I fully realise how lucky I am to be having such a wonderful trip now—a trip which only a very few have the opportunity to make—and I feel that I would like to take with me every girl in Australia who would like to go to share in the pleasures which are in store for

me," she declared. "I want to go everywhere and see and do everything that it is possible to cram into the time available."

"As for the London shops, I have read and heard so much about them that I must try to see them at least, too, but I don't expect we will be buying very much in them, particularly as we shall have brought all our clothes with us from home."

£20 IN PRIZES for LETTERS

What Was Your Most Memorable Moment?

Cash prizes are offered to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly in a fascinating new competition entitled "The Most Memorable Moment In My Life."

The competition was inspired by a remark of Mr. Bernard O'Reilly, Australia's hero of the year, who discovered the lost Stinson plane and its survivors in the wild Queensland bush a fortnight ago.

IT was the worst moment in my life," said Mr. O'Reilly, relating last week his feelings when he first sighted the crashed plane.

"I had never experienced such a hopeless feeling," he added. "There seemed a terrible certainty about what had happened."

"When I got to the plane and found the survivors, sitting up and trying to crack jokes, well, I tell you, to live long enough to get them back to safety was just about all I wanted."

That was Mr. O'Reilly's most

memorable moment, and it made world news.

Now what was YOUR most memorable moment?

True Stories Only

EVERYONE has a recollection of some memorable moment that has exerted an unusual influence in his or her own life.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to relate their most memorable moments in letters not exceeding 200 words.

A cash prize of £10 will be paid for the best letter submitted. Ten

consolation prizes of £1 each will also be paid.

"Memorable moments" gives a wide narrative choice to readers.

Some outstanding incident in your life is remembered for its far-reaching effect, its humor, pathos, or tragedy. Maybe you once made a terrible faux pas. Perhaps you almost married the wrong man, won £5000 in an investment, or were lost in the bush, or almost drowned?

Were you late for a wedding? Did some lucky chance save you or near ones from a disaster?

Is your most memorable moment concerned with your childhood, schooldays, work, or romance? Did it occur yesterday, last week, or twenty years ago?

Jog your recollections now and write down the most outstanding event, how it occurred, and how it affected you. It may win you £10 or a £1 consolation prize. Incidents, of course, must be true.

Letters may be of 50 or 100 words, but should not exceed 200 words.

They should be addressed to the Competition Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551 E, G.P.O., Sydney. Envelopes should be endorsed "Memorable Moments" in the top left-hand corner. Entries should be lodged before March 27.



Women!

FOR over 25 years women throughout Australia have relied upon Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills to banish their sufferings from Backache, Rheumatism, Pains in the sides and other complaints originating from the Kidneys. Why not let them do this for you, too?

You can take Gin Pills with every confidence as their action is such that they cannot help but benefit you.

You can absolutely rely on—

27 Pills 1/9.

60 Pills 2/9.

**DR. SHELDON'S
GIN PILLS**

HOW WOMEN LIVE in Cyclonic DARWIN

Northern Pioneers Who Brave the Hardships of Tropics

Darwin women are just recovering from one of the periodical cyclones for which the tropical capital is noted.

The hurricane that wrecked the town last week emphasises that life in the tropics is still a pioneering adventure—for women especially.

Just how women live in this town on the edge of the Continent is shown in the following article, written by a special representative of The Australian Women's Weekly before the cyclone.

By OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

I SAW Darwin first from the cabin of a Qantas plane at 4000 feet, after a monotonous 2028 miles' trip from Brisbane. Darwin's beautiful harbor, with its background of green jungle and

the town gardens with brilliant red poincianas and pink-and-white frangipani in full bloom, were a wonderful relief after the arid, brown, desolate wastes of Central Queensland. The aerodrome, which has been

the hopping-off and landing-place of so many of the world's famous airmen and airwomen, is on the shores of Fanny Bay, about 21 miles from the business section of the town.

The Australian writer who said that Hell, Hay, and Booligal were the hottest places he had known had certainly never been to Darwin.

But the people dress so sensibly that the discomfort is reduced to a minimum.

White duck trousers or shorts with light tennis shirts are the universal dress for men.

There is very little difference in the clothes of the Darwin women to those of the south—just the lightest of summer frocks are worn.

Most of the young girls turn out in smart tailored shorts and poplin or silk blouses. Stockings



BECAUSE PRETTY MISS FLORENCE HURLBUT refused to marry him, and to prove his love, Harold Hulen, 30-year-old entertainment director of the Chamber of Commerce of Excelsior Springs (U.S.A.), chained himself to the radiator pipes outside her room and refused to move. He stated he was prepared to sit there for ever, but eventually Florence softened, and answered "yes" to Harold's suit. On left, Hulen is shown receiving a smile from Miss Hurlbut during his self-imposed vigil, and on right, he passes the time playing cards while chained to the radiator. —Air Mail Photo

After the Theatre

Enjoyment of a cup of Bushells Blue Label Tea is followed by an enjoyable afterglow of good feeling. It is the fine flavor of Bushells that gives you so much enjoyment. It is the fine flavor, fresh and fragrant, which comes only from rich young bud-leaves. Bushells Blue Label—the Tea of Flavor

must be a real glut on the shelves of the retail stores here.

I have seldom seen a girl in shorts who wears a hat, and most of them finish off their ensemble with light sandals.

By the way, the wearing of shorts by either sex is accepted as correct for business, for church, and even for attendance at the sittings of Judge Wells' Supreme Court.

If there are any disciples of Mr. Spooner in Darwin, they have not expressed their views.

The motto of the town seems to be, "Wear what you like so long as you are comfortable."

The town is well laid out, with wide streets, and some of the more modern homes, built of wood, high off the ground, with wide verandahs and ample ventilation, are extremely comfortable.

There are three good hotels, the Victoria, the Don, and the Club, and excellent accommodation is provided at rates cheaper than many of the country hotels in other parts of Australia.

The Victoria Hotel is owned and run by Mrs. Christina Gordon, one of the pioneer women of the Northern Territory.

Mrs. Gordon was born on Christmas Day, and each year she celebrates her birthday by giving a free meal, and free liquor, too, to anyone in Darwin who cares to accept her hospitality.

Distinguished visitors to Australia from all parts of the world have sheltered under Mrs. Gordon's roof, and Governors-General and Governors of the various States have signed their names in the visitors' book.

A special room in the hotel has been reserved for aviators since the days when the first plane came to Australia.

There are four beds in it, and on the walls have been carved the names and dates of the visit to Darwin of a long line of famous airmen and airwomen, many of whom have passed into the Great Beyond.

Here are the names of a few of the famous aviators who have added their script to the long list on the walls of No. 3, the Aviators' Room:

Bert Hinkler, L. J. Brain, L. J. Moir, H. C. Owen, C. W. A. Scott, Campbell Black, Kingsford Smith, Charles Ulm, H. E. Broadbent, Jean Ratten, Jim Mollison, Amy Johnson.

Good For Domestics

DOMESTIC work does not unduly trouble women in Darwin. It is mostly done by Chinese, Japanese and half-castes, and by the odd "boons" (aborigine) who prefers earning a few shillings a week to living on the Government.

Some domestics earn up to £2/15/- a week and keep—a rate that will be envied by domestic workers down south.

Girl typists can command up to £5/10/- a week.

Darwin district has no industries except buffalo-hunting and pearling, and is really like Canberra, a town of civil servants.

I have not seen a fly since my arrival, and only two mosquitoes, and the townspeople say I brought those with me from Sydney.

(See pictures on Page 30)

Spirit of Outback Lives in Darwin's Women

From OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

THE Darwin disaster brought out the best in the people. Within a few hours the homeless were accommodated by neighbors, and although many housewives had only bathrooms to offer the unfortunate sufferers, they willingly took them in and shared their bedclothes with them.

The fine spirit shown by the women of Darwin towards their less fortunate townsmen will long be remembered in the Territory.

A typical example of the spirit of the outback was the action of Mrs. Gordon, of the Victoria Hotel, who, since the cyclone, has thrown her dining-rooms open to any who are short of food.

But there is no real distress in this direction, as the Police Department has control of food relief, which has been distributed generously.



Illustrated
— by —
FISCHER

The PRETENDER

Another exciting adventure of the Spanish Main, with the Prince of Buccaneers, Captain Peter Blood.



IMOBILITY, as everyone knows, is a quality that has been in all times a conspicuous factor of success with most great commanders by land and sea. So, too, with Captain Blood. There were occasions when his onslaught was sudden as the swoop of a hawk.

Not content to be mildly amused by the echoes that reached him from time to time of the supernatural powers with which Spanish superstition endowed him, Captain Blood was diligent to profit where possible by the additional terror in which his name came thus to be held. But when shortly after his capture at San Domingo of the Maria Gloriosa, the powerful, richly laden flagship of the Spanish Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, the Marquis of Riconete, he heard it positively and circumstantially reported that on the very morrow of his sailing from San Domingo he had been raiding Cartagena, two hundred miles away, it occurred to him that one or two other fantastic tales of his doings that had lately reached his ears might possess a foundation less vague than was supplied by mere superstitious imaginings.

It was in a water-side tavern at Christianstadt, on the island of Sta. Croix, where the Maria Gloriosa (impudently renamed Andalusian Lass, and as impudently flying the flag of the Union) had put in for wood and water, that he overheard an account of horrors practised by himself and his buccaneers at Cartagena in the course of that same raid.

The narrator was a big Dutchman, red of hair and face, named Claus, master of a merchant ship from the Scheldt, and he was entertaining with his lurid tale of pillage and murder two traders of the town, members of the French West India Company.

Uninvited, Blood thrust himself into this group with the object of learning more, and the intrusion was not merely accepted with the tolerance that prevailed in such resorts, but welcomed by virtue of the elegance of this stranger's appointments and the quiet authority of his manner.

"My greetings, messieurs." If his French had not the native fluency of his Spanish, required during two years at Seville in a prison of the Holy Office, yet it was servilely smooth. He drew up a stool, sat down without ceremony, and rapped with his knuckles on the stained deal table to summon the taverner. "When do you say that this occurred?"

"Ten days ago it was," the Dutchman answered him.

"Impossible." Blood shook his periwigged head. "To my certain knowledge, Captain Blood ten days ago was at San Domingo. Besides, his ways are hardly as villainous as those you describe."

Claus, that rough man, of a temper to match his fiery complexion, displayed impatience of the contradiction. "Pirates are pirates, and all are foul." He spat ostentatiously upon the sanded floor, as if to mark his nausea.

"Faith, I'll not argue with you on that. But since I know that ten days ago Captain Blood was at San Domingo, it follows that he could not at the same time have been at Cartagena."

"Cock-sure, are you not?" the Dutchman sneered. "Then let me tell you, sir, that I had the tale two days since at San Juan of Puerto Rico from the captain of one of our battered Spanish plate-ships that had been beset in Cartagena by the raiders. You'll not pretend to know better than he. Those two galleons ran into San Juan for shelter. They had been hunted across the Caribbean by that darned buccaneer, and they would never have escaped him but that a lucky shot of theirs damaged his foremast and compelled him to shorten sail."

But Blood was not impressed by this citation of an eye-witness. "Bah!" said he. "The Spaniards were in a mistake. That's all."

The traders looked uneasily at the dark face of this newcomer, whose eyes, so vividly blue under their black eyebrows, were coldly contemptuous.

"**M**Y good sir," Claus insisted, "there could be no mistake. Blood's beg red ship, the Arabella, is not to be mistaken."

"If they say that the Arabella chased them, they make it the more certain that they lied. For, again to my certain knowledge, the Arabella is at Tortuga, careened for graving and refitting."

"You know a deal," said the Dutchman, with his heavy sarcasm.

"I keep myself informed," was the plausible answer, civilly delivered. "It's prudent."

"Ay, provided that you inform yourself correctly. This time you're sorely at fault. Believe me, sir, at present Captain Blood is somewhere hereabouts."

Captain Blood smiled. "That I can well believe. What I don't perceive is why you should suppose it."

The Dutchman thumped the table with his great fist. "Didn't I tell you that somewhere off Puerto Rico his foremast was

strained in action with these Spaniards? What better reason than that? He'll have run to one of these islands for repairs. That's certain."

"What's much more certain is that your Spaniards, in panic of Captain Blood, see an Arabella in every ship they sight."

Only the coming of the sack made the Dutchman tolerant of such obstinacy in error. When they had drunk he confined his talk to the plate-ships. Not only were they at Puerto Rico for repairs, but after their late experience and because they were very richly laden, they would not again put to sea until they could be convoyed.

That evening in the cabin of the Andalusian Lass, in whose splendid equipment of damasks and velvets, of carved and gilded bulkheads, of crystal and silver was reflected the opulence of the Spanish Admiral to whom she had so lately belonged, Captain Blood summoned a council of war. It was composed of the one-eyed giant, Wolverstone, of Nathaniel Hagthorpe, that pleasant-mannered West Country gentleman, and of Chaffinch, the little sailing master, all of them men who had been transported with Blood for their share in the Monmouth rising. As a result of their deliberations the Andalusian Lass weighed anchor that night and slipped away from Sta. Croix, to appear two days later off San Juan de Puerto Rico.

It was necessary to proceed with

The pirate bounded to his feet, still grasping Dona Leocadia. Above the din of the newcomer's entrance her screams rang out.

By **RAFAEL SABATINI**

caution. Not only was the harbor protected by a considerable fort with a garrison which no doubt would be kept more than usually alert in view of the presence of the treasure-ships, but Blood disposed of no more than eighty hands aboard the Andalusian Lass, so that he was not in sufficient strength to effect a landing, even if his gunnery should have the good fortune to subdue the fortress. He must trust to guile rather than to strength, and in the lowered cockpit Captain Blood went audaciously ashore upon a reconnaissance.

IT WAS SO improbable as to be accounted impossible that the news of Captain Blood's capture of the Spanish flagship at San Domingo could already have reached Puerto Rico; therefore the white-and-gold splendors and the pronouncedly Spanish lines of the Maria Gloriosa should be his sufficient credentials at the outset. He had made free with the Marquis of Riconete's extensive wardrobe, and came arrayed in a suit of violet taffetas, with stockings of lilac silk and a baldric of finest Cordovan of the same color, that was stiff with silver bullion. A broad black hat with a trailing claret feather covered his black perwig, and shaded his weathered, high-bred face.

Please turn to Page 23

LADY with CARNATIONS



Illustrated by
FISCHER

SHE pressed the door-bell and Winter, Bertram's servant, answered her ring, standing tall, thin, and funereal above her, his bald head glistening. His saturnine visage reflecting both dubiety and gloom.

"I'm sorry, Miss Lorimer," he began, and she saw that he was uncertain about admitting her. But before he could summon his decision she was in the hall, smiling at him reassuringly, murmuring: "It's all right, Winter, I'll find my way in!" She marched past the perturbed manservant towards the ground-floor study which, from her familiarity with Bertram's habits, she knew must now contain him.

In this she was right, but more by chance than judgment, for Bertram was not working at his desk, but sat, instead, in a plaid dressing-gown crouched over a heaped coal fire, his head encased in a Shetland shawl, his attitude—so much at variance with the warm comfort of the richly furnished, red-curtained room—the ludicrous personification of misery.

After a silence, he painfully screwed round his head and surveyed her with a jaundiced eye. "What the devil are you doing here?"

Though her heart went out to him in sympathy there was about him in his present situation, dishevelled, beset and swollen-cheeked, something so irresistibly reminiscent of the comic strip, that Katharine had to fight down an awful tremor of mirth. Hurriedly, she declared:

"I just dropped in for a minute. And I'm so glad I came. You

must let me do something for you."

"You can't," he mumbled mournfully. "I don't want to be disturbed. I told Winter."

"It wasn't Winter's fault. And look here, Bertie—"

"Can't look anywhere," he interrupted. "Toothache, confounded face-ache. Let me alone. I couldn't buy an antique now to save my life."

"I haven't come here to sell you an antique."

"You haven't come here for nothing. I know you. On a Sunday, too. Out you get, Katharine."

"No, I won't," she answered determinedly, and took a step towards him. "It's absurd to see you suffering like this. Haven't you seen a dentist?"

"Hate dentists. Never had any time for them. Hate the whole dashed crew. Besides," he groaned delicately, held rigid by a sudden wave of his affliction. When it had subsided he lay back, spent, upon the chair, and explained, "Abscess, I think. Can't inject. Can't do anything."

"You can have it out," said Katharine in some astonishment.

"OUT!" He jumped, almost, in his chair. "Without an injection? In cold blood? Out! Oh, Lord, does the woman think I'm made of iron? Out! Oh, dear Lord, forgive her!" With a shudder, he turned his back, and, holding the afflicted cheek tenderly, began to rock himself gently to and fro.

Katharine studied him with genuinely affectionate concern, reflecting, perhaps a little tritely, yet none the less truly in the circumstances, how like children men could be, especially when bereft of feminine government. She exclaimed:

"Very well, Miss Lorimer, I will attend to it. You will find yourselves at the Captain's table."

"Let me have a look at it, Bertie."

"No, thanks." The vigor of his denial sent another spasm through him. He winced and stopped his rocking, as though petrified, frozen by his agony into stone.

"But you must. It's too ridiculous for you to go on suffering." Firmly she advanced towards him.

His eye, sole mobility of his stricken face, rotated towards her wildly. But she was too much for him. Crouched, like a spaniel threatened by the whip, he groaned again and surrendered, allowing her to remove the shawl, exposing his mouth, exposing a dark stump of molar set in an area of angry gum.

When she had satisfied herself as to the trouble, Katharine took up her place on the hearthrug and contemplated him severely.

"Look here, Bertie, it's insanity leaving this. You've got to have it out at once."

going to have this wretched tooth out right away."

"No, no . . . Don't you dare. If I have gas I'll pass out for good. I'm better . . . I'm absolutely all right now . . . Oh! . . . oh! . . ."

He was struggling up in his chair, protesting, when another wave of anguish caught him and laid him back again, vanquished and at her mercy.

Katharine eyed her old friend with a compassionate yet unrelenting gaze, then she went out of the room and into the hall, where she rang up Dr. Blake, her own surgeon-dentist, who lived just round the corner in Queen Anne Street, and asked him to come round at once. From Winter, who hovered near, a troubled and cadaverous shadow, she demanded hot water and clean towels.

Winter's jaw dropped.

"You don't mean, Miss, you've persuaded the gov'nor to have it out?"

By

A. J. CRONIN

"You can't," he remonstrated feebly. "You can't inject . . ."

"Gas," returned Katharine laconically.

He paled under the shawl, which, with an effort of self-preservation, he had resumed.

"Gas?"

"Yes, gas, Bertie!"

He made a last effort to escape. "I can't have an anaesthetic. The very idea's enough for me. I've never had an anaesthetic in my life."

"Well, you will now," said Katharine in her most final and formidable tone. "I'm going to phone up Dr. Blake and you're

"Persuaded is right," Katharine answered grimly.

"Well, I'm blessed! I wouldn't 'ave believed it." Winter's aitches always left him under stress of great emotion.

"Excuse me, Miss, but I've been at 'im all day trying to do something with 'im, and all I got was cursing and swearing something awful."

"Yes, I dare say he's been irritable. But you know what toothache is?"

"Yes, I believe it's a bad complaint, Miss," returned Winter with a superior air. "I never 'ave trouble myself, though. If I may say so, Miss, I 'ave a beautiful set

What Has Happened:

KATHARINE LORIMER has achieved fame as an antique dealer, possessor of a valuable miniature, "The Lady With Carnations." She is exceedingly fond of her niece, NANCY SHERWOOD, who has chosen a stage career and is engaged to

CHRIS MADDEN, wealthy American, whom Katharine dislikes.

Katharine is planning a trip to America to dispose of the miniature.

Chris accompanies Nancy on a theatrical tour, but returns unexpectedly to London, and he becomes good friends with Katharine.

Nancy follows him soon afterwards, distressed because her play has failed. She begs Katharine to use her influence with

SAM BERTRAM, producer, and persuade him to put her into the cast of a play going to America. Katharine consents and goes to Bertram's house. The story continues in col. 1.

of teeth. I treated myself to them, uppers and lowers, on my twenty-first birthday, and on my oath, Miss, I've never regretted it."

A momentary smile of satisfaction flickered over Winter's correct features as he spoke. Instantly, however, they relapsed into their usual unfathomable calm. Shaking his head mutely, he went off towards the kitchen.

Katharine remained in the hall until Dr. Blake arrived. He was young, bustling, and hearty, and as powerful in his build as a Rugby half-back. He swung the heavy case containing his apparatus and instruments as though it were a featherweight.

"You must be firm, doctor," she admonished him. "No nonsense about putting this off."

"Not on your life, Miss Lorimer," he answered with a smile. "I never put off till to-morrow what ought to come out to-day."

They found the wretched victim prostrate with the premonition of his fate, too far gone even to raise a feeble protest. It took barely a minute to prepare the apparatus. Bertram darted one look at its dark cylinders and coils of red tubing, and shivered as though chilled by an icy blast.

"YOU'RE going to finish me," he muttered. "I'll never come through it."

"Rot!" said Blake breezily. "Don't! . . . don't I want a special chair . . . or something?" faltered Bertram.

"Not on your life," said Blake, more breezily than ever. It seemed to be a favorite expression. He rolled up his right cuff, expertly. "Just loosen your collar and sit up pretty."

A ghastly grin spread over Bertram's face.

"Sit up pretty," he cackled. "If I weren't a dying man I would laugh."

Here the door opened and Winter entered, stepping gravely forward with a basin in his hand, like a surgeon apothecary bent on blood. It was the last straw. Bertram shut his eyes tightly. As Blake slipped the rubber mask over his face he blubbered:

"Hold my hand, Katharine. And for God's sake hold it tight."

Three minutes later he opened his eyes and stared glassily at Blake who, whistling gently, was repacking his instruments. Winter and the basin had vanished and so, it dawned on him, had the tooth, the agony, the nightmare in its entirety. The miracle overcame him. He remained passive until the dentist had gone. Then he sat up, and considered Katharine with a slow, unpainful smile.

Please turn to Page 39



Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

Dulcie put a hand on Homer's arm. "I think it's rotten—" she began. "You're telling us," gurgled Sol, in the background.

'Tis the SAME Old STORY

A delightfully written short story of a song-writer and the girl who believed in him in spite of all.

SOL BERNSTEIN barged into the little cubicle where Dulcie O'Day, song plugger de luxe, was sitting at a Steinway wondering what else in the way of punishment was destined for her this morning. First there'd been a Mr. Moscovitz with a lot of quaint East Side folk-songs, then a Miss Peabody from somewhere around Washington Square with a ballad about a sandpiper; then some Swede with a collection of dirges right from the shores of the Skagerak. All pretty awful.

"Dulcie—" Sol stepped aside and disclosed something brand new. Dulcie's big blue eyes grew immense; she passed a white hand over a pallid brow and let it slide into her red curls. "This is Mr. Homer Davenport, from Upham, out in Iowa."

"Pardon me," said the tall youth with straw-colored hair. "Homer Upham from Davenport." He wore huge glasses, a polka-dot bow tie, tan shoes, and the best store clothes obtainable; only he was bony and they didn't fit.

"He wrote some songs," Sol leaned his mountainous bulk against the piano. "Miss O'Day here will play 'em for you. I bet Irving Berlin wouldn't feel so good if he should know you got in on the train this morning, Mr. Dav—Upham."

"Who's he?" Mr. Upham was staring at Dulcie; not rudely, just in a way that said clearly he'd seen nothing like her in Davenport or any place else.

"How do you do?" said Dulcie. "Let's see your stuff."

HOMER produced some pages of manuscript from an old magazine and put them awkwardly on the piano.

"This one"—he waved a hand—"is 'Rose of Rio de Janeiro.' It's—" "Sounds swell," nodded Sol, chewing on his cigar. "Got novelty and verve, an', maybe, elan. That's the stuff we're looking for right now. What's the names of the other ones?"

Homer coughed. "Well, here's 'Moon of Mount Everest'—" "Great! That hill-billy stuff is all the rage right now. Say, I'm glad you dropped in this morning. Things was pretty slack. This

looks like a find to me. Whadda you think, Dulcie?"

Dulcie didn't say anything. She was looking at Homer, at the way his smooth cheeks flushed with pleasure and his brown eyes shone behind the glasses. He'd heard song-publishers were hard-boiled, and there was Sol Bernstein, a really big shot and a M.D. from Tin Pan Ally, handing him the highest praises.

"I got another about my girl out in Davenport. Her name's Leona Belle Smith, so I called it 'I've a Ring for my Leona Belle.'"

Sol shook his head and looked at Homer with awe, as at Schubert's reincarnation or the big brother of the Sisters Boswell.

"You can get so many words to rhyme with 'Belle,'" explained Homer.

story bars and Homer burst into song. He hadn't sung two lines before a whole mob burst into the cubicle and stood around. Sol opened his eyes and closed them again. He'd never heard anything like it—no one had.

"I've a ring for my Leona Belle. Who put me underneath her magic spell—"

Homer waded right through it. When he finished there was a great silence. Homer, blushing, looked from face to face. Then the silence was shattered, the walls trembled, and the ceiling seemed to buckle. It started with a giggle from Tilly Glazer, that was like a spark in a tank of nitre. What a laugh! Sol Bernstein almost slid to the floor, he shook so. Only Dulcie didn't laugh. She put

to make a fool of him. You aren't such big shots yourselves, any of you, that you can afford to hand the laugh to a boy who's just trying to break in. I think it's a shame."

THEY looked at her with more amazement than they'd looked at Homer. Dulcie, of all people, taking up the cudgels for some cow-hand who'd strayed out of his pasture—Dulcie, the keenest wisecracker among them all—little firebrand Dulcie O'Day, who'd never been out of the Bronx except to go to Coney. Maybe this was a gag. But no, they saw those twin red danger signals in her cheeks and blue fire in her eyes.

"O.K., Dulcie," mumbled Sol. "You can give Mr. Upham our decision. His stuff ain't quite what we're lookin' for right now."

They filed out of the cubicle. Homer, looking anywhere but at his champion, began to gather up his music. His hands shook and the sheets rattled. "That—that was pretty decent of you, Miss O'Day," he said. "Thanks a lot. I—well, I didn't think my stuff was so hot, but out home it went well and they had a piece in the 'Chronicle,' said I should go over big on Broadway."

"Yes," said Dulcie softly, "I know. Well, maybe you will. Don't let those beasts get you down."

"I guess I'll have to work harder."

"That's the stuff!" Dulcie got up from the piano. "Keep right at it. I wish you luck."

Please turn to Page 18

By

Louis A. Cunningham

"Yeah, I can think of the logical one right now," nodded Sol.

"Well, suppose you sing 'Rose of Mount Everest,' Mr. Upham."

"Rose of Rio de Janeiro."

"No, better make it 'I've a Ring for my Leona Belle.'"

Sol closed his eyes and let his chin sink on his chest. "O.K., Dulcie."

Dulcie played the few introduc-

a hand on Homer's arm and looked at him with quiet sympathy. She turned fiercely on the crowd.

"I think it's rotten—" She began.

"You're telling us!" gurgled Sol, in the background.

"I mean it's rotten to treat a person like that, Mr. Upham meant well. You haven't any call

THAT Man GERRARD

Amusing romance of an Australian sheep station from the pen of a famous Australian writer



A MAN rode towards Goongoolga.

Far off, the morning sun glistened on the long roof of the woolshed. Inside, in contrast with the hard light without, was gloom and a panting, snapping medley of sounds common to shearing time. Once the eyes became accustomed to the change from glare to gloom they saw a fierce activity. The shearing machines, motivated by the snapping belt from the engine, were peeling off fleece after fleece. Broomies, as the sweepers were called, swept away the wool. At the call of "Tar," the tar-boy would race to a pen and dab his black plaster over the cut. The bins were filling. Sorted fleeces were carefully rolled on to the wool-classer's table. From under the shed came the smothered gasping of waiting sheep. Out in the sunshine the shorn ones were stringing across the paddocks to freedom once again. Up on the waggons swung the bales fresh from the powerful presses, and the teamster's whip sent cracking echoes rattling through the shed.

It would seem that nothing could stop this pulsing industrial and pastoral energy, but there was trouble at Goongoolga. It lurked in the shed where the overseer sent anxious glances at the pens; it hovered over the homestead farther away; it brooded on the waggons, and in the eyes of the drovers bringing in the mobs from the back paddocks. Trouble. Indefinable yet definite.

On the surface everything seemed sweet and smooth, until all at once a shearer straightened his back and looked surlily about him.

"Wet sheep, I reckon," he drawled, grinning slightly as he spoke.

Another man nodded, the word passed along the pens. Wet sheep. One by one the machines stopped, for many shearers will not shear if they know or think the wool to be wet. They believe it to be dangerous to the health of the shearer, claiming that a poison vapor rises from the yolk of the wool and penetrates the sweating pores of the man, giving him a form of paralysis.

So when the words "wet sheep" were spoken in the long Goongoolga woolshed, all work stopped, and not until the sheep were thoroughly dry again would the machines lift the heavy fleeces. The boss of the shed sought the boss of the station.

"Is Miss Peters about?" he asked.

But Marilyn Peters, the boss of Goongoolga, was not at the homestead at that moment. To be precise, she was on her back, gazing dazedly up at a drifting cloud, fighting for breath after the shock of the fall, then watching in wonderment the horse that had thrown her streaking away over a rise. Slowly breath and strength came back, then swift color stained her face as a deep voice said whimsically:

"Hurt?" Turning, she was instantly aware of quizzical dark eyes appraising her. The stranger sat easily in his saddle. He was tall, and tanned, broad-shouldered, and quietly sure of himself.

Marilyn stood up, breathing quickly as she rose to her feet. The dark eyes swept her, and saw a tall, fair girl in riding kit, whose hair glistened in the sunlight, and whose grey eyes were wide and resentful. Her hat was on the ground, and, bending low in the saddle, the man swept it up and handed it to her.

"Yours?" Marilyn watched him as she took the hat.

"Thank you. No, I'm not hurt, and the hat is mine. But must you laugh?" she said pointedly.

"Sometimes." Marilyn frowned.

"Who are you?"

His lids drooped.

"Nobody."

She stared at him, her grey eyes annoyed and suspicious.

"Where do you come from?"

He considered her, quite thoroughly.

"Nowhere."



Illustrated by CARL SHREVE

The boss of Goongoolga was a tall, fair girl in riding kit, whose hair glistened in the sunlight and whose grey eyes were wide and resentful.

Perhaps the absurdity of the situation struck her, or it might have been the leisurely survey of the dark eyes that irritated her further, for she said sharply:

"How amusing. Where are you going?"

Again a cool monosyllable.

"Anywhere."

Marilyn's grey eyes narrowed. This person on the horse was beginning to infuriate her.

A Complete Short Story

By E. V. TIMMS

In the first place, it is enough to infuriate anyone to be thrown from a horse. In the second place, it is positively infuriating for that ludicrous event to be watched by someone else. And in the third place it is definitely maddening to be twitted about it in words of one syllable. But he spoke again.

"And who are you?"

Startled by such a lengthy speech, she glared at him.

"I am Marilyn Peters—"

He nodded, bent forward, folded his muscular, bare arms on the withers of his horse, and smiled down at her.

"You're the trouble on Goongoolga," he said quietly. "I've heard about you—"

The color ebbed from the girl's lips. The truth of his words carried their own sting. Ever since she had decided to run Goongoolga herself there had been trouble.

"Trouble?" she panted. "What do you mean?"

He straightened himself.

"The men won't work for you."

Marilyn's eyes fell. Again it was the truth.

"Yes," she jerked out.

"That seems to be it. But Goongoolga is mine . . . and I'll boss it."

"Will you?" he asked. "Then why don't you?"

This was too exasperating. Her retort was chilly in that warm sunshine, her manner distant and glib.

"I do not discuss such matters . . . with strangers. If you follow that track it will take you away from Goongoolga."

He nodded. Then while she stood there he walked his horse round her.

"Thoroughbred, anyway," he told himself.

"I was mistaken. What—oh, yes—the track. And if you follow it the other way, as you were doing, it will take you to Leopard Tree."

"I was going there—"

That seemed to interest him.

"Oh? You were going to Leopard Tree?"

"Why not?"

"Gerrard . . . is a devil . . . they tell me."

"So I've heard," she flung at him crisply.

"But he's a two-fisted, fighting devil whose shed always runs like clockwork."

The stranger shrugged.

"But . . . because of his reputation . . . you would cut him if it suited you . . ."

Marilyn flushed as he went on:

"He's . . . impossible, isn't that it? Know him?"

"Of—of course not—"

"Of course not. He's a bad man—"

"You seem to know a lot about him."

The stranger's eyes were bleak all at once.

"Yes; I know him. He and I . . . don't care much about each other. You'd better keep away from him. A man who dislikes women, and likes men only to master them, is not a man for Marilyn Peters to approach . . . is he?"

"When I need your advice, I'll ask you for it."

But the man merely grinned at her, a lazy, good-natured grin this time.

"Well," he said coolly. "It's yours any time you want it. But it's no use your going to Leopard Tree—Gerrard isn't there."

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The Fashion Parade by Petrov



Flashes from Paris

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

FROM Spain, from Mexico, from Egypt, from Holland, from the Far East, from the South Seas comes inspiration for the clothes that Paris has designed for the spring and summer.

It is to be a season of brave, bright colors, well suited to a time of great pomp and rejoicing, with most of the news concentrated in details.

Day clothes are young and easy to wear, and there is no startling change in their outline. An enormous number of suits are being shown, with fitted hip-length jackets, with seat-length ones, with loose short coats, and with boleros, some so short that they really only cover the shoulder blades; others reach almost to the waist.

Shoulders have dropped a lot of their nonsense and are now blocked like a man's, to give a straight line.

All the interest in short coats is concentrated round about the yoke line. Little bouquets of vivid flowers are embroidered there, just below the front of the shoulder.

Revers are high and wide and slope right down to the waist. (A most becoming line, this.) Molyneux uses fruit as buttonholes on sports jackets. Creed uses three pockets again and again—a large patch pocket on the right side with a smaller one overlapping it, and one large pocket on the left side.

● ONE: Stiff black directoire evening coat fastened with large paste buttons.

● TWO: Tunic dinner frock in black velvet. Colored bead embroideries emphasise the princess line of bodice and outline slits in tunic.

● THREE: Green cellophane follows a vigorous course over black taffeta evening frock with a huge bow.

● FOUR: Quaintly-folded black velvet toque and gloves with tiny diamante plume.

● FIVE: Handbag and gloves in black antelope adorned with gold braid in scroll pattern.

● SIX: Modern version of the elastic-sided boot — high-cut shoe in black suede with insertion of metal-run Lastex.

● SEVEN: Chromium constellation on flat crepe afternoon frock.

JEWEL SPIKES ... on BLACK

MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

Autumn Colors the Easter Races

● **BELOW:** Viridian-green, straight from the paint box, makes this dramatic broadcloth top-coat with a closely-fitted top. The skirt swings and flares. The waist is belted, and the closing from collar to hem is emphasised with graduated strips of black Persian lamb. Hat of Persian lamb to match.

● **THE LADY** walking away from us is wearing a very new chamois-leather yellow duvetyn coat. The four-pieced back boasts a fitted top, is slimly fitted to the hips, and then the skirt flares into numerous folds.

● **SMOOTH-FACED** lightweight broadcloth in a muscatel shade is used for a peplum frock, the front of which boasts rows of chest of drawers pockets. Burgundy braid is threaded down the front, to end in loose cut ends beneath the matching suede belt. Gloves and shoes of suede, and towering "cheekia" in burgundy felt.



● **VERY DARK GREY** face-cloth fashions a smart tailored suit which veers from the strictly mannish tailleur by featuring one of the new cut-away coats and adding a dashing color note in the chamois-yellow vest and gloves and emerald cravat and bag.

● **BRICK-PINK WOOLLEN** makes the tunic ensemble which has the skirt very slim and straight beneath a belted tunic top, with flared three-quarter peplum. The tippet collar is nutria, all accessories match the collar in color and are carried out in suede, including the hat, which features a high and forward movement and large feather fancy, the color of the suit material.

● **THE FITTED TUNIC** costume sketched above is in one of the many lovely new grape colors. Dyed caracul edges the collar and tunic coat. Gloves and scarf are pure purple, and of the same regal shade is the grosgrain ribbon banding the high-crowned turban of fur felt.

Rene

THESE Charming CHAPEAUX



• THE HAT above at the left is a beige felt model for morning or general utility wear. It features a crown of medium height and is decorated with a brown milk ribbon, cleverly placed to add height to the crown, and a dark brown feather tuft.

• IN THE centre of the row above is a smart afternoon model from Paris. The small crown fits well over the head. A huge whorl of night-blue velvet forms its effective trimming.

• TOP ROW, right. A smart autumn suit of grey wool with plaid sleeves in brick and chestnut tones and grey faccloth skirt and jacket. High-crowned hat of chestnut felt with a visor brim.

• AT THE RIGHT. An amusing "motor tyre" hat in black felt. Its crown consists of crossed bands of purple and violet grosgrain.



FASHION photographs reproduced on this page were selected in London by Mary St. Claire and forwarded by Air Mail.

DISCARD YOUR GLASSES

Have Perfect Sight Without Them . . .

UNTIL recently it was believed that glasses were the only remedy for defective vision, but now, after years of research, it has definitely been proved that 90% of all eye troubles can be remedied and the glasses discarded by the use of a method known as EYE CULTURE.

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If you already wear glasses because of any of the following reasons, EYE CULTURE CAN IMPROVE YOUR VISION, and enable you to discard your glasses. If you do not wear glasses, but your eyes are causing discomfort from

EYE STRAIN	WEAK EYES
ASTIGMATISM	OLD AGE SIGHT
EYE HEADACHES	EYES THAT CANNOT STAND
SHORT SIGHT	GLARE
LONG SIGHT	EYES TURNED IN, SQUINT, Etc.

or your eyesight is falling, then EYE CULTURE can regain for you perfect natural eyesight without the aid of glasses, or without operation.

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"I was just thinking it was quite time that I let you know how my eyes are. Well, I have to say many thanks for your Course, it has certainly done wonders for me. My eyes are as fit as can be, and I can sew or read for any length of time, day or night, without glasses, and without any discomfort whatsoever. Believe me, I am most grateful, and never fail to tell my friends of the Culture when I hear anything about them having eye trouble."

"I am more than pleased with the results. I have now discarded my glasses altogether and am able to read fine print and do fine sewing. I have attended several picture theatres without them, a thing which was almost an impossibility before using your Course, and find a decided improvement in my vision."

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An Editorial

MARCH 20, 1937.

EXIT DAVE,
ENTER BERNARD!

WHAT manner of man is the typical Australian? Is he a Dave—or a Bernard?

The quiet, unassuming courage of Bernard O'Reilly, who found the lost Stinson plane, emphasises the fact that Dave has had rather too much publicity as a national type.

Dave, first conceived as a comic puppet inflated by the guffaws of his fellows, has presumed of late years to strut abroad as a national figure.

The answer to that may be found in the words of an American visitor who told us recently that Australians were their own worst publicity agents.

He had heard overseas of Dave—but in Australia he found Bernard O'Reilly, in all essentials a typical Australian.

Australia is still talked of as a young country as yet without tradition. But wasn't it the first tradition of the bush—the helping of mates in distress—which inspired the young farmer, O'Reilly, to go in search of the missing airliner?

There wasn't much of the hayseed and hayrake psychology in the manner in which he did the job.

O'Reilly's courage, initiative, resource, and casual disregard of danger are, of course, individual, but aren't they also the spiritual elements of the average Australian?

The word epic is an overloaded one these days, and the pioneer tradition has come in for a little honest-to-goodness debunking.

Nevertheless, the story Australia has told the world through O'Reilly is the story of Australia building for herself a nation.

Perhaps we have been at a loss for a typical Australian to adorn our tale—someone a little bigger than the usual run, but having the national characteristics of the least of us. In O'Reilly we have discovered a national type we can proudly show to the world.

It looks like "Curtain" for Dave. Bernard, take a bow!

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Sex and Safety

THE vexed question, "Are men or women the better motor car drivers?" has again been raised. Sir Cyril Hurcomb, of the British Ministry of Transport, has given his verdict for men, and naturally has raised a storm of objection and comment.

What needs clarifying is the meaning of the term, "better." If it means "more skilful," the question is certainly an open one.

No one will deny, however, that women are, on the whole, more careful drivers than men. This may merely signify (so psychologists tell us) that women are less reckless with their property or possessions.

The fact remains—in Australia the "suicide driver" is usually of the male sex.

Art v. Nature

THE old axiom "Catch 'em young" is said to be the secret of the "beauty superiority" of the American women.

An Australian hairdressing expert, who returned recently after some years' experience with the celebrated Beverly Boulevard Salon in Hollywood, said that even in their school-days American girls have their hair waved. They thus become "beauty conscious" before their teens.

Next steps, logically, will be lipstick in the cradle, manure for toddlers, and lessons in facial make-up with the alphabet. By that time the early-bird craze will kill itself with ridicule, and Nature, clever old dame, will get back the job of preparing "that schoolgirl complexion" as before.

Man—And Mischief

IN 1937 the world will spend \$250,000,000 on the manufacture of aeroplanes.

This at first sight suggests that in spite of recent disasters (after all, no more numerous than early accidents with railway trains) the world is growing seriously air-minded at last.

When one learns that 80 per cent. of this huge sum is to be expended on bombing planes for future wars, the matter wears another aspect altogether.

To women it appears evidence of the innate childishness of man that so much of his vaunted mechanical genius is directed like that of a mischievous infant—towards purposes of destruction.

Lyric of Life

This One Night

The soul of the magnolia is drowning in the wind
Of the unspoken, the blissful solitude
Of this one night . . . for such
ecstasy as ours
Is an isolation from things intelligible.

For this one night we live in worlds apart
Of scented winds, a white, far moon
And stardust on our lips; and in our eyes
A wonder more ancient than our being
And shatteringly brief.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Bush Fare

A PRACTICAL way of "getting wise" to a problem is that of the Federal Nutrition Committee, which has sent Dr. W. F. Clements around outback Australia in a caravan to study the present diet of children under 14 in the bush and far outback.

As The Australian Women's Weekly has insistently pointed out, it is easy to condemn outback parents for denying their children milk, fruit, and vegetables, but another matter to secure their supply. The lack is due less to carelessness than to economic necessity.

Dr. Clements' report will cover far west Queensland and New South Wales, outback South Australia, West Australia, and Victorian Mallee. It should provide a human document of first national importance.



CLAIMED to be the largest automatic dial telephone ever built, this instrument was demonstrated by an American telephone company recently. On it the familiar dial is more than two feet in diameter; the receiver is as long as one's arm and the transmitter as big as an ordinary loud-speaker.

Men Demand Mildness

A QUEER outcome of the modern woman's adoption of the cigarette is reported. Tobaccoists state that since this vogue came in men have demanded milder "smokes" and lighter tobacco—that is to say, they have followed the women's lead. The time-honored male habit of chewing strong "plugs" has practically disappeared; the cigar loses popularity, and even the pipe, that standby of the whiskered Victorian house-father, is threatened.

What that pioneer of the pipe, Sir Walter Raleigh, would say could be revisited the planet is a conundrum. Like other erstwhile privileges, the male monopoly of smoking is "going up in smoke."

Utopia of the South

IF the Labor Government of New Zealand achieves its desire for a national super-annuation scheme to provide pensions for all, the Dominion will attract attention as a good spot in which to settle.

Paying taxes will not seem so terrible if the taxpayer knows there is a "come-back" at the end of the road.

An Aunt Who
is Always
at Your Call

These days, instead of ringing up Aunt Betty or Aunt Jane when domestic or other troubles arise, the harassed housewife rings the Universal Aunts.

Melbourne already has two Universal Aunts, believed to be Australia's first. The idea is likely to prove a popular one everywhere.

MELBOURNE'S pair are not, indeed, spinsterish old ladies, but a couple of charming young sisters—Misses Violet and Mollie Mollison.

They are just as capable of entertaining a room full of guests as they are of packing a house full of furniture, minding the baby, or knocking up a jolly good dinner at a moment's notice.

Nothing disturbs them. A morning's mending, an afternoon of child-minding, followed by a dinner to be cooked, and topped off by a party supper with hundreds of glasses to be washed, is all in the day's work for these Universal Aunts. They are at everyone's beck and call—and enjoy it.

Varied Experience

THEY started out a year ago, and have done everything from compiling an inventory of a china collection to taking a child to the dentist when mother has had to do other jobs.

Cooking emergency dinners gives the most fun. Called in at one home on one occasion, Mollie found that she had mislaid a flourer in her effort to cook one of the fastest dinners on record.

In spite of careful counting, there were only seven instead of eight. When the lost flourer was eventually found it had to be cooked while the others were being served.

As English is their only language, the Mollisons have some amusing experiences while helping foreigners, and incidentally learning some excellent foreign recipes.

Once Mollie had an hilarious few minutes trying to tell a Chinese maid that she wanted a gravy boat, and finally had to draw one before she got it.

Since then she has learned the art of pantomime. However, this did not help her in the case of the delightful little French baby, who liked her quite well till she began to speak, then behaved very badly for the rest of the day.

When addressed in French by his mother and in Chinese by his ayah, he was extremely good, but the sound of the English tongue was too much for him.

Will Do Anything

THE sisters often mind flats or houses while people are away, and are expert packers.

Packing a naval officer's uniforms was the worst job of this kind, but taking an inventory of a medicine chest proved a teaser, too.

Writing letters for the sick, staying the night with a nervous woman, escorting children to a party, knitting a jumper, or trimming a bassinet are some of the jobs they do.

Mollie cooked two Christmas dinners on Christmas Day—one for 16 and the other for six.

During a race week they are constantly in demand for pressing dresses.

They have helped many people to move, and Violet says she particularly enjoyed one move. As it was only to the next street, every member of the family volunteered to take the furniture round by hand. The result was a diverting procession.

The girls have even been asked to go to the country to help with a move, but they prefer to remain in Melbourne.

As their clientele grows they hope to gather together a staff of other girls to help with the good work of being a Universal Aunt.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By Wep



L. W. LOWER Explains EVERYTHING!



The Sad Story of D'Vauncey and the Hon. Maude

Once again I am called upon to explain one of those daft illustrations which these artists spring on me from time to time.

The burglar's name is James Gaspard D'Vauncey. His father was a vicar in the little village of Upper Woopsey On The Wold, Hants. He led a blameless life up to the age of eight, when he ran away from home and joined a clipper bound for Valparaiso.

In his innocence, the boy had thought that a clipper was a hairdresser.

ARRIVING at Valparaiso he was persuaded to become an insurance canvasser. This was his first step on the downward path. One day he forged his father's

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

signature to an invalid pension form. He was caught in the act, and from then on decided that society was against him.

Now look at him! Let it be a warning to you.

The lady with the chest is the Honorable Maude Cranborough-Heath. She was at one time a chorus girl, as was her mother before her. Her mother married Lord Cranborough in the early 60's, but owing to her husband's wild and dissolute habits the family fortune was soon dissipated, like his lordship, and she was flung out into the cold world with her only child soon after Lord Cranborough shot himself in the reading-room of the Conservative Club.

Little Maude soon learned to battle for herself and became a flower-seller. One day she was idly doing the splits on the pavement, business being dull, and kicking the hats off passers-by. A great entrepreneur noticed her, and she so impressed him that he engaged her to appear in the chorus of his next revue.

From that time she never looked back. Why should she? She knew who was following her.

The Dread Secret

CAME the night when she found Alexander Heath, the great ship-ping magnate, waiting for her at the stage door. He had a truck outside full of fur coats, pearl necklaces, diamond watches, bangles, emerald pendants, lobsters, gin—in fact, everything a girl could desire.

The courtship was a swift one. The day after they were married they left for the Bermudas in Alexander Heath's palatial yacht. A terrific storm arose and the ship sank.

There were two survivors, the Hon. Maude Cranborough-Heath and an unknown stoker. And who was the unknown stoker? Three guesses.

Clark Gable? No. Bernard Shaw? No. Mr. Lyons going to the Coronation? No.

I'll have to tell you. None other than James Gaspard D'Vauncey!

Maude was astonished. "Oh," she gasped.

"Arr!" he said, menacingly.

"Don't you know your alphabet?" she sneered. "There's a P and a Q to come between O and R."

"I'm minding those!" he replied, brightly.

"But listen, woman. You know I was a scene-shifter in the same company when you were in the chorus. I know that you stuck a nail-file through the bottom of that yacht so that you could get your husband's millions!"

She shrank back. (You'll notice that she hasn't shrank back much since.)

They were rescued the following day, but D'Vauncey never left Maude's side and blackmailed her all day.

But, you ask impatiently, who is that peeping round the doorway? That, girls, is Detective-Inspector Lower.

I am merely waiting until D'Vauncey has finished washing up

EVERY PICTURE tells a story, and the story of this one is hereunto told by Lower.

and then I'm going to search those plates for fingerprints to see if he's him.

I nearly had him once before. I saw him staggering out of a warehouse about two o'clock in the morning with two large suitcases.

"What have you got in those bags?" I asked, sternly.

"Oranges!" he replied.

"What's your name?"

"Bill Jones, sir!"

This baffled me. "Why are you wearing a mask at this hour of the morning?" I asked, thinking to trick him.

"I've just come from a fancy dress ball!" he explained.

What could I do? I helped him to carry his bags to his lodgings and it wasn't until next day that I heard that he had got away with £57,000 worth of doorstops which he subsequently sold through a fence to some steel corporation.

Why he sold them through a fence I don't know. It would have been just as easy to open the gate.

I think that about accounts for everything. And now I'm going on holidays.

Why ever look or feel your Age

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. Her complexion is flawless—her figure still neat and trim—and she's as active and happy as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger than you really are and enjoy the blessing of perfect health by taking Bile Beans at bedtime each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, eliminate daily all harmful waste, and counteract any tendency to put on weight.

So, start taking Bile Beans to-night if you would be really youthful and slim.



"At forty I am as healthy and bright as a girl of twenty and I put it down to nothing else but taking Bile Beans regularly. Where-as I used to do things half-heartedly I am now full of energy all day long. Every-one who needs losing up should try Bile Beans"—Mrs. D. W. C.

"Since taking Bile Beans I have never felt better in my life. Although I am forty-eight I look ten years younger and people comment about my youthful appearance. Bile Beans giving me such splendid health, Bile Beans have reduced my weight by eighteen pounds."—Mrs. D. W.

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WHEN LITTLE ONES COUGH!



Alice "out o' sorts"

A healthy child is a delight to Mother; but those little ills that beset the young—the feverish COLD, that sleep-spoiling whoop-like COUGH, worst of all the attack of choking CROUP—these are the bane of a healthy home! Bonnington's Irish Moss is Mother's boon! Pleasant yet potent to soothe and reduce that fever, it stops all that coughing.



IMITATIONS:
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For Coughs and Colds Bonnington's IRISH MOSS

THAT Man GERRARD

"WHERE is he?"
The dark eyes twinkled.
"I told you he and I dislike each other—"
Marilyn put on her hat.
"I can understand that. What I can't understand is the mere possibility of anybody liking you. Good-day."
Throwing a leg over the saddle, the stranger slid to the ground.
"Hop on," he advised.
"No, thank you."
"It's four miles to Goonoolga."
"I know that, but I'll walk."
"You know... I like those eyes of yours. Will you hop on, or must I lift you on?"
"How dare you speak to me like that—"
The next moment was a blur, but when she found herself again staring into his dark eyes she also found that she was sitting in the saddle.
"You're not as heavy as you should be," he informed her. "Worrying a bit?"
Speechless, she looked down at him as he strode easily beside the black horse. Then he looked up and smiled at her.
"You know, it's queer," he said confidentially, "but there's something about you... maybe it's your pluck... maybe it's your

oh, well, I'll take a job on Goonoolga."
He would take a job. Marilyn found herself willing.
"Will you?" she asked softly. Too softly.
"I knew Sam Peters, your father—"
"Oh?" and the tone was changed again.
"Friend of mine. We were both lonely... men. I got to know him while you were in England. Finishing school, wasn't it?"
Marilyn studied him, and admitted grudgingly that he was good to look at. But he went on: "When Sam died you came back, and decided to boss Goonoolga, didn't you?"
"Naturally. But father left advice saying that if ever I struck trouble... to go to Jim Gerrard. But I don't for the life of me know why I'm telling you all this—"
But he was off at a tangent.
"And naturally, Goonoolga being a different kind of finishing school... is likely to finish you off in a different kind of way."
"Indeed?"
"You learned to wear clothes, to meet and mix with what you call the best people, to expect attentions you don't merit, and to ride with a sharp spur... didn't you?"

Continued from Page 8

"You seem to be—"
"I am. You're a very... fine girl; very pretty, very plucky, and very conceited."
Marilyn could only say:
"Well, I—"
He laughed up at her.

"S"AM told me you were a handful, but there was something else he didn't tell me—
Marilyn spoke quietly.
"Who are you, really?"
He shrugged.
"I'll straighten those leathers. You're not so long in the legs as I am."

A click of the buckles and it was done. Marilyn's hand touched the glossy neck of the black horse.
"You ride a beautiful beast..."
"A man needs a good horse. What did you want to see Gerrard about?"

Marilyn froze again. Then she said deliberately:
"I was going to ask him to help me."
His words were almost explosive.
"What? Ask that devil Gerrard to help you?"
Her reply was slow.
"Yes. I couldn't think of anything else to do."
"In spite of his reputation?"



RHEMA, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard O'Reilly, taken especially for The Australian Women's Weekly with her grandmothers, Mrs. O'Reilly on her left, and Mrs. King on her right. It was a memorable moment for these three when they heard that Mr. O'Reilly had found the lost plane. (See competition, page 3.) —Noel Matland.

"I am not concerned with his reputation."

"Or was it because of it... you thought you would use him?"
"Use him?" she whispered.

He nodded.
"Yes. You would only concede to use him, wouldn't you?"
"I would have paid him well. Anyway, it has nothing to do with you."

"Do you know what Gerrard would do to you if you offered to pay him?"

"I do not..."
"Well, maybe it's just as well."
"What do you mean?" she shot at him. "Would I do less than offer to pay him?"

He was sombre again, his tall, muscular form striding easily along, his eyes shaded by the down-turned brim of his hat.

"It's no wonder you're striking trouble here. I'll take that job."
"I didn't say I'd give you a job..."

He ignored her. His eyes lifted and stared at the woolshed ahead.
"See anything?" he asked.

Marilyn looked at the group of men lounging in the shade of the shed. Her reply was bitter.

"Yes. More trouble. They just do what they like..."

He flicked her with a glance. Her face was white and strained. His eyes narrowed a little.

"There are always one or two in a shed who'll try to beat the boss... just to make a reputation," he said quietly. "You're the boss, and what's more, you're only a girl, and there's someone in that bunch that thinks it's a fine chance to make trouble. I'm glad I took the job."

IN spite of herself Marilyn began to smile.

"Are you?" she murmured. "Just what job have you accepted?"

He chuckled.
"Oh," he drawled slowly, "just anything that comes along. And I'll start in... now."

Marilyn watched him as he walked towards the group. Although not close, she was near enough to see and hear. As the tall stranger approached the talk dropped. The group of men seemed to freeze. Clearly came the deep lazy voice:

"What's the trouble?"
For a moment there was silence, then a shearer wanted to know:

"What's it got to do with you?"
Again came the stranger's question.

"What's the trouble?"
Marilyn saw some of the men whispering together. One or two began to edge away from the tall man. But there was one who snarled:

"Wet sheep."
Like the crack of a stockwhip came the reply.

"Liar!"

There was no sound after that, no movement. Facing the staring men the stranger stood smiling and at ease. His dark eyes watching every face. As the insult passed unchallenged he turned and beckoned to Marilyn, and when she was beside him he said:

"Oh, Miss Peters... you're the boss of Goonoolga... you tell these men to get to work. Tell them the sheep are not wet, and tell those two men there to quit now."

Before the girl could speak one of the men indicated said:

"She don't have to. I quit."

"So do I," rasped his mate. "I don't work for no—"

But that was all he said. The onlookers drew in their collective breath as the tall man glided forward. They saw the quick flicker of a powerful brown arm, and heard the cracking snap of knuckles on bone. All watched the sagging shearer.

"Anyone else who doesn't want to work for Miss Peters?" the stranger wanted to know.

The men were grinning, and turning already towards the shed. On the steps the ringer threw over his shoulder:

"She'll do us, Mr. Gerrard. I reckon we all made a mistake."

Marilyn saw the men go laughing into the shed. Gerrard, that devil Gerrard. What a little fool she had been. There he stood, his brown hands on his hips, his

GIRLIGAGS



THE MODERN GIRL can be without almost everything else in this world except a lipstick.

legs slightly apart, watching the shed come back to life. Almost at once came the slapping of the belt, the hum of the machines, and the call of "lar." In from the paddocks moved the sheep. Under the presses went the wool. Again echoed the teamster's whip. The girl looked at the man.

"Oh, Mr. Gerrard..." she called.

He looked at her, and neither spoke for some time. Then: "I was also mistaken," she confessed. "Will you forgive me?"

Something stirred in the dark eyes. A gleam, a twinkle, and then his stern lips curved humorously.

"We all make mistakes. I saw mine a bit quicker, that's all. Somehow, I'd like to keep... the job," he informed her.

As she laughed the girl said: "Somehow... I'd like you to..."

And, somehow, as he walked beside her to the homestead, Marilyn knew that never again would trouble stop the slapping of the belt, or the vital rhythm of the blades.

A man had ridden to Goonoolga.

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THE BRODIE MACK Correspondence Art School, Desk 15, 107 PITT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

"Quads" Celebrate: Sportsgirls on Tour



THE JOHNSTON QUADRUPLETS celebrating their second birthday on March 6. This series of pictures of the "Quads" has just been received from our special representative in New Zealand.

THE LINDBERGH of 1955 tries his wings. This is Bruce Johnston, a member of New Zealand's famous Quadruplet family. He's heard all about Jean Batten, and reckons it's time a man achieved some new record. Bruce has three sisters, so has to assert his male superiority, just to show them.

Tour Abroad for Lucky Sixteen



SUE SUMMERS (S.A.) ELSIE DEANE (Vic.) NELL McLARTY (Vic.) MRS. M. PEDEN, (N.S.W.)

—Photo, Hollywood Studios.

Captain of the Australian women's cricket team sailing this week to England.



SITTING PRETTY—the Johnston "Quads" again. Getting one baby to pose for a birthday photograph is a tough job—just imagine lining up four of them like this, with a simultaneous "Eyes Left" concentration. From left: Vera, Bruce, Kathleen and Mary.



MISS BARBARA PEDEN ALICE WEGEMUND (N.S.W.) AMY HUDSON (N.S.W.) HAZEL PRITCHARD (N.S.W.) —Palk



PAT HOLMES (N.S.W.) ALICIA WALSH (N.S.W.) NANCY CLEMENTS (Vic.) MOLLY FLAHERTY (N.S.W.)



PEGGY ANTONIO (Vic.) MARIE JEGUST (W.A.) WINNIE GEORGE (Vic.) KATHLEEN SMITH (Qld.)

—Photo by Bethany Studios, Richmond.

PROWESS AT SPORT has won these girls a trip to England, and they'll be there for the Coronation. They comprise the Australian women cricketers who will represent us against England in the feminine equivalent of the famous "Ashes." They sail this week.



MRS. HELEN WILLS-MOODY, famous American tennis player, fashion designer, and now prospective film star. It is reported that she will receive £12,500 from 20th Century-Fox Films for certain film work. If the films are based on tennis, trouble is anticipated because it will involve her amateur status.

Do your Nerves stay up when you go to bed?



WHEN restless nerves will not let you sleep—when you start at every noise and the small worries of the day are unduly magnified—it is a sure sign that your nerves are undernourished.

Your ordinary daily dietary is not providing sufficient nerve-restoring nutriment.

What you need is "Ovaltine." This delicious beverage is supremely rich in the nutritive elements necessary to feed and restore the nerves. Taken at bedtime, its soothing influence quickly induces deep, natural, untroubled sleep. And while you sleep, it recharges the entire nervous system with vitality.

But remember—it must be "Ovaltine." Although imitations are made to look like "Ovaltine," there are obvious and extremely important differences.

"Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs, and is flavoured with cocoa. The proportions in which these ingredients are combined are of the greatest importance. For example, new-laid eggs are used liberally in "Ovaltine" because they provide organic phosphorus—an essential element for building up the nerves.

The experience of countless thousands of persons and a huge volume of unsolicited testimony prove that "Ovaltine" stands in a class by itself for quality and value. Considering its supreme health-giving properties, "Ovaltine" is the most economical food beverage you can buy. Reject substitutes—they are definitely not "like 'Ovaltine'."

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

Note: The Nett weight in each size has now been increased 12½%

4½ oz. 1/9, 9 oz. 2/10, 18 oz. 5/-

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NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

James I—Buffoon or Brilliant Ruler

Fine Historical Novel

There is a certain fascination about tales of Scotland in the 16th century, of the days of Mary Queen of Scots, and later when her son James was preparing to step into the Royal shoes of the dying Elizabeth of England.

ROMANCES, biographies, sketches, and weighty tomes on the library shelves testify to the glamor this particular bit of history has for so many writers.

It is doubtful, however, if the job has ever been done better by contemporary novelists than in "Mine Is the Kingdom," by Jane Oliver.

This woman writer has taken the time-scoured bones of the violent story of Mary Queen of Scots, and later of her son, James, and made of them a magnificent tale, poignant and dreadful, heart-breaking and real, and full of those strange qualities we call atmosphere and faithfulness to life.

The story can be read as a romance, a piece of history, or a biography, and on each count it measures up to the best of its class.

It is hard to remember a more authentic picture of the amazing Stuart woman, Mary Queen of Scots.

This baffling personality, beautiful woman and heroine, arch plotter and murderess (according to your fancy) is splendidly drawn.

But it is her son, James, who bestrides the story.

First we see him as a nervous, almost neglected Prince, awkward, ungainly, and a figure of fun in Stirling Castle during the days of his childhood under the guardianship of the Earl and Countess of Mar.

We see the sensitive, poetical youngster, caught between the clashing factions of civil war and



JOLANDA FOLDES, winner of the £4000 All Nations Novel Competition with her book, "The Street of the Fishing Cat." An Australian, Tarleton Rayment, won the Empire award.

But romance was not to last long. The flirtatious Anne, as he always called her (hating the harder Northern name), wrecked his poetic fancy of a perfect companion, and the deaths of her lovers, the Earl of Moray, and later Ruthven, turned a tender lover into a murderous avenger.

From then on, Miss Oliver traces the complex character of James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England—his passion for politics, his diplomacy, which he hid behind the exterior of a buffoon, and his flair for intrigue, which kept Scotland as uneasy as a cauldron on the boil.

The last dramatic pages show us the complete King, drained of his poetry, his tenderness, his beauty, blunt in his sensibilities, fearful of the loyalty of those around him, and grasping with avaricious hands the throne and the crown of an old woman in England, who was dying hard.

In her last moments Elizabeth named her successor, who united England and Scotland under the one crown.

"Madam," said Cecil to Elizabeth, "if you will make a sign with your hand when we say the name of your chosen successor, it will be sufficient."

Elizabeth, from her death-bed, glared at him; the tension was unbearable.

"The King of France," he said, watching her closely. The small figure among the big pillows made no sign of even having heard.

"The King of Scotland?" mouthed Cecil.

Elizabeth's right hand, weighted beyond its strength with gorgeous rings, was convulsed, shuddered, seemed to fail, and eventually rose a triumphant inch from the gold embroidered coverlet before it fell again for the last time, inert.

James was King of England.

As a piece of reading which combines history, the elements of romance, and a good literary style, this book can be thoroughly recommended.

By some clever trick of craftsmanship, Miss Oliver has kept the milling crowds which clutter up the average historical novel, and the multiplicity of characters which make that sort of book hard reading, from spilling over her pages.

Clear and forthright, her main characters stand out. They hold their place throughout the tale in a manner eminently satisfying from the point of view of the reader who likes a straight tale in a colorful setting—"Mine Is the Kingdom," by Jane Oliver, Collins. Our copy from the publishers.

BOOKS TO READ

"GOOD-BYE TO THE LADY." Ian Rankin.

"FIRE AND THE FIDDLE." Wynyard Browne.

"THESE FOOLISH THINGS." Michael Sadleir.

"WAR WITH THE NEWTS." Karel Capek.

"GIVE US CONFLICT." Mrs. Haden-Guest.

uprising, dragged from his childish slumbers to sit at hurriedly-convened Council meetings of State, on a high throne, with his legs dangling above the floor. We see him perplexed by the aloof attitude of those around him, solitary and friendless in his kingship, his one true friend the pony that he cantered around the rocky ramparts of the castle.

Miss Oliver shows us then the picture of the young King as a romantic, writing sonnets to his mistress' eyebrows, and crossing the seas during the winter storms to meet the lovely Princess, Anna of Denmark, who became his wife.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS FROM HISTORY

"Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Bess"

By Syd Nicholls



Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



WIFE: Darling, loan me ten shillings.
HUSBAND: You'll find it in my trousers pocket.
WIFE: That's funny, it wasn't there last night.



WIFE: Here you are, just home after doing two years for arson, and now you can't even light the dining-room fire!



HERBERT: Tell me, 'Orace, does tattooing come off in the bath?
HORACE: It's hard to say, 'Erbert. I've only had this done a couple of years.



MOTHER: Come away, pet, he talks too much like daddy.

Quickest Relief out for RHEUMATISM and BACKACHE ETC.

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Relief from the first bottle, or money back!



FAMOUS
HARRISON'S PILLS

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"A GIRL likes to get all she can for her money, doesn't she?"
"Yes, excepting when she's buying a bathing costume."

FIRST FARMER: I wish I had all the money the people paid for all the cars that passed here to-day.

Second Ditto: I wish I had all the money they owe on them.

"I'm afraid you'll be late for the party," said an old lady to her granddaughter.

"Oh, grandma, don't you know in our fashionable set nobody ever goes to a party till everyone else gets there?"

TEACHER: What's the difference between capital and labor?
Willie: Please, sir, my father says it hasn't been patched up yet.

NEW CASHIER (to hotel manager): That Mr. Barnett must be rolling in money. I've been cashing cheques for him all day.

OWNER OF THE FAVORITE (to jockey): Understand — ride hard, ride straight, and ride to lose!

HE: At last we're out of debt!
She: Oh, thank goodness! Now I can get credit again!

"JUST what is modernistic art?"
"It's something which proves that things are not as bad as they can be painted."

LEARN PIANO JAZZ! for PROFIT or PLEASURE



For Profit: Increase your income. Here is a fascinating and interesting hobby; be the envy of your friends and be popular wherever you go! Entertain and make others happy! Become a modern, sophisticated Pianist! Play the latest tunes in up-to-date syncopation, and assure yourself of a genuine welcome anywhere, any time!

For Pleasure: Increase your income. Here is a fascinating and interesting hobby; be the envy of your friends and be popular wherever you go! Entertain and make others happy! Become a modern, sophisticated Pianist! Play the latest tunes in up-to-date syncopation, and assure yourself of a genuine welcome anywhere, any time!

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED! Remember "KEYBOARD KAPERS" from 2GB, 2UE, 2SM, 2CH, 2KO, 4BU, 4GR, 4MB, 5KA, and 6AM!

PILL IN COUPON BELOW, AND POST AT ONCE!

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG., 350 PITT ST., SYDNEY. I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME: _____ (Print in Block Letters)
ADDRESS: _____

"GEE!" He stopped staring at the floor and looked at Dulcie for a full half-minute. "You're the sweetest person I've ever met, and—" He stopped. He opened the magazine, looked at his music, closed it again, then did it all over.

"I really think you mean that," said Dulcie softly.

"I always mean what I say, Miss O'Day. I—I wonder could I see you again some time?"

"You're staying in New York?"

Homer nodded.

"Well, then, when you want to see me give me a ring here. I only go home to sleep and eat. So long."

"So long." He smiled fleetingly at her, and she thought it the nicest smile she'd ever seen. With a decent haircut and minus the glasses Homer would look like something; whereas now he just

THE SAME Old STORY

Continued from Page 7

looked like something strange. She watched him hurry to the door. He got out fast.

Sol Bernstein ambled into the cubicle. He said:

"Hi, Dulcie!"

"Hello, Sol."

"What's the idea?"

"What idea?"

"Putting on the gloves for Mr. Ioway there."

"Oh, I don't know. He seemed kind of young and guileless and—like a sheep that got his directions mixed and landed at a wolves' convention."

"Maybe it's just the mother instinct cropping out in you," diagnosed Sol. "Or, maybe, you're getting run down."

"Yes," nodded Dulcie, "maybe."

Dulcie was pretty well fed up when, at five, she jammed a little blue felt, Tyrolean effect, over the bright red curls, belted her fawn polo coat, waved a hand at Sol and the few others still on the job, rode down twelve flights and strolled out on Broadway.

SHE saw him standing at the kerb, black hat pulled low, slim waist, and wide shoulders exquisitely set off by the best tailoring in town. He wheeled as if he were instantly sensitive to her eyes. His own, black and snappy, lighted with flattering interest. He walked over to her, weaving a skilful way through the stream of people, light as a good dancer in his highly-polished

black shoes. His voice was low and soft, his hair waved blackly; he held his hat in his hand when he spoke to her.

"Hello, Dulcie. I was hoping you'd be out on time to-night."

"Hello, Max. I didn't expect you."

"You always want to expect me, baby." His eyes said even more. "How about going some place for cocktails and a nice dinner? You look done out."

"I am." They walked along slowly. "It's been a strenuous day."

"Yeah," grinned Max. "These artists."

"Artists." Dulcie sighed. "Did you ever write a song, Max?"

Max's sallow cheeks flushed. "Well, I—"

"For Pete's sake!" Dulcie stared at him. "And you, too, Maxie!"

"Well, I—sometimes, right now, for instance—" He looked down at her. "I feel as if I just had to."

"Don't."

"O.K., baby." There was disappointment in his tone, but tenderness, too. "I hope you'll chuck up that job and take it easy. You don't need to work, you know—I got plenty for both of us."

"Yes, I've heard that one, too."

"I mean it." His fingers closed on her arm. She could feel the wiry strength of them. She wondered why it was she never could really like Max Hartner. He was smooth, good-looking, knew how to dance, how to order a dinner, and he had understanding when it came to dealing with girls. She had met him in Sol's office a few weeks ago and he'd been around a lot since. A promoter, Sol said, and when Dulcie asked, "What does he promote?" Sol said solemnly, "Promotions."

"You get a good rest," he said when they came to Mrs. Flannery's. "Maybe to-morrow night."

"Maybe," said Dulcie.

Max scowled up at the dingy brownstone front of the rooming-house. He didn't speak, but the expression of his thin mouth said, "What a dump!"

"Well, so-long, Max. Thanks for being so kind."

"That's all right. It isn't hard to be kind to you. See you later."

Dulcie climbed the steps wearily and entered the dingy hall. Most of the inhabitants didn't get home till six, but someone was in the dim, sun-lighted parlor, softly fingering the piano. Likely it was old Miss Crouse. Dulcie pulled off her hat and peered in at the door.

"That you, Miss Crouse? Playing 'In the Gloaming'?"

The music stopped. There was silence. Dulcie frowned.

"It's—it's me," said a voice that made her gasp and straighten quickly. "It's Homer Upham—you remember me?"

"Oh! Why, Mr. Upham! What are you doing here?"

"I'm staying here. Can it be possible that you—?"

"Yes, I live here, too."

"Oh, say, that—that is just swell, Miss O'Day."

"Yes?"

HOMER got up and switched on the lights. He was smiling and looked so happy that Dulcie forgot she was tired. She smiled too.

"Think you can compose here, Mr. Upham?"

"Think it! I guess I know it now." He looked eager. "When I took the room I didn't have much heart. I was kind of nervous and afraid. I began to think maybe I wasn't ever going to be a great song-writer, but now—" He looked at her with such frank adoration that for the second time in one day Dulcie felt that softening in her heart.

"I'm glad," she said simply. "See you at dinner."

She sat next to him at dinner. After a bath and change into her Nile-green dress, a bit of make-up and some work with the brush that made the red-gold curls look like some metal of the gods, she didn't feel tired at all. She could smile at Homer and talk easily with him. When he asked her if she would go to a movie, she said, forgetting all about Max Hartner. "Why, I'd love it." Max's piercing black eyes, his mouth that could be so thin and hard, looked up suddenly in her mind and a cold shiver swept through her. She fought it off. She wasn't afraid of Max. She didn't have to answer to him or anyone.

Just the same, she steered to the neighborhood movie, and sat close to him in the dimness and liked the whole-hearted way he enjoyed a picture she'd seen twice already.

It was cool when they came out of the movie. Far above the towering city the stars were infinitesimal points of light.

Please turn to Page 20

Famous Old English Inns



A fine Georgian Inn, remodelled from an earlier period, and renamed to perpetuate the site of the altercation of Shakespeare's roistering Falstaff with the Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern.

Host Holbrook, says:

"In the old world village of Stourport, Worcestershire, England, just where the River Stour empties itself into the Severn, the House of Holbrook was founded 140 years ago.

"Its tradition is associated with that of the famous old inns of England, which have afforded refreshment and shelter to local folk, travellers by carriage and stage coach, and continue to charm and refresh sightseers of to-day, who may in an hour traverse a 'day's journey.'

"To-day, as in the past, my Worcestershire Sauce is brewed from the finest ingredients and matured in wood until fragrant and appetising.

"It is excellent with every dish—cheese, meat, fowl or fish."

The World's Appetiser!
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WRITE NOW!

Everybody is welcome to write to this page on any interesting topic. Letters should be short and concise. Address to which entries should be sent may be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

PARENTS DON'T CARE

THE lack of interest parents take in their children's education is surprising. They pack the youngsters off to school, buy them exercise books, and leave the rest to the teacher. That, they say, is what the teacher is paid for.

All very well. I am not suggesting parental interference. But I do say that a greater co-operation between parents and teacher would be all to the child's good, and would do much towards the solution of this much-discussed, but very real, examination problem.

Most teachers are only too willing quietly to discuss a child's merits or demerits with a parent. If a child is backward in any subject, possibly the parents could arrange for a little coaching each evening, for example.

Parents have a part to play in their children's education. It should not be left entirely to the teacher.

£1 for this letter to Anne Elisabeth Christie, Orange Grove, Lower Portland, N.S.W.

WOMEN DRIVERS

WHY do the majority of menfolk consider themselves, with their unreasonable sense of superiority over women, the only fit parties to handle cars, when women are fast realising and demonstrating their ability to handle machines, such as aeroplanes, which would place fear in many men.

The successful handling of a car requires coolness and presence of mind. That this is an elementary characteristic of womanhood is demonstrated every day in home-life, as in the treatment of minor casualties among her offspring.

Surely then, when woman can prove her capability and her nerve in other fields, she can also successfully master the art of driving a car!

Miss R. Hey, c/o Johnson and Hey, P.O. Box 9, Newcastle, N.S.W.

BEING LIKEABLE

IF you would win popularity, try to cultivate these qualities, which are, in my opinion, the most endearing a girl can have:

Firstly, a pleasant manner. Remember this calls for pleasantness in others, and wins happy friends.

Secondly, show consideration for others.

Thirdly, be natural and sincere. Few people can tolerate affectation, and sincerity wins sincerity.

Lastly, be friendly to all, and if you like people, don't be afraid of letting them know it.

Do readers agree?

Grace L. Sparkes, 6 Woods Chambers, Hay St., Perth.

ENGAGED COUPLES

HOW often do you hear young engaged couples saying they are not going out any more, but are saving every penny to get married?

It seems to me they are just asking for trouble for themselves. It certainly is right to save during the engagement, but not only save money. Memories are just as precious.

An engaged couple should have a great time while they are young and in love, and have each other. There is plenty of time later to "save" on outings.

What do other readers think?

J. Watson, No. 5 Home Flats, River Rd., Milton W2, Qld.

Why Do People Enjoy Crime Novels?

I DON'T agree with Mrs. Cath. Ryan (27/2/37) that there is anything alarming in the popularity of the crime novel.

The absorbing interest and excitement created by sensational stories is a splendid offset to the effects of devastating business worries and the mundane matters of everyday life.

I am a perfectly harmless citizen, yet I simply glory in such stories.

C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne C1.

Deplorable

I TOO, deplore modern taste for crime literature. I cannot understand educated, intelligent men and women who take pleasure in such books. They do not read them because they enjoy unravelling a mystery, but because of the blood-thirsty crimes themselves—of that I am convinced.

It reflects very badly on this modern age.

Miss Peters, Milton Avenue, Fularton, S.A.

Mental Exercise

YOU can't always be reading to acquire knowledge, and crime-novels give just that necessary relaxation plus light mental exercise, to take one's mind off one's troubles. Further, human nature, being what it is, will always be interested in crime.

Harriet Fischer, Gresham St., Victoria Park, W.A.

Pleasant Break

I DO not agree with Mrs. Cath. Ryan. After a hard day's work, when one is too weary for heavier literature, I think a cleverly-written crime novel is a pleasant break.

To quote the headmistress of a girls' school: "After my day's work there is nothing I enjoy more than a quiet rest—with a good thriller."

Miss Joan Fraser, The Oaks, via Bannockburn, Vic.

Mystery's the Thing

IT is not the actual murder, but the mystery attached to it, the gradual unravelling of the plot, which interests intelligent people far more than sentimental love stories.

Mrs. Calow, 9 Wales St., West Brunswick N12, Vic.

Amusing Truth

WHO could help being amused at Mrs. Cath Ryan's letter? How true it is! You see such nice, gentle people perusing violent murder stories.

I suppose such stories afford some sort of outlet to their pent-up emotions—perhaps I should say they provide an easy way of escape from everyday reality.

A crime-novel is a special type of adventure story, and these generally appeal.

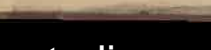
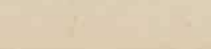
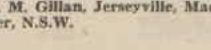
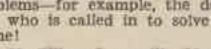
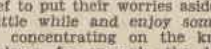
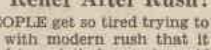
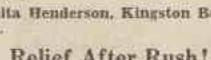
Rita Henderson, Kingston Beach, Tas.



Easy escape from everyday reality.

People get so tired trying to cope with modern rush that it is a relief to put their worries aside for a little while and enjoy someone else concentrating on the knotty problems—for example, the detective who is called in to solve the crime!

S. M. Gillan, Jerseyville, Macleay River, N.S.W.



Holidays Often Disturbing Element to Women

IN The Australian Women's Weekly (February 27 issue), Mrs. W. A. Sparkes discusses the danger of holidays for wives.

Surely any disadvantages suffered, such as discontent and inconvenience caused to the family, are more than compensated for by the brighter outlook which is generally enjoyed after a holiday!

Sometimes it might take a short period for the person to settle down to routine again, but after this the daily tasks are taken up with added zest.

An annual change is most essential for one's well-being, both mentally and physically.

Mrs. A. McCombes, Stanley Terrace, Taringa, Qld.

Holidays For All!

EVEN if holidays are unsettling, they are still worth while. There is something terrible to me in a woman living out her life in the bosom of her family, without a healthy break now and again.

It shows there is something wrong with her life or herself if she does return from her holiday dissatisfied, and it is the cue for her to get out and begin afresh.

Holidays for wives and for everybody, say I.

Mrs. Elsie Newman, Byron Street, Leederville, W.A.

Likes Home Still

I HAVE been back from my holiday just one week to-day, after ten years without a break, seeing the

Charity Begins At Home—They Say!

WHY is it that so many people, young ones, in general, are ever eager to do and give things to outsiders, just to be "good sports," but if asked by a member of the family to do the same thing can only give black looks and growls?

Evidently they are not acquainted with the saying that "Charity begins at home."

Miss J. Lawrence, 31 Normanby Street, Inglewood, W.A.

same faces every day and doing the same work day in day out.

My holiday was no worry to me, and whilst on it I felt that I could go on with it for ever. But now I am back I feel that I can go on for another ten years, with happy thoughts of my holiday.

Mrs. M. Weatherlate, 295 William St., Sydney.

Not Always Good

THE person mentioned by Mrs. Sparkes, who deemed holidays for wives upsetting, was, no doubt, speaking from experience.

In an adult family where the financial position permits it, an annual holiday for the wife should be an accepted thing. But when the children are young, a holiday, in its true sense, is impossible. It means a general upheaval, and the mother is relieved when the nerve-racking experience is over.

M. Lowthen, Charles Street, Roma, Qld.

Wife Needs Holidays

CERTAINLY a wife needs a holiday each year.

In my opinion she has more work and worry than the business girl who always takes annual holidays. I am sure the home would be a much happier place to live in, if the wife were to take a few weeks' vacation each year.

Any woman who loves her home will certainly not return discontented.

Mrs. K. Schweinsberg, 38 Mabel St., Waratah, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Is It Unnecessary Evil To Maintain Zoos?

I AGREE with Mrs. Strack (27/2/37) that zoos are useless. How can anyone enjoy the sight of noble beasts enclosed in small pits? Pathetic is that magnificent animal, the lion, in its bored resignation.

It is the duty of every humane person to work for the abolition of these relics of barbarism.

Dorothy Cruickshank, 10 Tambourine Bay Rd., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Educational Value

ONE would think, after reading Mrs. Strack's letter, that we keep animals confined in zoos just for fun.

Zoos are maintained for their educational value to the community, to show people animals in their natural settings, which otherwise they would never have the opportunity of seeing.

Further, the beasts are treated with every consideration and lead more pleasant lives than ever they do in their native homes.

When one looks at the well-kept specimens in their almost natural surroundings in our zoos, it is quite a problem to identify Mrs. Strack's unhappy ones.

Mrs. Jenkins, Walter St., Claremont, W.A.

King of jungle in bored resignation.

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WORKING GIRLS

AMONG the poorer and middle classes there is too much jealousy of wealthy parents' daughters going to business.

It is a pity they don't realise that the wealthy daughter's mind needs cultivating and broadening just as much as that of the girl who is not well off. Any girl, rich or poor, develops into a far better and more useful woman for the independence, experience and general knowledge she obtains by getting out into the world.

Mrs. R. Hamilton, 23 Walker St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

OVER-EDUCATION

SOMEONE annoyed me recently by advancing the theory that women were being over-educated, and that as a result there were fewer marriages and more unhappiness. I hope my daughter will marry. But I hope she won't marry because she can't keep herself or because she is bored at home, or she wants to acquire money and position, as girls used to in former days.

Education stores up something that will increase a woman's happiness and efficiency in life, no matter what she does with it.

How can one be over-educated?

Mrs. Dulcie Munro, Craighed P.O., Letaba, N. Transvaal, S. Africa.

DEFENDING JAZZ

I HAVE heard "old-timers" deploring modern jazz music, saying it lacks melody, and harking back in praise of the good old days.

This is slightly annoying, as I think the old-time favorites such as "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," "Burlington Bertie," and "I Do Like to Be Beside the Sea," which all had a tremendous popularity in their day, have even less.

Modern melodies are at least tuneful, and certainly no sillier than those our parents sang with the same carefree spirit as we now sing our "Honey," "Baby," and "Sweetie" songs.

Constance Fraser, c/o Commerce House, Adelaide.

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SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

"THIS is wonderful," said Homer. "This isn't what I thought New York was like — it's better. Why, it's much the same here as in Davenport. Only people are even nicer. Here I just met you this morning and you're as kind to me as if we'd been old friends."

"We are," Dulcie laughed. "Things move fast here, Homer — even friendships. Grow like mushrooms and —" She stopped. Her eyes dilated and her fingers gripped Homer's arm. He stared at her, looked all about him. He saw a shining, opulent-looking car slide past, but he did not see the gleam of a white shirt front, the darker, harder gleam of a man's eyes. But Dulcie had seen. And she felt cold inside, cold and helpless.

"What was it?" demanded Homer. "Oh, nothing. I —"

"You looked as if something had scared you."

"Scared me!" She forced herself to laugh. "Don't ever believe it. I'm not easily scared."

"I know you're not," said Homer warmly. "That is what I like about you — you're so cool and independent and brave; the way

you dusted out those people at Bernstein's this morning."

"Oh, that doesn't take much in the way of bravery," She looked apprehensively at the few cars that passed. It was dark in this narrow cross street, a place of warehouses, closed and black. It was dark and lonely. "Suppose we hurry, Homer. I don't like it here. It doesn't seem quite healthy."

"You say funny things," marvelled Homer. "Why, it's just a quiet street, just the same as out home —"

"Oh — Watch out!" Dulcie's voice rose to a scream. The big car slid up beside them, the door opened and Max stepped out, his hat pulled low, his collar turned up high. "Quick recovery, eh?" His voice was hard and sharp, as broken glass. "All right, get in! The boy friend can find his way home."

"I won't! What do you think —" Max's hand flashed out and gripped her shoulder, swinging her around. "Move, Goldlocks. I

Continued from Page 18

thought you had to be handled with gloves, but we'll try you without, you two-timer."

A sound came from Homer. He said, "Your attentions are unwelcome to Miss O'Day. Leave her alone."

Max just laughed and dragged Dulcie towards the dark maw of the car door. It all happened so fast that Dulcie could only remember bits of it. She heard a crack of bone against bone, and Max was torn from her as by a tornado and fell back cursing into the car. His heels stuck out. Then she grabbed Homer's hand and yelled, "Run!"

THEY ran. They didn't look back. They didn't stop running till they rounded a corner and mingled with the crowd. She leaned against Homer then, she welcomed the feel of his bony arm about her waist, she loved having him beside her.

"Homer," she panted. "You're a brave man. You punched him — and how you punched him!"

"He was very rude," said Homer. "I couldn't stand there and —"

She looked up at him and shook her head. "You want to get the train back to Iowa to-night, Homer. Come on, I'll see you off."

"But I'm not going back to Iowa."

"Pullman or baggage, Homer. You want to choose pullman. You can see the scenery then."

"What do you mean? You say the queerest things!"

"I mean that person you hit will send after you with a flock of machine-guns. He's a racketeer. I know it. I know him now. His name is Max Hartner and they call him Musical Max. I was a fool not to place him before. You've got to get away, Homer."

"Not me. If he's after you, Miss Dulcie —" Homer swallowed, and said it again. "Dulcie — I'm going to be around to protect you."

She laughed — such a laugh that Homer said, "Please, don't do that."

"All right. Let's go home."

They walked home, arm-in-arm. But all the peace and much of the beauty had gone from the night. He could feel the sudden fits of trembling that came to the slim girl beside him, he could see some dread in her eyes and hear, underneath her flippant speech, the frightened whimpering of a child that dreads the dark.

Outside her door, she pressed his hand. "Good night, Homer. Take my advice and go home. Whether you do or not, though, I can't go out with you again."

"Why not? Why, you're the only friend —"

"I know. But —"

"You're afraid of that fellow."

"Yes." She looked up at him. "I'm afraid of him and I like you. That's why I can't be your friend. Good night, Homer."

She stood on tiptoe quickly and kissed him and ran into her room. Homer stood there for a long time, his hand to his cheek. "Gosh!" he said. "Well — Gosh!"

HIS mind conjured up vistas of beauty in which with Dulcie O'Day's bright head close to his shoulder he wandered on forever. But the days succeeding brought him no nearer to those purities of bliss. He saw Dulcie only at meals, and she was aloof, reserved, a stranger. She was always just coming in or just going out. Homer drooped. Some of the brightness went from his eyes, some of the breeziness faded from his voice. He came to her room late one night and knocked and said, his lips against the panels, "I've got to speak to you, Dulcie. I've got news. I —"

She opened the door. "I'll give you a few minutes. But it won't do you any good. First I'll tell you something; I've been talking to Max. You got two days more to get out of town. He doesn't like it that you live in the same house with me —"

"That's too bad. Well, I'm not getting out — not unless you come with me. I want to tell you: the night you kissed me I — I wired Leona Belle that it was all off between us —"

"You — you —" Dulcie backed away from him. "Why you poor fool! You go home and marry your girl. Because I — kissed you — on the cheek —"

"I never could see any other woman after that — let alone love her. Anyway, I got a wire back and Leona Belle was married to a fellow named Harley Rivers before she got my wire. So now it's all right. I know you don't want me to stay here, so I'll go home if you'll come with me. Dad's got the biggest factory in Davenport. I was manager there till I decided I'd come here and write songs. He wants me back and I'll go if you — if you —"

Dulcie's blue eyes were misted. What a proposal! But there was something in it that caught right at her heart, and got her, so that she knew she'd never forget, never find anything lovelier than this.

"Homer," she said, "you're a peach. But it's no good. Max could come to Davenport as easily as he could to Brooklyn. You don't understand. You go home and forget all about me. I belong here. I'm used to it."

"I won't go! And if that Max fellow —"

"Please go, Homer. I — I want you to."

He shook his head. He backed to the door. "No, if you won't come with me, I'll stay right here and compose. But, it's hard to compose when all I can think of is your hair and your eyes and your mouth and how small and sweet you are, every inch of you —"

"Better leave me now, Homer."

Dulcie's fingers were twined together. "Please go now."

He went. Dulcie stood and looked at the door, and her mouth twisted and trembled.

Homer stayed. He composed a few songs, but his heart wasn't in them, and they were pretty sad affairs. He didn't get a chance to talk to Dulcie. She deliberately dodged him and wouldn't open her door to him. But he wouldn't give up. He'd be great and famous yet. He'd bring her to him. He didn't give a thought to Max Hartner.

Please turn to Page 22



HURRY UP, JEAN. WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME TO SPARE.

I'M NOT GOING. I CAN'T GET MY FROCK ON.

I'M SO SORRY, JEAN. CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

WHAT'S THE USE? AT THE LAST DANCE I SAT OUT NEARLY EVERY DANCE. THE MEN DON'T WANT TO DANCE WITH A FAT GIRL, AND NOW I'M FATTER THAN EVER. O, WHAT CAN I DO?

ISN'T IT A PITY JEAN WOULDN'T COME? SHE'S SO SENSITIVE ABOUT HER FAT, AND SHE'S GETTING HEAVIER EVERY DAY. SHE'S TRIED ALL SORTS OF DIETS, TOO.

NEVER MIND, DIETS. TELL HER TO TAKE SCHUMANN'S SALTS EVERY MORNING. THEY'LL SOON TAKE OFF HER SURPLUS FAT.

NEXT MORNING

I'M GOING TO GET YOU SOME SCHUMANN'S SALTS TODAY, JEAN. MRS WILSON TOLD ME THEY'RE WONDERFUL FOR REDUCING, AND THEY ONLY DISSOLVE THE SURPLUS FAT. WILL YOU TRY THEM?

OF COURSE I WILL. I MUST GET RID OF THIS. OR I'LL GO MAD.

THREE WEEKS LATER

CAN'T HELP IT. I'M SO EXCITED, FANCY I'VE LOST 14 LBS. ALREADY, THANKS TO SCHUMANN'S, AND I'M AS FIT AS A FIDDLE.

HERE, DON'T RUSH, JEAN. I'M NOT NEARLY READY YET.

WHAT A WONDERFUL TIME JEAN IS HAVING. SHE'S ABSOLUTELY SPARKLING.

AND THAT'S DUE TO YOU — AND TO SCHUMANN'S SALTS. THEY'VE BEEN MARVELLOUS AND SHE'S SO WELL TOO.

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A flurry of powder. Her evening gown over her head in a jiffy. A shake, and there she was.

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Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Marvellous magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, has rescued
SEGRID: Prince dwelling in Gizeh in Egypt, from
EMIR KRIM: A potentate of Egypt. Mandrake then
goes in search of Segrid's sister,
PRINCESS NARDA: Who has been trapped by Krim and
his men in the tomb of Prince Ankh in the pyramid
of Gizeh. The missing mummy of Prince Ankh

appears, walking and talking, and Narda flees in
terror. Mandrake arrives at the tomb, meets Krim
there, and disappears in search of Narda. He
finds her in the misty corridors, but, as he is
carrying her, fainting, to safety, the floor opens
and they fall into a pit beneath the pyramid.
Through the door grille the face of the mummy ap-
pears, and they hear his terrible voice telling them
they are doomed. NOW READ ON—



TO BE CONTINUED.



Nancy has terrible tantrums at the breakfast table — no one can get her to eat her porridge. "She's a naughty child, but she can't help it", sighs Mother. "I used to be like that too".



"Nonsense", says Auntie. "It's because her food doesn't appeal to her. Get her that new cereal — Rice Bubbles — the kind that snaps, crackles and pops when the milk is poured on! Then Nancy will have fun eating breakfast!"



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WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
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THE SAME Old STORY

Continued from Page 20

ONE night Mrs. Flannery called him to the phone. "Mr. Homer Upham? This is Earl Zigler, the musical-comedy producer. I heard about you from a friend in Davenport. I'd like to see some of your stuff. When could you drop over?"

"Why—why right now, Mr. Zigler. I can come right now."

"Good. Shall I send my car for you? Or will you taxi over?"

"I'll taxi—saves time. What's the address?" Mr. Zigler gave an address on 84th Street. "I'll be there, Mr. Zigler."

"Fine! Walk right up. Third floor. Apartment C."

Homer rushed to his room and feverishly gathered up the "Rose of Rio," the "Moon of Mount Everest," the "Ring for Lenna Belle," and a few more. He was in front of the door on 84th Street before he got his breath back, and then he lost it again.

Mr. Zigler opened the door himself. He was a young man—dark-eyed, dark-haired. He was smiling in a thin-lipped, not very pleasant way. "Come in, Mr. Upham. Come right in." He shook hands cordially with Homer. He waved a hand at the grand piano, at a sheet of manuscript there. "A little thing I composed myself. Let me run over it for you."

He sat down at the piano and sang in a pretty decent tenor a number called "Stardust in Your Eyes."

"Swell," said Homer. "Swell. That's darned good. I don't know as my stuff will—"

"Let's hear some of it." Mr. Zigler got up from the piano. Homer spread his stuff on the rack. "First, I have—"

"Nuts!" The voice was strange. And so, Homer found when he looked was the speaker. Gone was the suave and smiling Mr. Zigler. The face that glowered at Homer was hard as granite and the eyes were like beads. "I don't want to hear what you got. You couldn't have anything. You're so dumb you walked right into it, didn't you?" He advanced on Homer, hands hanging loosely at his sides. "Even now you can't guess, can you? Well, I'm the fellow you pushed into the car the other night, see? I'm the fellow whose girl you've been chasin' around after. I'm the fellow who owns that little red-headed doll—"

"Liar!"

HOMER sprang. One hand ripped the glasses off, the other straight-armed Mr. Hartner. It was a big hand that covered the gargoyles of Mr. Hartner's face and snapped his head back on his neck. He ducked away. He was like greased lightning on his feet. His hard knuckles cracked against Homer's eye and let loose a cascade of blood. His left smacked into Homer's midriff and doubled him up. The walls and ceiling spun in circles that moved even faster and faster and Homer saw a dozen hard, leering faces and a million fists. Well, he had to hit one of those faces. He thought of only that. To hit one of them. To destroy it. He picked one and hit right from his toes with all the strength he ever owned. The face stopped moving. Homer followed it and pounded it again, pounded at the swollen eyes and the bleeding mouth—until it needed no more pounding.

Then, like a blind man he groped his way to the piano, got his music, put it in his magazine, got his hat and staggered out of the apartment. Punch-drunk and dazed he got down into the hall. He was going to pass out. He knew it. He staggered and weaved.

"Homer!"

In a red mist he saw her. There were two men with her—two who looked as if they might be big brothers of Mr. Zigler's. They rushed for Homer and Homer fell right into the middle of them, those long piston-like arms of his flailing, and his fists doing damage where they hit. One black thug went down with Homer on top of him, a gun went off hitting the wall with thunder, a whistle shrieked, feet trampled around Homer's ears and something like a ten-ton block of marble dropped on his head.

He awakened slowly to an effect of whiteness and cleanliness and peace, as if he were coming into another world. Someone was leading him by the hand, pulling him into that world. He peered through a slow-clearing mist and saw a glint of gold and a flash of blue. He stared at her and managed to grin. There were people in starched uniforms and a ponderous man with a black ribbon on his glasses. Dulcie said, "Oh, Homer, I'm so glad—" He pressed her hand and fell asleep again.

When next he awakened she was still there, but soft lights were burning. He awakened easier this time. He said, "Hello, Dulcie. What happened?"

"You took an awful beating. You had a concussion and a bullet in your shoulder." Come to think of it, his shoulder did seem numb. "But you gave the three of them, Max and the Baroni brothers, an awful hiding. You might have been killed, Homer. The police came—"

"Max—"

"HE tricked you into coming, and I came with the two gorillas because they told me Max was going to kill you. He won't kill any more. Some pals took him for a ride last week."

"Last week? How long ago is it—?"

"Weeks and weeks. I—I was afraid you'd never come back to me."

"You—you're going to come home with me now, Dulcie. I don't want to write songs any more. You put a song in my heart that's—well, kind of too big and wonderful ever to come out."

Dulcie bent her head and covered her eyes. "What are you crying for?" Homer's hand stroked her hair.

"I—I'm—crying because you—you're famous and you—won't want to go home now, you won't want me—"

"I'm going home and you're going with me. And, nonsense, I'm not famous. Just because I had a run-in with those gangsters—"

"It's not that. It's your song. I picked up your music that night and found this song and took it to Sol and it's a great number. Everybody's singing it."

"Famous?" Homer blinked at her. "You mean one of my songs is a—a hit?"

"A smash."

Homer shook his head. "I don't care. It means nothing to me—nothing. I want only you and I want you out where there's peace, where it's quiet and we can sit home of evenings."

"You'd turn your back on fame—for me?"

"Sure I would."

"But—but you don't know how big you are! Why, you can't tune in on a radio, but you hear your song—" Dulcie leaned over and twisted the knob of the table-radio. Music tinkled forth—

"Stardust in your eyes.
Lingers when the dawn
Comes stealing—"

Homer listened, looked blank, then he grinned. "I didn't write that," he said happily.

"But I—"

"Max wrote it. I must have picked it up when I gathered my own stuff off his piano. Anyway, even if I had written it, we're going back to Davenport—you and I, Dulcie. I don't feel any need to write songs now." He drew her down to him and kissed her and hid his face in her hair and the greatest songs ever sung were silence compared with the music that his heart sang with the heart of Miss O'Day.

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The PRETENDER

Continued from Page 5

TALL, straight, and vigorously spare, his head high and authority in every line of him, he came to stand leaning upon his tall, gold-headed cane, before the Captain-General of Puerto Rico, Don Sebastian Mendes, and to explain himself in that fluent Castilian so painfully acquired.

Some Spaniards, making a literal translation of his name, spoke of him as Don Pedro Sangre, others alluded to him as El Diablo Encarnado. Humorously blending now the two, he impudently announced himself as Don Pedro Encarnado, deputy of the Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, the Marquis of Riconete, who could not come ashore in person because chained to his bed aboard by an attack of gout. From a Dutch vessel, spoken off Ste. Croix, his Excellency the Admiral had heard of an attack by scoundrelly buccaners upon two ships of Spain from Cartagena, which had sought shelter here at San Juan. These ships he had seen in the harbor, but the marquis desired more precise information in the matter.

Don Sebastian supplied it tempestuously. He was a big, choleric man, flabby and sallow, with little black moustaches surmounting lips as thick almost as an African's and he possessed a number of chins, all of them blue from the razor.

His reception of the false Don Pedro had been marked first by all the ceremony due to the deputy of a representative of the Catholic King, and then by the cordiality proper from one Castilian gentleman to another. He presented him to his dainty, timid, still youthful little wife, and kept him to dinner, which was spread in a cool white patio under the green shade of a trellis of vines, and served by liveried negro slaves at the orders of a severely formal Spanish maid-servant.

After dinner the visitor took a ceremonious leave, regretfully, but of necessity since he must report to his Admiral. But on the morrow he was back again, and when the boat that brought him ashore had returned to the white-and-gold flagship the great galleon was observed by the idlers on the mole to take up her anchor and to be hoisting sail. Before the freshening breeze that set a sparkling ruffle on the sunlit violet waters, she moved majestically eastwards along the peninsula on which San Juan is built.

Penmanship had occupied some of Captain Blood's time aboard since yesterday, and the Admiral's writing-coffer had supplied his needs: the Admiral's seal and a sheet of parchment surmounted by the arms of Spain. Hence an imposing document, which he now placed before Don Sebastian. Explanations plausibly accompanied it.

"Your assurance that Captain Blood is in these waters has persuaded the Admiral to hunt him out. In his Excellency's absence, he commands me, as you observe, to remit here."

The Captain-General was poring over the parchment with its great slab of red wax bearing the arms of the Marquis of Riconete. It ordered Don Sebastian to make over to Don Pedro Encarnado the command of the military establishment of San Juan de Puerto Rico, the Fort of Santo Antonio, and its garrison.

It was not an order that Don Sebastian could be expected to receive with equanimity. He frowned and blew out his fat lips. "I do not understand this at all. Colonel Vargas, who commands the fort under my orders, is a competent, experienced officer. Besides," he bristled, "I have been under the impression that it is I who am Captain-General of Puerto Rico, and that it is for me to appoint my officers."

No speech or manner could have been more conciliatory than Captain Blood's. "In your place, Don Sebastian, I must confess — oh, but entirely between ourselves — that I should feel precisely as you do. But . . . What would you? It is necessary to have patience. The Admiral is moved to excessive anxiety for the safety of the plate-ships."

"Is not their safety in San Juan my affair? Am I not the King's representative in Puerto Rico? Let the Admiral command as he pleases on the ocean; but here on land . . ."

Suavely Captain Blood interrupted him, a hand familiarly upon his shoulder. "My dear Don Sebastian!" He lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "You know how it is with these Royal favorites."

After this, and in the two succeeding days, Peter Blood displayed a tact that made things easy, not only for the Captain-General, but also for Colonel Vargas, who at first had been disposed to verbal violence on the subject of his supersession. It reconciled the Colonel, at least in part, to discover that the new commandant showed no inclination to interfere with any of his military measures.

It was on the first Friday in June that the false Don Pedro had come ashore to take command. On the following Sunday morning in the courtyard of the Captain-General's quarters, a breathless young officer reeled from the saddle of a lathered, spent, and quivering horse. To Don Sebastian, who was at breakfast with his lady and his temporary commandant, this messenger brought the alarming news that a powerfully armed ship that flew no flag and was manifestly a pirate was threatening San Patricio, fifty miles away.

Such was Don Sebastian's amazement that it transcended his alarm. "In the devil's name, what should pirates seek at San Patricio? There's nothing there but sugarcane and maize."

"I think I understand," said Captain Blood. "San Patricio is the back door to San Juan and the plate-ships."

"The back door?" "Don't you see? Because these pirates dare not venture a frontal attack against your heavily armed fort of Santo Antonio here, they hope to march overland from San Patricio and take you in the rear."

The Captain-General was profoundly impressed by this prompt display of military acumen.

"By all the saints, I believe you explain it." He heaved himself up, announcing that he would take order at once, dismissed the officer to rest and refreshment, and despatched a messenger to fetch Colonel Vargas from the fort.

Stamping up and down the long room, which was kept in cool shadow by the slatted blinds, he gave thanks to his patron saint, the martyred centurion, that Santo Antonio was abundantly munitioned, thanks to his foresight, and could spare all the powder and shot that San Patricio might require so as to hold these infernal pirates at bay.

The timid glance of Dona Leoncacia followed him about the room, then was turned upon the new commandant when his voice, cool and calm, invaded the Captain-General's pause for breath.

"With submission, sir, it would be an error to take munitions from Santo Antonio. We may require all that we have. Several things are possible. These buccaners may change their plans when they find the landing at San Patricio less easy than they suppose. Or — and now he stated what he knew to be the case, since it was precisely what he had commanded — "the attack on San Patricio may be no more than a feint, to draw thither your strength."

Don Sebastian stared blankly, passing a jewelled hand over his ponderous blue jowl. "That is possible. Yes, God help me!" And thankful now for the presence of this calm, discerning commandant, whose coming at first had so offended him, he cast himself entirely upon the man's resourcefulness.

Don Pedro was prompt to take command. "I have a note of the munitions aboard the plate-ships. They are considerable. Abundant for the needs of San Patricio, and useless at present to the vessels. We will take not only their powder and shot, but their guns as well, and haul them at once to San Patricio."

"You'll disarm the plate-ships?" Don Sebastian stared in alarm.

"What need to keep them armed whilst in harbor here? It is the fort that will defend the entrance if it should come to need defending. The emergency is at San Patricio." He became more definite. "You will be good enough to order the necessary mules and oxen for the transport."

Please turn to Page 24

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When the unmistakable odour of perspiration suddenly assails you, are you alarmed that it might be yourself? Odorono spares you this fear — it safely stops underarm perspiration. It does more than protect your person, it saves your clothes from perspiration damage. A doctor's discovery, Odorono is safe to use.





Does your boy mope about the house?

If your boy is inclined to mope about in the house when he should be out playing with other boys, the real reason probably is that he's outgrowing his strength. When children are growing fast, it takes so much out of them—often they haven't much energy left over.

Horlick's regularly at bedtime, afternoon or mid-morning provides children with just those vital, nourishing elements they most need for growth and extra energy. Children love its taste, and it makes them active and athletic. Horlick's is economical too. The milk is already in it, add water only. Prices from 1/6. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/-.


HORLICK'S BUILDS SOLID FOUNDATIONS TO CHILDREN'S HEALTH

The PRETENDER

Continued from Page 23

"As for men, there are two hundred and thirty at Santo Antonio and a hundred and twenty aboard the plate-ships. What is the force at San Patricio?"

"Between forty and fifty."

"Heaven help us! If these buccaners intend a landing, it follows that they must be four or five hundred strong. To oppose them San Patricio will need every man we can spare. I shall have to send Colonel Vargas thither with a hundred and fifty men from Santo Antonio and a hundred men from the ships."

"And leave San Juan defenceless?" In his horror Don Sebastian could not help adding: "Are you mad?"

Captain Blood's air was that of a man whose knowledge of his business places him beyond all wavering. "I think not. We have the fort with a hundred guns, half of them of powerful calibre. A hundred men should abundantly suffice to serve them. And lest you suppose that I subject you to risks I am not prepared to share. I shall, myself, remain here to command them."

As the cathedral bells were summoning the faithful to High Mass, and notwithstanding the approaching sweltering heat of noon-tide, the matter admitting of no delay, Colonel Vargas marched his men out of San Juan. At the head of the column, and followed by a long train of mules, laden with ammunition, and of oxen-teams hauling the guns, the Colonel took the road across the gently undulating plains to San Patricio, fifty miles away.

You will have conceived that the pirate threatening San Patricio was the erstwhile flagship of the Spanish Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, now the Andalusian Lass, despatched thither on that business by Captain Blood. Wolverstone had been placed in command of her, and his orders were to maintain his demonstration and keep the miserable little fort of San Patricio in play for forty-eight hours. At the end of that time, and under cover of night, he was to slip quietly away before the arrival of the reinforcements from San Juan, which by then would be well upon their way, and, abandoning the feint, come round at speed to deliver the real blow at the now comparatively defenceless San Juan.

Messengers from San Patricio arriving at regular intervals throughout Monday brought reports that showed how faithfully Wolverstone

was fulfilling his instructions. The messages gave assurance that the constant fire of the fort was compelling the pirates to keep their distance.

It was heartening news to the Captain-General, persuaded that every hour that passed increased the chances that the raiders would be caught red-handed by the Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, who must be somewhere in the neighborhood, and inconspicuously destroyed. "By to-morrow," he said, "Vargas will be at San Patricio with the reinforcements and the pirates' chance of landing will be at an end."

But what the morrow brought was something very different from the expectations of all concerned. Soon after daybreak, San Juan was awakened by the roar of guns. Don Sebastian's first uplifting thought, as he thrust a leg out of bed, was that here was the Marquis of Ricone announcing his return by a fully Royal salute.

Half dressed, Captain Blood made haste to seek at Don Sebastian's side the explanation of this artillery, and there experienced a consternation no whit inferior to the Captain-General's, though vastly different in source. For the great red ship whose guns were pounding the fort from the roads, a half-mile away, had all the appearance of his own Arabella, which he had left careened in Tortuga less than a month ago.

At his side the Captain-General of Puerto Rico was invoking alternately all the saints in the calendar and all the fiends in hell to bear witness that here was that incarnate devil, Captain Blood.

Tight-lipped, that incarnate devil at his very elbow gave no heed to his imprecations.

As he looked, the great vessel came broadside on in the act of going about. Then, even without counting her gun-ports, he obtained a clear assurance. She carried four guns less than his own flagship.

"That is not Captain Blood," he said.

"Not Captain Blood? You'll tell me that I am not Sebastian Mendes. Is not his ship named the Arabella?"

"That is not the Arabella."

Don Sebastian looked him over with a contemptuous, blood-infected eye. Then he proffered his telescope.

"Read the name on the counter for yourself."

Captain Blood took the glass. The ship was swinging, so as to bring her starboard guns to bear, and her counter came fully into view. In letters of gold, he read there the name Arabella, and his bewilderment was renewed.

"I do not understand," he said. But the roar of her broadside drowned his words and loosened some further tons of the fort's masonry. And then, at last, the guns of the fort thundered in their turn for the first time. The fire was wild and wide of the mark, but at least it had the effect of compelling the attacking ship to stand off, so as to get out of range.

"By heaven, they're awake at last!" cried Don Sebastian, with bitter irony.

Blood departed in search of his boots, ordering the scared servants who stood about to find and saddle him a horse.

When, five minutes later, booted, but still not more than half-dressed, he was setting his foot to the stirrup, the Captain-General surged beside him. "It's your responsibility," he raged. "Yours and your precious Admiral's. Your fatuous measures have left us defenceless. I hope you'll be able to answer for it. I hope so."

"I hope so, too; and to that brigand, whoever he may be," Captain Blood spoke through his teeth in an anger more bitter if less boisterous than the Captain-General's. For he was experiencing the condition of being hoist with his own petard and all the emotions that accompany it.

He found the fortress in a state of desolation and confusion. Half the guns were already out of action under the heaped rubble. Of the hundred men that had been left to garrison it, ten had been killed and thirty disabled.

Please turn to Page 26

Lips Appeal

**FRESH and
Lovely as a
Dew-kissed Rosebud**



Lips that are young and gay.
Lips of the smart sophisticates of Paris
who've changed to "Domino".

"Domino" is indelible of course and keeps
lips softly alluring always, without a pasty
look or the parched dry appearance of
ordinary indelible lipsticks. And remember
"Domino's" colours are harmless.

Try "Domino" at your chemist's. Smartly
encased, large, size 2/6.

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ROGER & GALLET

MODERN COLOURS:
Rich and appealing . . .
Softly Demure . . .
Daringly Exotic . . .

and a smart two-tone which
enhances your natural colouring



What Women Are Doing

Red Cross Conference

ABOUT 500 women delegates are expected to attend the annual conference of the N.S.W. branch of the Australian Red Cross, to be held in Sydney this week.

Lady Street, acting president, will open proceedings, and on the second day the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Street will give an "At Home" at State Government House. The third day will be devoted to general business.

To Have Her Verse Set to Music by Michael Head

HAVING her song-verses accepted by the celebrated English composer, Michael Head, has been a tribute received by Mrs. Sarah Sheldon, of Sunnybank, Queensland.

Mr. Head, on his recent tour of the Dominions, saw the song by this writer-composer and her collaborator, Meta Maclean, that Mrs. Sheldon had sung, with the result that he took back to England some of Mrs. Sheldon's verses to set to his own compositions.

Wife of Mr. Geoffrey Sheldon, well known in New Guinea, and mother of a large family, this clever Queenslanders yet makes time for her versatile song-work, and is now turning her attention to scenarios for musical films.

Will All Bicycle To Their Picnic

THE C.W.A. Younger Set in Maryborough has started on its work for 1937 under a completely new executive, headed by the vivacious Marie Missing. Margo Harris is attending to the secretarial work of the association, while Helen Harris is to be treasurer. An evening bicycle picnic is one of the benefit entertainments they are now busy arranging.

She Understands High Finance

MISS E. G. SCOTT, who recently arrived in Adelaide to take up the position of finance secretary at the Y.W.C.A., has a sound knowledge of finance resulting from experience gained during the war. At that time she held a high position in an insurance company, for the most part doing the work of men absent at the front, and so learnt all the ins and outs of high finance.

She has been connected with the Y.W.C.A. in New Zealand for fifteen years, at first in an honorary capacity and later as a member of the staff. She was on the staff of the Wellington branch for ten years as business and afterwards finance secretary, and two years ago went to Auckland to organise a financial campaign which reached its objective in raising £3000.

Makes Costumes for Adelaide Repertory Theatre

ALL the period or fancy costumes which appear on the stage of the Adelaide Repertory Theatre are the work of Mrs. C. H. Stacey, or, to use her stage name, Miss Mimi Mattin.

Miss Mattin designs the costumes, fits and makes them herself, and they become the property of the theatre. She also does some very fine acting, and started off the 1936 season with the part of a charwoman, and finished as a marquise!

Miss Mattin, who has been connected with the Adelaide Repertory Theatre since 1912, and who has won 76 championships and "firsts" at Ballarat and other competitions for character and dramatic work, is looking forward to a busy year of amateur theatricals in 1937.

To Attend World Conference

WHEN the Women's Christian Temperance Union meets for a world's conference at Washington this year there will be representatives from fifty-one affiliated countries, including three Australian women.

Mrs. Williams will go from Perth, and Mrs. R. W. L. Herbert, who will act as delegate for Mrs. E. L. Rees, world departmental superintendent, from South Australia.

The third Australian representative will be Mrs. Evelyn Strang, of Sydney, who is world vice-president of the organisation.

Prominent Social Worker Of Bundaberg

RECOGNISED as Bundaberg's premier organiser, Mrs. J. F. Boreham has rendered yeoman service to the district in charity, civic and social activities. She takes a prominent part in C.W.A. affairs, and was one of the foundation members of the Bundaberg branch.

Mrs. J. F. Boreham.

The Red Cross Society, recently revived in Bundaberg, has Mrs. Boreham at its head. She is the chief organiser for the social entertainments held under the R.S.S.I.L.A. Appeals from sporting bodies meet with sympathetic response from Mrs. Boreham, especially the Bundaberg Rowing Club and Life-Saving Club. She takes a keen interest in the Croquet Club, of which she is a vice-president.

Besides possessing a flair for organisation, Mrs. Boreham is a charming hostess, and many delightful parties are held at her attractive home, Sandon, set in large grounds on the outskirts of Bundaberg.

University Settlement And Its Workers

UNIVERSITY settlements in general, and Sydney University Settlement in particular, make a valuable contribution to social service work, and in addition provide training and experience in this work to students who are concerned with the welfare of their less fortunate fellow beings.

The Sydney University Settlement has its headquarters in Chipendale, a district that offers wide scope for philanthropic endeavor, and where the various clubs and recreation groups at the Settlement are a vital necessity.

The usual work of the settlement goes on from year to year uninterrupted, and annually a special effort is made to raise funds for its maintenance. Such an effort is now under way for the fête that will be opened by the Premier (Mr. Stevens) on April 10. Members of the executive committee include Miss I. Pidler (president), Miss R. Docker (warden), Miss C. Back, Mrs. H. Benning (hon. secretary), Lady MacCallum is patroness.

Sold Scandinavian Rights of Their Play

ANN NEVILLE and Margot Goyder, authors of the successful London comedy, "Heroes Don't Care," are apparently finding time for play as well as work.

Their last letter tells of a most interesting cocktail party given by their literary agent, Mr. A. E. Peters, and Mrs. Peters, at their lovely flat in the Albany.

Among co-writers sipping Martini were G. B. Stern, Clifford Bax, Benn Levy and his titian-haired wife (Constance Cumming), and Russell Medcroft, of Warner Bros.

Having sold the Scandinavian rights of "Heroes Don't Care," the sisters add they are learning Norwegian as they intend to be in Norway on the first night.

Incidentally, in "The London Theatre World" review of plays for 1936, "Heroes Don't Care" was described as by far the wittiest comedy of the year.

League of Health and Beauty Opened in Adelaide

MISS GLADYS COLE, of Tamworth, N.S.W., has changed her address permanently to Adelaide, for she has been appointed the instructor for the League of Health and Beauty for S.A.

Her introduction to this career was very simple but quite romantic. She saw an advertisement in the local paper for the League, and upon passing examinations in physiology, anatomy, theory of health, voice production, public speaking and organising, health exercises and ballroom and Greek dancing, was, in six months, a qualified instructor.

She was accompanied to Adelaide by Misses Margaret Phillips and Minna Lotze, to assist with the opening demonstrations, as well as Misses Thea Hughes and Myrtle Gillam, who were on their way through to England.

Formed Club to Promote Interest in Ballet

A MELBOURNE dancing teacher, Miss Dorothy Gladstone, has been instrumental in forming the La Camargo Club, with the object of promoting interest in the ballet.

The club, which has taken the name of the famous French dancer, meets at regular intervals to discuss ballets and ballet music, and active members are encouraged to give items.

Miss Gladstone, who is the hon. secretary, hopes that eventually the club will become a repertory ballet movement, much the same as a repertory theatre movement.

Persevered in Her Intention and Succeeded

MISS BETTY MOLPHY, of Warwick, who is on the staff of the Warwick State High School, realised one of her ambitions this year when she gained her pilot's licence. She could only practise during her holidays from school, but she persevered and was rewarded.

Her taste for flying commenced when she went "into the air" with Margaret Gilruth, of Melbourne, and then when the chance came to enter a flying scholarship competition she seized it, getting into the semi-finals. This was two or three years ago. Every vacation since then her time—and her savings—have gone into perfecting herself in this mode of transport.

Queensland Girl Wins Adelaide Scholarship

MISS DULCIE SAMPSON, who recently won the first scholarship offered by the Adelaide Corinthian Club, is really a Queenslanders, although she has studied at the Adelaide Conservatorium for nearly two years. The scholarship entitles the holder to a year's tuition with whichever music-teacher the winner chooses, the only stipulations being that the entrant must be under 25 and a member of the Corinthian Club.

Miss Sampson is doing her third year Mus.Bac. this year. She did try taking the course by correspondence, as the Brisbane University has no chair of music, but the plan was not quite satisfactory to her.

Her First Book Will Be Published Soon

MISS MAIE CLEMENTS (Mrs. Harry Cohen) returned from England to Australia by the Port Brisbane last week, after having successfully placed her novel, "Not By Bread Alone," with Hutchinsons, the well-known publishers.

During the war Miss Clements worked in London, and was married just before war ended. Three years later she set out with her husband in search of opportunity in Australia. She has published short stories, articles and poems in various Australian periodicals, but "Not By Bread Alone" is her first novel.

Gathering Information For Her Book

DR. ANNA MEDD, of London, who has been paying a long visit to Australia, seeing all capital cities and penetrating into outback districts, gathering first-hand information for her book, has now gone on to New Zealand.

Dr. Medd, who has practised in such widely differing places as London and Rhodesia, has now visited all the Dominions.

Energetic Worker For Youth Causes

CREDIT for the "behind the scenes" work in the Methodist children's annual demonstration, Adelaide, goes to Miss I. E. Brown, who is well known as the general superintendent for the Commonwealth of the Methodist Girls' Comradeship.

Miss Brown organised the children's choir from 40 metropolitan Sunday schools, and about 1000 children from country centres were present. Miss A. G. Coventry helped Miss Brown with the secretarial work.

Helps to Entertain Sailors When in Port

FOR over ten years Miss Edith Fairbrother, of Brisbane, has gone to the Seamen's Institute at least one night every week and helped to entertain the visiting seamen. She is now secretary of the Lightkeepers' Guild, a position she has held for the last two years.

She is mainly responsible for organising dances, bridge parties, and all other entertainments that are arranged to raise funds during the year for the sailors.

MOTHER NEVER WORRIES... about missed schooldays, nowand FATHER never misses work

since HEENZO helps keep the family free of Coughs, Colds and 'Flu ...



HEENZO

COSTS 2/- SAVES £'s.

"Should be in every home and office"

LUNG TROUBLE

Definite Hope of Recovery

There is now hope for you, no matter what your age or how long standing your complaint, in MEMBROSUS, a WONDERFUL DIFFERENT DRY INHALATION. You can be freed of those distressing symptoms that make your life miserable. You can do as many other sufferers have done by inhaling MEMBROSUS, restore those peaceful nights you once enjoyed . . . FREE FROM INTENSIVE COUGHING SPASMS, NIGHT SWEATS, HAEMORRHOIDS, etc.

After inhaling, MEMBROSUS patients report . . . "APPETITE IMPROVES" . . . "STRENGTH REGAINED" . . . "ABLE TO WALK UP A HILL, PLAY GAMES, AND LIVE A NORMAL LIFE ONCE AGAIN," and "A NEW OUTLOOK ON LIFE OBTAINED."

HERE IS A REPORT OF A ONE-TIME SUFFERER:

"I became infected with Lung Trouble and went to a Sanatorium. Whilst there I heard of MEMBROSUS and decided to give it a trial. I left the Sanatorium and continued with MEMBROSUS. My recovery was rapid, and I later returned to Sydney for examination, and was proved to be clear of all traces of the complaint and capable of commenting work again. I have been working for almost two years and have not had any trouble, even to cause me a day's loss of work."

Only MEMBROSUS gives lasting relief from CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM TROUBLE

Without Operation

It is logical that a treatment wherein the trachea discharges and removes the mucus, enter the blood stream, and clear away the toxins and germs which cause the trouble, must be effective. Patients report that "HEAD NOISES DISAPPEAR, HEARING AND SENSE OF SMELL ARE PERMANENTLY RESTORED; CONSTANT SNEEZING FITS, RUNNING EYES AND NOSE AND DISGUSTING HAWKING ARE SOON THINGS OF THE PAST." You wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear, and again you are able to mix with friends and family without embarrassment.

A TYPICAL REPORT:

"Praise be, my head is almost quite clear, and my hearing is vastly improved. I got rid of a lot of mucus at the beginning, but now very little. There is no doubt that MEMBROSUS is the 'goode' for those troubles, Catarrh, etc. Wish I'd known about it sooner."

ASTHMA.... BRONCHITIS 'A DIFFERENT INHALATION TREATMENT'

These dread complaints, with their serious complications which have defied medical science in its search for a cure, have met their doom, finally, definitely. No longer must Asthma sufferers lead lives of misery and torture, or endure sleepless, pain-racked nights with choking tortures. If you wish to be down and sleep at night without fear of an attack; for the mucus to be easily brought away and the wheezing to stop; for the tight, bound-up feeling never to worry you again; to breathe freely at all times; to lose the shortness of breath and be able to walk up a hill and play games without discomfort; and for the attacks to become less severe and less frequent, and then make a complete and lasting recovery . . . then use MEMBROSUS, the Inhalation Treatment.

A REPORT FROM A BRONCHITIS SUFFERER:

"I wish to thank you for the good I have derived from the treatment. I feel certain it will cure the most stubborn cases of Bronchitis and Catarrh. I think it a wonderful relief and treatment. I desire it as a stand-by, as that is the best opinion I have of it."

MEMBROSUS Regd. DRY INHALATION REMEDY

For particulars, call or send a stamped addressed envelope mentioning your complaint to MEMBROSUS, C/- IRVINE LTD., No. 1 St. James Bldg., 197 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Tel. MA3167.

The PRETENDER

Continued from Page 24

CAPTAIN BLOOD came among them just as another broadside shore away twenty yards of ramparts. In the well-like courtyard, half choked with the dust of crumbling masonry and the acrid fumes of gunpowder, he stormed at the officer who ran to meet him.

"Will you keep your company cowering here until men and guns are all buried together in these ruins?"

Captain Arana bridled. He threw a chest. "We can die at our posts, sir, to pay for your errors."

"So can any fool. But if you had as much intelligence as impertinence you would be saving some of the guns. They'll be needed presently. Haul a score of them out of this, and have them posted in that cover." He pointed to a pimento grove less than a half-mile away in the direction of the city.

If Captain Arana lacked imagination to conceive, at least he possessed energy to execute the conceptions of another. Dominated by the commandant's brisk authority, fired by admiration for measures whose simple soundness he at once perceived, he went diligently to work, whilst Blood took charge of a battery of ten guns emplaced on the southern rampart which best commanded the bay. A dozen men, aroused from their inertia by his vigor, and stimulated by his own indifference to danger, carried out his orders calmly and swiftly.

The buccaneer, having emptied her starboard guns, was going about so as to bring her larboard broadside to bear. Taking advantage of the manoeuvre, and gauging as best he could the station from which her next fire would be delivered, Blood passed from gun to gun, laying each with his own hands, deliberately and carefully. He had just laid the last of them when the red ship, having put the helm over, presented her larboard flank. He snatched the splutter-

ing match from the hand of a musketeer, and instantly touched off the gun at that broad target. If the shot was not as lucky as he hoped, yet it was lucky enough. It shored away the citrate's bowsprit. She yawed under the shock and listed slightly, and this at the very moment that her broadside was delivered. As a consequence of that fortuitously altered elevation, the discharge soared harmlessly over the fort and went to plough the ground away in its rear. At once she swung down-wind so as to run out of range.

"Fire!" roared Blood, and the other nine guns blazed as one. The buccaneer's stern presenting but a narrow mark, Blood could hope for little more than a moral effect. But again luck favored him, and if eight of the twenty-four-pound missiles merely flung up the spray about the ship, the ninth crashed into her stern-coach, to speed her on her way.

The Spaniards sent up a cheer. "Viva Don Pedro!" And it was actually with laughter that they set about reloading, their courage resurrected by that first if slight success.

There was no need now for haste. It took the buccaneer some time to clear the wreckage of her bowsprit, and it was quite an hour before she was beating back, close-hauled against the breeze, to take her revenge.

In that most valuable respite, Captain Arana had got the guns into the cover of the grove a quarter of a mile away. Thither Blood might have retreated to join him. But, greatly daring, he stayed, first to repeat his earlier tactics. But it was in vain.

An unlucky shot from the buccaneer found the powder-magazine. It was the end of the fort.

The cheer that came over the water from the buccaneer ship was like an echo of the explosion. Blood roused himself, shook himself free of the mortar and rubble in which he was half-buried, coughed the dust from his throat, and made a mental examination of his condition.

He had broken nothing. But of the twelve who had been with him he found only five as sound as they had been before the explosion; a sixth lay groaning with a broken thigh, a seventh sat nursing a dislocated shoulder.

To the five survivors he ordered the care of these two crippled fellows, saw these borne away towards the pimento grove, and went staggering after them.

By the time he reached the shelter of that belt of perfumed trees the buccaneers were disposing for the tactics that logically followed upon the destruction of the fort.

There was no time to lose. Blood entered the cool green shade of the plantation, where Arana and his men awaited him. He approved the emplacement there of the guns unsuspected by the buccaneers, and charged with canister as he had directed. Carefully judging the spot, less than a mile away, where the enemy should come ashore, he ordered and himself supervised the training of the guns upon it. He took for mark a fishing boat that stood upside down upon the beach, half a cable's length from the water's creamy edge.

"We'll wait," he explained to Arana, "until those sons of dogs are in line with it, and then we'll give them a passport into hell." From that, so as to beguile the waiting moments, he went on to lecture the Spanish captain upon the finer details of the art of war.

As a matter of fact, Captain Arana was having an even more instructive morning than Captain Blood intended. He was now to receive a demonstration of the futility of divided command.

The trouble came from Don Sebastian, who, meanwhile, had unfortunately not been idle. As Captain-General of Puerto Rico he conceived it to be his duty to arm every man of the town who was able to lift a weapon. Without taking the precaution of consulting Don Pedro, or even of informing him of what he proposed, he had brought the improvised army, some five or six score strong, under cover of the white buildings, to within a hundred yards of the water. There he held them in ambush, to launch them in a charge against the landing buccaneers at the very last moment.

10,000 hours Stomach Pain!

Imagine it! In six years Mrs. H. R. suffered over 10,000 hours of stomach torture—and then found at last a remedy. Read her vivid letter telling of this harrowing experience.



"After what I have gone through, it is nothing short of a miracle to me being able to enjoy and digest anything set before me. For nearly six years I used to get severe pains, which lasted for a couple of hours after every meal. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is now healed for good, as I have had no pain since then." H.R.

No matter how serious your stomach trouble, or how long you have suffered, don't despair. 'Bisurated' Magnesia has relieved thousands of people who were beginning to give up hope. Prove that 'Bisurated' Magnesia can be just as effective in your own case by getting a bottle from your Chemist today. Your first dose will stop stomach pain and start your recovery.

'Bisurated' Magnesia For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismac' Trade Mark.

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Relief After Losing 14 lbs.

There are a number of different ailments that are apt to arise in men and women when they become excessively fat. But if excess fat is reduced in the right way, very often improved health follows—as it did with this woman:—

"I used to have a great deal of fat that seemed to nearly stop me breathing, especially when I knelt down to do any housework, or was walking up a hill. I would simply have to fight for my breath for about 20 minutes. But now that I have lost 14 lbs. in weight, and am able to get about in comfort, I feel so much better, and am so pleased to have lost some of the fat that was steadily gaining ground with me, and ruining my general health."—(Miss) A.K.

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Now she knows what "Rinso whiteness" means

Read this letter from Mrs. M. Coulson, of 21 Rawson St., Haberfield

HERE IS HER LETTER

"I was never satisfied with my washing for it wasn't as white as it ought to be. Then one day a lady called at the door and explained to me how Rinso would give the snowy whiteness I'd always wanted, so I bought some. Well, I hardly thought anything could make such a difference—at last, my clothes were really dazzling! So now it's 'Rinso-whiteness' always, for me! I use Rinso for wash-up, too, as it makes a hard job easy."

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19/9
Suede and imitation crocodile high-riding sabot. Navy, brown, black. 2 to 7.



21/-
New make in suede and kid. Genuine pumps. Brown, navy, black. 2 7/8.



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Suede and patent in black or brown. Genuine pumps. Half, 2 7/8.



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PRICED BELOW 21/-

Suedes with shiny patent and calf and imitation crocodile to wear with suits and crisp, tailored costumes. Black and navy are colours ever so important for Autumn.

Lay-by before winter is upon you. Women's Shoes, Third Floor



"Frenchee" three-way beret

With a pronounced Parisian accent. Wear it three ways—bow in front, snugly at the side, or at the back, highland style. Black, navy, brown, blue, green, red or white. Price, each, 10/11

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Lullaby-Cloth
PYJAMAS
in a soft suede-finish.

Early to bed you'll want to be with this gay floral 'jama suit waiting beneath your pillow. Blue or pink suede-finish "Lullaby Cloth" S.W., W. and O.S. Price, 15/11

Lay-by for 3/6. Undies, Fourth Floor

THELMA BESANT of the London salons of CYCLAX is at present at Farmer's to personally advise you on all problems of skin-care and make-up. Ask for her at "Cosmetics," ground floor.



15/6

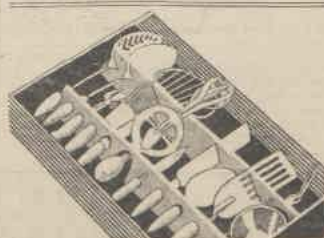
13/9

11/6



Dull calf and gleaming metal

Triumphant trio all lined up waiting for Autumn's word to go. Trimly tailored, like the suits and slim-fitting frocks you'll wear them with. Dropping a broad hint of overseas excitement—handbags of deep, dull calf, in brown, navy and black, polished chromium clasps, new handle shapes. Silk lined. Ground Floor, Pitt Street.

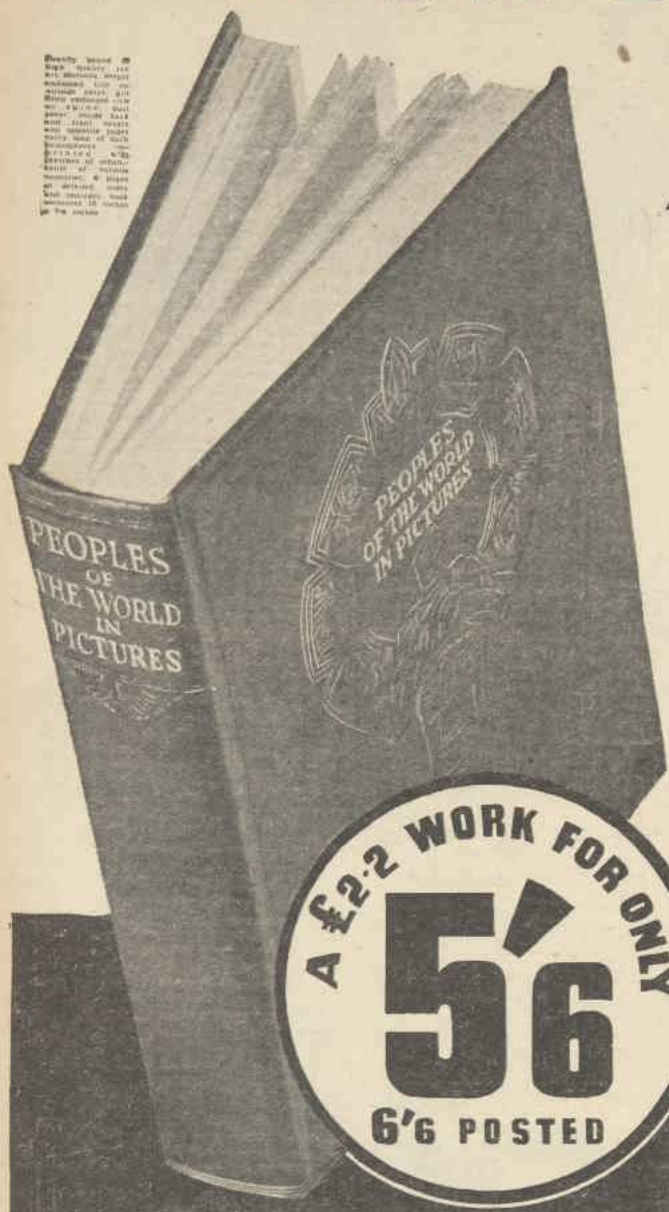


Packed for your trousseau
KITCHEN SET

Farmer's is still ordering to cope with the demand. Twelve pieces—you'll find every one indispensable. Tapered handles in blue or green or red. In gift carton. 14/11

Kitchenware, Lower Ground Floor

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO OWN THIS AMAZING BOOK



Here is one further chance to take part in The Australian Women's Weekly amazing Easter Book Offer. But it is now or never, if you wish to secure "Peoples of the World in Pictures." So great has been the demand that the offer will have to be withdrawn soon. Many thousands of applications have been received, and they are still pouring in. It would seem that almost everyone wants to own "Peoples of the World," and little wonder... for it is the most remarkable book ever published.

If you delay, you will miss the world's greatest wonder book of the peoples of the earth... a mighty pictorial panorama of the weird and mysterious... the strange and the laughable in the customs and beliefs of the peoples of the globe. Send in your reservation form to-day, without fail. It is an enthralling new work of 512 pages, containing more than 700 marvellous photographs... a superb reproduction that would ordinarily cost at least £2/2/-, yet The Australian Women's Weekly now offers it to you for the astounding Easter gift price of only 5/6.

"Peoples of the World" is a book no home should be without. It provides an unparalleled insight into the customs, costumes, homes and habits of human life. It will fascinate you with its endless thrills and surprises, and you will find it a constant source of entertainment and information. For children especially, it is one of the most absorbing, educative books in the world. Supplies of "Peoples of the World in Pictures" are strictly limited, and it will be necessary to apply for your copy without delay.

OVER 700 PICTURES OF THE UNUSUAL RACES THAT MAKE THE WORLD'S 2,000,000,000 PEOPLE

Pictures! There are more than 700 of them including many magnificent full-page photographs. The majority of the striking array of pictures are reproduced from photographs recently taken. Many of the them have never before been published... many were taken at the grave personal risk of the cameramen... some actually faced death from the wild, terror-stricken natives, who believed the camera to be an evil eye.

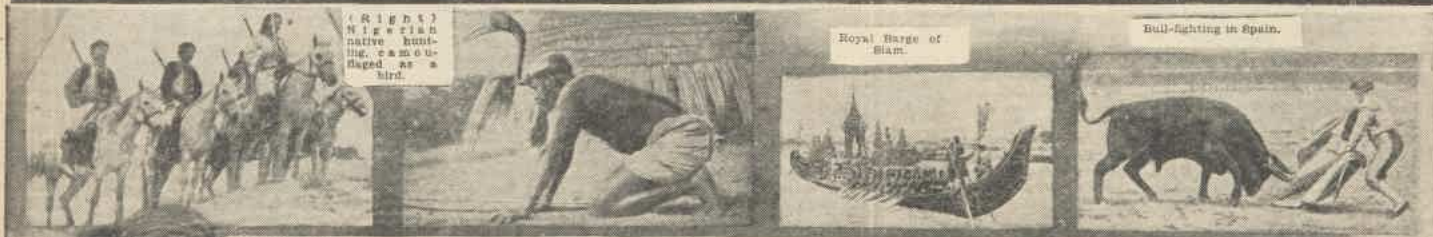
Here is an insight into the whole of human life, from the Arawaks and the Aztecs to the Yagrans and Yugoslavs. Here are incredible oddities and wonders including Indians garbed as evil ghosts... others who "wireless" with poles through the forest... Jivaro Indians with their poisoned arrows... tribes who use cigars to heal the sick... a village where the best singer is chosen as chief... Pigmy tree-dwellers... Stone-Age people of the Australian desert... an unsurpassed gallery of amazing creatures and beliefs.

This magnificent volume... bound in heavyweight gold-embossed covers... containing 512 pages of photographs... letterpress written by experts... and a valuable time-saving index... brings before you the story of human endeavor no other single work can equal. A book that is worth £2/2/- in cold cash, but infinitely more valuable in intrinsic worth, is yours for 5/6. But if you are to own a copy, you must act at once. Post your reservation form NOW!

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY'S GREAT EASTER OFFER

Brings you

"PEOPLES OF THE WORLD IN PICTURES"



(RIGHT)
Nigerian
native
hunting
a snake
as a
bird.

Royal Barge of
Siam.

Bull-fighting in Spain.

(ABOVE)
Nomadic
herdsman of
North-west
Mandchuria
(Manchukuo).

(ABOVE)
Kurds of
Iraq.

Native woman of
Kroon Colony, wear-
ing an
innumerable
necklaces.

All you have to do! FOR THIS SENSATIONAL EASTER OFFER

First fill in the Reservation Form at right and post it at once. Don't send any money with it. On receipt of your reservation form a copy of "Peoples of the World in Pictures" will be immediately reserved for you. In every copy of The Australian Women's Weekly you will find a special "Peoples of the World" token. To qualify for your volume you are asked to cut out three tokens, series F.W., from three consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. You can commence collecting your tokens now by cutting out Token F.W. 3, which appears on Page 28. You need not necessarily begin with Token F.W. 3. However, the sooner you start the sooner will this great Easter Gift Book be in your hands.

When you have saved three tokens, bring them, with your Gift Voucher, which appears at right, to The Australian Women's Weekly Book Department, 108 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and on payment of 5/6 you will be immediately handed your copy. If you prefer the book to be despatched direct to you, send in your three tokens and a Postal Note for 5/6 (which includes 1/- to cover cost of special packing, carriage, etc.) to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4288 N.Y. G.P.O., Sydney, and the volume will be sent to you by return. SEND NO MONEY NOW!

KEEP THIS FORM CAREFULLY— IT IS VALUABLE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY PRESENTATION VOUCHER

"Peoples of the World in Pictures"

In order to qualify for "Peoples of the World in Pictures," this voucher must be sent or handed to The Australian Women's Weekly, together with three tokens cut from three consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. To:—The Australian Women's Weekly Book Department, 108 Castlereagh Street (Box 4288 N.Y. G.P.O.), Sydney. Please give me my copy of "Peoples of the World in Pictures." I certify that the accompanying three tokens were cut from three consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly purchased by me in the ordinary way.

Here is 5/6 for the volume now called for.

OR
I enclose postal note for 5/6 (5/6 plus 1/- to cover cost of carriage, packing, etc.) for the volume to be despatched direct to me.

Cross out section not applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

P.N. No. Make Postal Note payable to The Australian Women's Weekly. Write your name and address on the back of it, and keep a note of its number.

POST THIS FORM AT ONCE

"Peoples of the World in Pictures"

RESERVATION FORM

TO:—THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY,
BOX 4288 N.Y. G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Please reserve for me a copy of "Peoples of the World in Pictures," which I will obtain for the privilege price of only 5/6 (5/6 if posted).

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please print in bold block letters)

W.W.3

IMPORTANT: You may post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp. No acknowledgment will be sent, but a copy of "Peoples of the World in Pictures" is guaranteed to all who post this form at once. SEND NO MONEY NOW! This simply reserves your volume.

ONLY 3 TOKENS TO COLLECT FOR
THIS GREAT EASTER OFFER

Make your Reservation NOW!

BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

How Tears Dissolved Bad Luck At Rosehill

By BETTY GEE

Many of the most successful punters who have wrested a fortune from racing are known as the worst complainers in the game.

They've learned from the books to moan and grizzle themselves into winning form. It's part of the game.

I did it on Saturday, and see the result!

If you doubt it, try it first with your bridge, or your latest knitting design. Tears glistening in lovely eyes dissolve the hardest luck, believe me!

MY pretty grey horse Arabia went off at Hawkesbury instead of waiting for Rosehill, but he won all right. Woop Woop winnings are just as good as any others.

This left me without a tip for the first race on Saturday at Rosehill, so when I saw the rush for Bradford, and everything else in the race drifting towards the isolation ward like infected patients, I took £3 to £1 on Bradford, just to be with the strength, and he amply stroled in.

But might isn't always right on the turf, and when I went with the strength again in the second race, and put £2 on Bodley Head it was thrown in the air. He didn't even get a place.

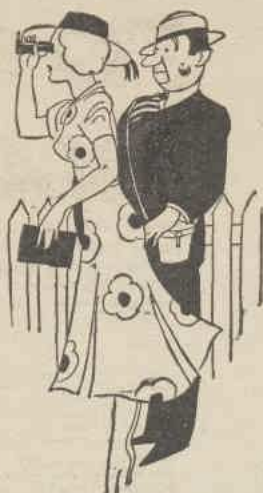
Ossie Pettit, of Canterbury, has the reputation of being one of the

cleverest pickers in this racing game. So when Captain Bundy told me Game, from his stable, was a certainty for the second Nursery I didn't sit about manuring my nails, but hurried in for a small serve of £7 to £2. The money went on like lay-bys at a sale, and Ossie was right. Game streaked right ahead of the field as if they were hobbled, and won it in a trot.

Good Old Trusty Coat

I told you last week Lough Neagh was my own ping-pong par excellence pea for the Rawson.

I took £7 to £2, and he led all the way, but it was by only a whisker he won it. That's a pretty long whisker, though, because don't forget Lough Neagh's the oldest inhabitant of the turf these days. What a funny color he is, too. A coat that looks like the old bit of seal-skin you find up in the attic



BETTY AT ROSEHILL

that your grandmother used to wear 50 years ago. But he seems to give our horses a good look at it—from behind.

I should have backed Cereza for the next, the Railway Handicap, but I had the bad luck to bump into one of those knowing ones who profess to be an authority on everything. Said she hadn't done enough work. Whether he meant she hadn't kept her flat swept and dusted, the hussy, I don't know, but it put me off her, and I lost £2 instead on Silver Rose, but she turned out to be a leaden cabbage and ran like an old draught mare.

But then I began to cry, and what a stroke of luck it brought me in the Autumn Handicap.

I ran into dear Doctor G. A. Vivers, who seems to have more friends on the racecourse than anyone I know. And tells them all, too. I wish I'd been a little earlier though, because when he gave me Mestoranon he'd told so many before that the price had come down with a bump from 12's to 7's.

No Complaints

But no girl can complain with a £14 to £2 ticket clutched in her hand while the horse is streaking for the post well ahead of everything in the race.

Dr. Vivers is a pastoralist with vast areas at Glen Innes, but he ranges up and down the north and north-west with huge teams of racehorses and is the mainstay of the northern turf, and to say he's popular is just inadequate. He was still shaking hands when they were about to close the gates after the last race.

And, about the last race, that grocer was right. I had £7 to £2 about Autoland, and it was really a shame to take the money. The way the others were stumbling round and getting in each other's road, they might just as well have paid Autoland bets without running the race.

Three Winners

I gave you three winners last week. I hope I can keep it up.

The butcher boy says Grand Mogul at Warwick Farm next Saturday. Sir Slon, too, for the Novice, owned by Mr. Alan Cooper.

If there's two divisions, Clitquot, but, one or two, don't miss Clitquot.

The grocer's man says Rodborough's ready to go off next Saturday.

I've had it straight from the horse's mouth: Silver Standard for the Cup. I hope this horse tells the truth.

COMMEMORATE THE CORONATION by making these delightful motifs



There are all sorts of very attractive crocheted motifs in the Coronation Crochet Booklets 503 and 504—designs which are simple and easy to make. Treasured souvenirs of a great occasion and in Coats' Mercer-Crochet, they will become charming accessories of a momentous Coronation. Both folders contain Coronation motifs in black crocheted and, in addition, 503 contains gloves, collar, and Union Jack, whilst 504 includes a jabot, neck edging and dress trimming. Obtainable from all Needlework Stores, price 3d. each, or, if you prefer, post the coupon below.



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 I enclose _____ in stamps for one copy
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The Coronation Embroidery Book No. 501, price 1/1 posted, contains 20 motifs and a liberal supply of transfers.

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Smart NEW SEASON'S COSTUMES

TAILORED to MEASURE
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 from £4'4'-



To meet the great demand for a modest priced well made costume we now offer with pleasure, for the business girls' consideration—four popular fashionable styles at the meet-your-pocket price of £4/4/-.

The four models are fashion's last word—smartly man-tailored in distinctive, dependable fabric, and appear in this season's fashionable Black and White effects, neat fancy Blues, smart fancy Greys, and reliable Navy Serges. Chic, well fashioned, man-tailored to your measure suits—the essence of true economy, £4/4/-.

The cream of the smartest continental fashions are at your choosing in our Ladies' Tailored-to-Order Costume Department. A wealth of all wool suitings in a design and shade to suit all tastes—£5/5/- to £8/8/-. Priced according to style and fabric.

Call in or send for patterns.

IT'S EASY!

Our perfect daylight Tailoring Department makes it so easy to pick your patterns, especially on Friday nights.

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The World-Famed Cuticura

SKIN TREATMENT

POSITIVELY HEALS

Countless thousands of sufferers from stubborn skin diseases have completely healed themselves by the systematic use of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment after other remedies failed to give relief.

The wonderful curative powers of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are due to a unique combination of soothing, healing, antiseptic medicaments.

These medicaments penetrate to the depths of the eruption and allay itching instantly. They kill the lurking germs and eradicate the festering poisons which keep the disease active. Steadily and surely they restore a healthy state of the flesh which allows the eruption to heal and encourages the growth of new skin.

Bathe and cleanse the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water; dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. The instant comfort and marvellous improvement which quickly follows will delight you.

PIMPLES
 BOILS, ULCERS
 AND ALL
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 SKIN
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Sold by all Chemists & Stores.

CUTICURA TALCUM, specially medicated with balsamic essential oils. Absorbs perspiration, soothes and cools hot inflamed skin, relieves prickly heat.

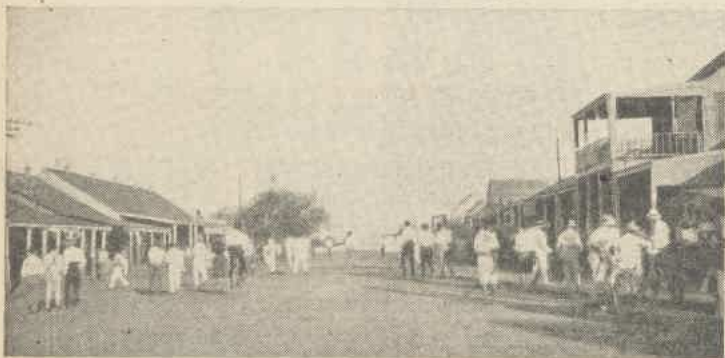
Cyclone Wrecks Darwin, Our Eighth Capital



DARWIN, described as Australia's eighth capital because of its strategic importance, was wrecked by a cyclone last week. This is a splendid panorama of the town, showing the pier.



THE HOME of Mr. Horsborough, Resident Commissioner at Darwin. Note the spacious windows for coolness.



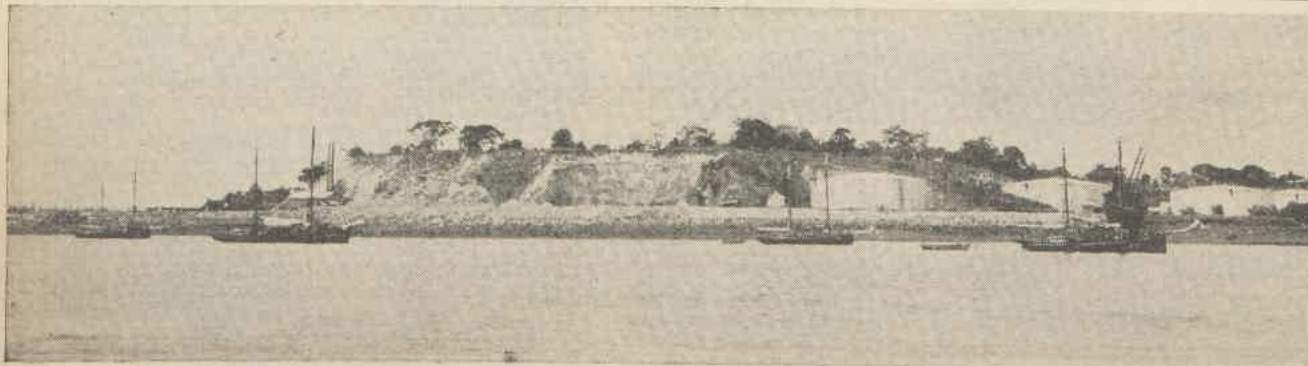
CAVENAGH STREET, DARWIN, showing the types of dwellings and shops. It was rebuilt after a previous cyclone.



WHEN A PREVIOUS cyclone struck Darwin. The steamer Warragul can be seen at lower left, high and dry as the result of the terrific seas.



A BIT of Old England in the tropics (above). This is Government House, Darwin, one of the few picturesque buildings in the capital.



LEFT: Darwin from the waterfront.

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Did You Know—

That Lydia Abbott, daughter of the late Lady Abbott, of Byron Hall, Macleay Street, is back in Sydney once more after her European travels and is staying at the Macquarie Club?

Opera Is "Curious"

SYDNEY'S musical season is in full swing. Essie Ackland's concert on Saturday at the Town Hall opened a winter's programme of important musical events that has not been equalled in this city.

The Conservatorium Orchestra will begin its 1937 programme of eight concerts this Wednesday with two Conservatorium trained artists, Elizabeth Coleman and Dorothy Gibbes, as soloists.

Dr. Edgar Bainton, in a witty address on the subject of grand opera last week, spoke of the many "curious" phases of this art. "It surprised no one," he said, "when a burglar made a secret entrance to a house while singing at the top of his voice, if the production was convincing."

University Romance

A WEEK-END engagement of interest is that of Pat Littlejohn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, and Terry Abbott, son of Senator and Mrs. McCartney Abbott, of Woollahra.

This is a University romance, as Pat is demonstrating at the Veterinary School, of which she is a graduate, and her fiancé is completing his medical course. Congratulatory messages have come from Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, who is making plans for her return home from England.

Country House Popular

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Keighley built their house, Bellevue, at Bowral, they thought it would be pleasant for an occasional few days, and when the novelty wore off they would let it. Instead of that their country home is their dearest hobby, and each Friday they leave Clifton Gardens by car and spend a long week-end in the country.

During the summer they have had a number of interesting guests, including Mr. F. A. Ashley, Resident Commissioner for the Solomon Islands, and another guest from the tropics, Mrs. H. B. Hetherington, wife of the Senior Medical Officer at Tulagi.

After being feted at an amazing number of pre-wedding parties, Peggy Kopsen and Bill Merewether will be married this Tuesday at All Saints' Church, Woollahra, and the reception will be held at Elizabeth Bay House.

Sincere and Graceful

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Bernard O'Reilly are fortunate in being able to make gracious speeches at short notice. At the luncheon arranged by the Arts Club last Thursday, at which they were guests of honor, Mr. O'Reilly, in replying to Mr. B. S. B. Stevens' words of praise, said "that it had pleased him very much to receive the thanks of the leader of the State in which he had been born." So many engagements have taken up every spare minute of our Queensland hero and his wife that they must often think with envy of the peace and quiet of their mountain home.

Officers Entertain

APTAIN C. D. SWAIN, of the American destroyer Preston, visited the Blue Mountains during the week-end as the guest of the Premier, Mr. B. S. B. Stevens. During their short stay, the officers of both the Preston and the Smith have become very popular in Sydney, and it is with regret that friends waved them farewell yesterday.

Their last party was on Sunday, when the officers of both ships combined to give a buffet luncheon on board. The invitations read from "twelve to two," and a very intriguing two hours they proved to be.

Lord Somers' Purchase

A NEW ZEALAND artist who has made his home in Australia for some years is Robert Johnson, whose exhibition of pictures at the Grosvenor Galleries is creating much interest.

Lord Somers, one time Governor of Victoria, bought one of his paintings on his recent hurried visit to Australia, and intends to hang it on the walls of his English home to remind him of a country he loves. Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, with words of high praise, opened the show early in the week.

The Honorary Consul for Norway, Mr. Neils Storacker, who is as clever on the ballroom floor as he is on the snowfields, dined and danced with Mrs. Storacker at the Hotel Australia on Thursday night. Mrs. Storacker's gown was of sheer, smartly designed in black and white.



AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY of Miss Pat Chisholm, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Chisholm, of Merrila Station, Breadalbane, who will be present at many of the picnic race meetings in the south this year. —Rene Pardon.



Ryries from Michelago

JUST settled in her new home is Mrs. Max Ryrie, formerly Wilga Bevan, of Hunter's Hill. Her husband, who is a member of the Michelago Ryrie family, has a property near Canberra, situated near the Observatory hill, Mt. Stromlo.

Colonel and Mrs. Stanley Ryrie are also living at Canberra, so a family gathering can be arranged in no time at all.

Mrs. Max recently spent some time in Sydney choosing furniture that will be in keeping with her old station homestead and at the same time be sufficiently modern for comfort.

Puzzling Likeness

FOR the next few months society will no longer be puzzled as to the correct identity of Gwen and Jean Ramsay, twin daughters of Dr. and Mrs. G. Ramsay, of Wahroonga.

The sisters, so alike that their dearest friends scarcely know them apart, are now on board the Orontes bound for India. While there they will stay with friends on a plantation in North Travancore. The travellers made all arrangements for their trip within three weeks.

At the end of the performance of "The Merry Widow" on Saturday night, the principal, Gladys Moncrieff, entertained the cast and a number of friends who had come to the theatre at an informal supper party in her dressing-room.

Trekking South

AS soon as the race festivities come to an end, Mrs. Airlie Keep, at the wheel of her car, and with Mrs. Bill Durham as passenger, will set forth on the long trip to Adelaide. Mrs. Keep will stay for a month or so as Mrs. Durham's guest. Then Mrs. P. W. Engelbach, of Edgecliff, will also trek south to stay with Mrs. Durham, but she prefers to make the trip by boat.

After a year's holiday abroad, Stella Donnan, of Vacluse, arrived back in town by the Jervis Bay. Stella spent most of her holiday in London, but found time to tour the English countryside.

All-green Wedding

TASMANIA, always a much favoured spot for honeymoon tours, has been chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Luscombe Newman. The bride, who wisely selected the new and subtle shade of ice-green for her becoming wedding gown, went the whole way and had a green-clad bridesmaid and a green travelling gown. The bridegroom's mother also wore green in a lime shade at the ceremony, which took place at St. Mark's last week.

The lovely string of pearls worn by the bride was a present from the bridegroom.

Have You Noticed—

The dashing little hat, straight from Paris, worn by Mrs. Lester Johnson, of Singapore? The navy brim is upturned and two flat boxes of fringed grosgrain in navy and a lighter blue are the sole adornment.

INSTANTLY ARRESTS HEADACHE.

For quick relief—Try this!

A lot of things can cause a headache or other pain, but there is one thing that will always give you relief! Just take a tablet or two of Bayer Aspirin. Your suffering ceases. Relief comes instantly, regardless of what may have been making your head throb with pain.

Bayer Aspirin is harmless—does not depress the heart, nor upset the stomach. So there's no use waiting for a headache to "wear off." It is useless to endure pain of any kind when you can get Bayer Aspirin tablets. It is a blessing to women who suffer attacks of prostrating pain; to men who must work on, in spite of eye-strain, fatigue or neuralgia.

Learn its quick relief for colds; for neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago.

All chemists sell genuine Bayer Aspirin in boxes of 12 tablets, also in bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin. So insist on Bayer when you buy. Bayer means Better.

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GIVEN

WRIST WATCHES. Cameras. Ma Ma Dolls. Pocket Pens. many other valuable prizes for selling small parcels of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big catalogue of presents. Send no money now, only name and address. Write today.

JOHN B. MURRAY, 601V George St., Sydney

ALONE THROUGH "Country of the ASSASSINS"

Australian Woman's Two Years' Journey in Asia

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Travelling alone in Persia, India, China, and Japan, always off the beaten track, living among the native population, staying in their homes, and learning a little of their language—that is the way Miss Isabella de Soyres, of Melbourne, has spent the last two years.

NOW this small, grey-haired Australian, who set out with little travelling experience, no special preparation, and no knowledge of the languages, has returned to London after "exploring" more of Persia than any other white woman.

She is satisfied that in these allegedly dangerous lands a woman is safest if she travels alone—this in spite of the fact that she spent some time in what is known as the "country of the assassins."

From Basra Miss de Soyres went up the Tigris River in a native cargo boat to Bagdad and Babylon, up and down Persia (now called Iran) on several journeys, to the "country of the assassins" across the southern end of the Caspian Sea to Meshed—which the modern Shah has made Iran's sacred city in place of Mecca—down the Afghanistan border into India to the border of Tibet, then in south-western China to the other side of Tibet and Indo China.

"The Persians are charming and courteous people," says Miss de Soyres. "Every remark they make is preceded by 'please do,' and an elaborate curtsy, which made me ashamed of my occidental stiffness."

"I have found in my travels that it is best not to try to learn a language beforehand. Learn just a small vocabulary of nouns and use them one at a time. Then the natives realise you do not know their language and make every effort to help you. But if you have learned whole sentences they reply volubly and you understand nothing."

"I avoided officialdom as much as possible. I found that officials would make me into an intrepid

"Country"

"MOST people pity the women in Asiatic countries," says Miss de Soyres. "Personally, I think they do quite a lot of ruling in a quiet way, and they are very happy in their friendly communal life."

"A Persian has two or three wives—not one poor lonely wretch, as in our countries. The wives divide the work, have each other's company, and share the responsibility of looking after the children—a very heavy responsibility where children, especially boys, are so valuable to their fathers that if disaster befalls them the mother may be tortured or killed."

priests and adherents of the old order assembled in the shrine of the sacred city, believing themselves safe there.

The soldiers were ordered out, and Miss de Soyres with other Europeans was ordered to stay inside the high mud walls surrounding her adobe house, with a soldier guarding the gate. She heard the shots and cries of the massacre in the shrine.

Miss de Soyres returned to England via Alaska, still off the beaten track, and is now studying cargo boats again, this time for a trip to the Black Sea or the West Coast of Africa.

TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS AND NURSING MOTHERS

HERITAGE CAPSULES, taken from the earliest weeks of pregnancy will give you freedom from MILKLESSNESS, VOMITING, and CHILBLAINS. They will prevent your TEETH from decaying and prepare your body for the natural function of breast-feeding. HERITAGE CAPSULES will build for your child a HERITAGE of sound bone-formation and PERFECT TEETH.

Dispensed under the control of Registered Pharmacists in Heritage Laboratories.

50 HERITAGE CAPSULES post-free in plain wrapper. Send name, address, and postal note for 5/6 to Heritage Laboratories, 4, P.O. Box 1058H, Sydney.

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FOOT AILMENTS

CURED AT HOME:

Tired, aching, painful feet; weak and fallen arches; weak, puffy ankles; corns, callouses. Specialist with twenty-five years' world-wide experience explains cause and cure. Call or write for free booklet and diagnosis chart. Consultation free. HOME FOOT CORRECTIVE SERVICE, 129 Fitt St., Sydney.

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"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Street, Black, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



BUT YOUR BATH LOOKS JUST LIKE NEW!

"How do you manage it, Mrs. Hughes?" asks her admiring neighbour. "My bath is looking worn and old, while yours, though really much older, keeps so beautifully white and polished."

Mrs. HUGHES' SECRET

"I never use harsh scourers," she explains, "that's what scratches and ruins porcelain. Vim's smooth-cleaning is the secret of my new-looking bath-room. Try Vim on your bath—use it for the basins and tiles, too."

HARSH SCOURERS DON'T SAVE WORK . . . they make it!

Coarse cleaners may seem easy to use, but they soon ruin the surface with thousands of scratches and scars where dirt clings to make cleaning harder. Vim's soap-coated grains clean smoothly and polish as they clean. Vim is easy to use, too—sprinkles readily over big surfaces. Keep your porcelain lustrous, easy-to-clean for ages with Vim's smooth-cleaning.

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—Howard Harris.

heroine and insist that I needed a British male to accompany me into allegedly dangerous places.

"Actually, as my experience showed, a woman is safest if she travels alone. She makes friends easily, especially with the women."

"A white woman alone appeals to the chivalry of the primitive men of Asia, while a white man is often apt to be blustering and overbearing and unmindful of native customs."

From Hamada Miss de Soyres went to the "country of the assassins," where several other women travellers have gone under government protection. Miss de Soyres, riding a donkey, went without protection, and found the "assassins" a mild, cowed people.

At Meshed she found a startling comparison between the westernisation the Shah is trying to introduce to Iran and the barbarism of the past. The Shah had decreed that Western hats must replace the traditional turban, and that women must no longer cover their faces. Rebelling against the decree, many

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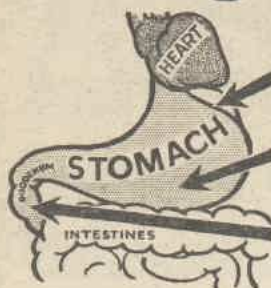
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TOOHEYS OATMEAL STOUT

SAILED THE Seas in Swedish TRAMP

"Best Way to See World," Says Mary Macgregor

To travel half way round the world by freighter was the unusual experience of Miss Mary Macgregor, the brilliant Australian stage star, who has just joined the B.S.A. Players at 2GB.

"It was a delightful voyage," she says, and she is all in favor of this mode of travelling.

FOUR years ago there was no more promising young star on the Australian stage than this Brisbane girl, but Miss Macgregor decided it was time to go abroad in search of further experience.

In Australia, she played leading parts with many outstanding actors such as Moscovitch, Leon Gordon, and William Faversham, making her final appearance in this country with Margaret Rawlings in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

After three years in London she decided that she would like to visit Hollywood to meet again many of her old stage friends, who had settled in the film capital.

Lone Passenger

"THE nicest way to go to Hollywood is by freighter—via Panama," she was told by her friend, Ann Grey, who will be remembered by her appearances in the early Tom Walls pictures.

"I did not know much about the business," said Miss Macgregor, "and my first discovery was that I had to take a boat to Rotterdam, where I found that nobody spoke French or English, and as I knew no Dutch



MARY MACGREGOR, brilliant young actress, who has returned from Hollywood, and will broadcast from 2GB.

or German, I had some difficulty in making myself understood.

"At last the shipping company succeeded in explaining that there would be a freighter arriving perhaps to-day, perhaps to-morrow, or perhaps next week, and in the meantime I must wait. Fortunately a freighter arrived in port that night. It was a Swedish boat, the Hindanger, and I immediately went on board in search of my cabin."

Here another surprise awaited the young actress. When she asked which cabin was hers, she was told that she could have any one—the reason being that not only was she the only woman on board, but also the sole passenger.

"One of the biggest thrills of the voyage," continues Miss Macgregor, "was a big storm in the Atlantic. There were tremendous seas, and the bows of the boat were half the time under water. I went on to the bridge, which was the only dry place, and the old Swedish captain, seeing how white and frightened I looked, said in a comforting voice: 'Don't worry, little lady; only she wash her face.'"

"True to his prediction, next day the seas were calm again and we sailed on in lovely weather."

At first she found the meals all very strange. There were plenty of herrings, and sardines in oil, all kinds of cheese, smoked fish, and pickles, and plum cake for every meal.

"I never discovered whether plum cake is a regular part of the Swedish diet, or whether it was a concession to my being English."

In Hollywood

OWING to the immigration laws, Miss Macgregor was able to spend only six months in Hollywood, but she met many interesting people, and made her first talkie, "Wife Versus Secretary," in which she appeared as the English maid.

"Strange as it may seem," she says, "although I was working for five weeks on this picture, I never met Jean Harlow, for the parts in which Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, and myself played were always filmed on different days to the parts in which Jean Harlow and Clark Gable were cast."

On the completion of "Wife Versus Secretary" Mary Macgregor was offered a part in another film, but the immigration authorities stepped in and she had to make a hurried exit until she could return on the Australian quota.

So back she came to Sydney to visit her family. Then came an offer to join the B.S.A. Players, and, for the time being, Hollywood must stand aside.

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The PRETENDER

Continued from Page 26

BEFORE Blood could deliver the fire he was holding he beheld to his dismay the yelling improvised army of Puerto Rican townsfolk go charging down the beach upon the invader, so that in a moment all was a heaving, writhing, battling, screaming press, in which friend and foe were inextricably mixed.

While Captain Blood was cursing Don Sebastian's untimely interference, Captain Arana was urging a rescue. He received yet another lesson.

"Battles are not won by heroics, my friend, but by calculation. The ruffians aboard will number at least twice those that have been landed; and these are by now masters of the situation, thanks to the heroics of Don Sebastian. If we march in now we shall be taken in the rear by the next landing party, and thus find ourselves caught between two fires. So we'll wait, if you please, for the second landing-party, and when we've destroyed that we'll deal with the blackguards who are by now in possession of the town. 'Thuse we make sure.'"

The time of waiting, however, was considerable. In each of the boats only two men had been left to pull back to the ship, and their progress was slow. Slow, too, was the second loading and return. So that close upon two hours had passed since the first landing before the second party leapt ashore.

They numbered perhaps fifty, and one who seemed set in authority, and wore a saffron scarlet coat with tarnished lace, marshalled them at the water's edge into a parody of military formation, then, placing himself at their head, waved his sword and gave the word to march.

They marched, breaking into song, so as to supply a rhythm. Raucously bawling their lewd ditties, they advanced in close order while in the pimento grove the gunners blew on their matches, their eyes on Captain Blood, who watched and waited, his right arm raised.

At last the raiders were in line with the boat which had served the Spaniards for a mark. Blood's arm fell, and five guns were touched off as one.

That hail of canister swept away the head of the column together with the sword-waving leader in his fine red coat. The unexpectedness of the blow struck the remainder with a sudden palsy, from which few recovered in time. For twice more did Blood's arm rise and fall, and twice more did the charge of five guns mow through those too terrified to stop, until almost all that remained of them were heaped about the beach below, some writhing and some still. A few, a half-dozen perhaps, escaped miraculously whole and unscathed, and these, not daring to return to the boats which stood unmanned and empty where they had been drawn up, were making for the shelter of the town, and wriggling on their stomachs lest yet another murderous blast should sweep death across that beach. Captain Blood smiled terribly into the startled eyes of Captain Arana. He resumed the military education of that worthy Spanish officer.

"We may advance now with confidence, Captain, since we have made our rear secure from attack. You may have observed that with deplorable rashness the pirates have employed all their boats in their landings. What men remain aboard that ship are safely marooned in her."

Dispositions made, an orderly company of fifty Spanish musketeers, unsuspected by the buccaneers to have survived the demolition of the fort, were advancing from the pimento grove at the double upon the town.

The pirate captain—whose name has not survived—was set down by Blood as a lubberly idiot, who, like all idiots, took too much for granted, otherwise he would have been at pains to make sure that the force which had opposed his landing comprised the full strength of San Juan.

So it was a grimly resolute, not to say a vindictive, Captain Blood who marched that little column of Spanish musketeers to clean up a place which his impersonator would now be defying. As they approached the town gate the sounds that met them abundantly justified his assumptions of the nature of the raider's activities.

The buccaneer captain had swept invincibly through a place whose

resistance had been crushed at the outset. Finding it at his mercy he had delivered it to his men for pillage.

For himself the leader marked down what should prove the richest prize in San Juan. With a half-dozen followers he broke into the house of the Captain-General, where Don Sebastian had shut himself up after the rout of his inopportunist improvised force.

Having laid violent hands upon Don Sebastian and his comely, panic-stricken little lady, the captain delivered over the main plunder of the house to the men who were with him. Two of these, however, he retained, to assist him in the particular kind of robbery upon which he was intent, whilst the other four were left remorselessly to pillage the Spaniard's property and guzzle the fine wines that he had brought from Spain.

A tall, swarthy, raffish fellow of not more than thirty, who had announced himself as Captain Blood, and who haunted the black and silver that was notoriously Blood's common wear, the pirate sprawled at his ease in Don Sebastian's dining-room. He sat at the head of the long table of dark oak, one leg hooked over the arm of his chair, his plumed hat cocked over one eye, and a leer on his thick, shaven lips.

Opposite to him, at the table's foot, between two of the captain's ruffians, stood Don Sebastian in shirt and breeches, without his wig, his hands pinioned behind him, his face the color of lead, yet with defiance in his dark eyes.

Please turn to Page 37

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Actual Photo. Mrs. Mavis Brentwood, after 18 applications of New Plasmic. Taken August 15, 1936.

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The PRETENDER

Continued from Page 36

MIDWAY between them, but away from the table, in a tall chair, with her back to one of the open windows, sat Dona Leocadia in a state of terror that brought her to the verge of physical sickness but otherwise robbed her of movement.

The captain's fingers were busy with a length of whipcord, making knots in it. In slow, mocking tones and in clumsy, scarcely intelligible Spanish, he addressed his victim. "So you won't talk, eh? You'd put me to the trouble of pulling down this cursed hovel of yours stone by stone so as to find what I want. Your error, my Hidalgo. You'll not only talk, you'll be singing presently. Here's to provide the music."

He flung the knotted whipcord up the table, signing to one of his men to take and use it. In a moment it was tightly encircling the Captain-General's brow, and the grinning ape whose dirty fingers had bound it there took up a silver spoon from the Spaniard's sideboard, and passed the handle of it between the cord and the flesh.

The leader poured himself a bumper of dark, syrupy Malaga from a silver jug, and quaffed it at a draught. He set down the lovely glass so violently that the stem snapped. He used it as an illustration. "And that's how I'll serve your ugly neck in the end, you Spanish pimp, if you play the mule with me. Now then, these doubloons. Vamos, maldito! Soy Don Pedro Sangre, yo! Haven't you heard that you can't trifle with Captain Blood?"

Hate continued to glare at him from Don Sebastian's eyes. "I've heard nothing of you that's as obscene as the reality, you foul, pirate dog. I tell you nothing."

A sudden burst of gunfire shook the house. It was closely followed by a second and yet a third.

Momentarily it startled them. "What the devil..." the captain was beginning, when he checked, prompt to find the explanation. "Bah! My children amuse themselves. That's all."

In the Captain-General's dining-room, the buccaneer captain, unhurried because deriving more and more evil relish from the situation in a measure as he grew more fuddled by the heavy Malaga

wine, gave little heed to the increasing sounds outside, the shots, the screams and the bursts of musketry. In his complete persuasion that all power of resistance had been crushed, he supposed these to be the ordinary indications that his children continued to amuse themselves. Idle gunfire was a common practice among jubilant filibusters, and who but his own men should now have muskets to fire in San Juan?

So he continued at his leisure to savor the voluptuous humor of tormenting the Captain-General with a choice between losing his wife or his doubloons until at last Don Sebastian's spirit broke, and he told them where the King's treasure-chest was stored.

But the evil in the buccaneer was not allayed. "Too late," he declared. "You've been trifling with me overlong. And in the meantime I've grown fond of this dainty piece of yours. So fond that I couldn't bear now to be parted from her. Your life you may have, you Spanish dog. And after your cursed obstinacy that's more than you deserve. But your money and your women go with me, like the plate-ships of the King of Spain."

"You pledged me your word!" cried the demented Spaniard. "Ay, ay! But that was long since. You didn't accept when the chance was yours. You chose to trifle with me." Thus the filibuster mocked him, and in the room none heeded the quick approach of steps. "And I warned you that it is not safe to trifle with Captain Blood."

The last word was not out of him when the door was flung open, and a crisp, metallic voice was answering him on a grimly humorous note.

"Faith, I'm glad to hear you say it, whoever you may be." A tall man in a dishevelled black periwig, without a hat, his violet coat in rags, his lean face smeared with sweat and grime, came in, sword in hand. At his heels followed three musketeers in Spanish corselets and steel caps. The sweep of his glance took in the situation.

"So. So. No more than in time, I think."

Startled, the ruffian flung Dona Leocadia from him and bounded to his feet, a hand on one of the pistols he carried slung before him at the ends of an embroidered stole.

"What's this? In Hades name, who are you?"

The newcomer stepped close to him, and out of that begrimed countenance eyes blue as sapphires and as hard set a chill through him. "You poor pretender! You foul-souled impostor!"

Whatever the ruffian may or may not have understood, he was in no doubt that here was need for instant action. He plucked forth the pistol on which his hand was resting. But before he could level it, Captain Blood had stepped back. His rapier lashed forth, sudden as a viper's tongue, to transfix the pirate's arm, and the pistol clattered from a nerveless hand.

"You should have had it in the heart, you dog, but for a vow I've made that, Heaven helping me, Captain Blood shall never be hanged by any hand but mine."

One of the musketeers closed with the disabled man, and bore him down, snarling and cursing, whilst Blood and the others dealt swiftly and efficiently with his men.

Above the din of that brief struggle rang the scream of Dona Leocadia, who reeled to a chair, fell into it, and fainted.

Don Sebastian, scarcely in better case when his bonds were cut, babbled weakly an incoherent mixture of thanksgivings for this timely miracle and questions upon how it had been wrought.

"Look to your lady," Blood advised him, "and give yourself no other thought. San Juan is cleared of this blight."

He was away again, as abruptly as he had come, and gone too were his musketeers, bearing the raging captive with them.

He came back at supper-time to find order restored to the Captain-General's house, the servants at their posts once more, and the table spread. Dona Leocadia burst into tears at sight of him, still all begrimed from battle.

Please turn to Page 38.

This Year Let's Have Easier Housekeeping with Old Dutch



"I always buy two tins of Old Dutch at once," a perfect housekeeper said recently. "Then there's one tin for the kitchen and one for the bathroom, and no needless steps taken, for this marvellous dirt chaser is always at hand for cleaning." Thousands of women are changing from harsh, gritty sand soaps and pastes to safe Old Dutch. They find it goes further, cleans faster and is so SAFE to use. That's because Old Dutch is made with Seismotite. Its tiny flat particles contain no scratchy grit. Just a sprinkle on the dirty surface and it wipes clean so easily. Get two tins of Old Dutch today. No cleanser does so much at so small a cost, and with such little labour.



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5. 1 TABLE KNIFE and FORK (value 5/6 per pair).
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ARMS & LEGS must be free from UGLY HAIR this summer



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Recommended Cruises and Holidays

Readers are strongly advised to keep this list by them and to plan their holidays as far ahead as possible. When inquiring, please indicate plainly the number of persons who wish to travel and sex. The following cruises and holidays subject to accommodation being available at time of application.

DON'T DELAY. PLAN AHEAD

MARCH 20, 4-day Cartrip to Melb., via Canberra and Mt. Buffalo	£8/-	
MARCH 25 (Good Friday), 9-day Car Tour, including Koolberrin	£17/15/-	
MARCH 26 (Good Friday), 4-day North Coast Lakes Tour	£6/15/-	
MARCH 26, Melb. by Parer Coach, via Coast, back via Canberra	£15/10/-	
MARCH 26 (Good Friday), 4 days' Motor Tour, Kangaroo Valley, Canberra, etc.	£6/17/6	
MARCH 26, Easter in Tasmania. Return April 5	£15/10/-	
MAY 11, Cairns and Barrier Reef, 8 days Cairns. Inclusive Price from	£22/8/6	
MAY 8, Cruise, Visiting 4 States, 16 days.	£14/-	
MAY 15, Mount Buffalo. Return May 24	£10/15/-	
MAY 15, Lord Howe, with 3 days on lake. Return May 24	£13/5/-	
MAY 17, By car to Melb. via Mt. Buffalo, full accommodation and boat return arriving Sydney 24th.	£13/-	
JUNE 6, Cairns and Barrier Reef, 8 days Cairns. Inclusive Price from	£22/8/6	
JUNE 18, (leave p.m.), Mt. Buffalo. Return June 25	£10/15/-	
DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY), ORANGE for 8 days, and car each way	£3/0/-	
EVERY SATURDAY, Shal Bay and Broughton Island, 9 days, with nearly 300 miles motoring	£6/10/6	
JULY 8, LORD HOWE	Returning July 27	From £14/-
JULY 20, FIJI	Returning Aug. 11	From £13/15/-
AUG. 2, DAY DREAM IS.	Returning Aug. 23	From £26/10/-
AUG. 7, LORD HOWE	Returning Aug. 16	From £18/10/-
AUG. 20, FIJI	Returning Sept. 2	From £19/15/-
AUG. 20, NEW GUINEA	Returning Sept. 2	From £12/12/-
AUG. 31, DAY DREAM IS.	Returning Sept. 10	From £26/10/-
AUG. 19, LORD HOWE	Returning Sept. 7	From £14/-
OCT. 21, NEW ZEALAND	Returning Nov. 3	From £13/15/-
NOV. 12, NEW ZEALAND	Returning Nov. 23	From £13/15/-
OCT. 20, LORD HOWE	Returning Nov. 3	From £13/15/-
NOV. 11, LORD HOWE	Returning Nov. 30	From £16/15/-
DEC. 22, LORD HOWE	Returning Jan. 11	From £16/15/-
DEC. 24, NOUMEA	Returning Jan. 5	From £13/15/-
DEC. 22, TASMANIA	Returning Jan. 3	From £16/10/-

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Women's Weekly Travel Bureau

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. Phone: MA4496.

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● IF YOU GET THE CORRECT ANSWER YOU MUST WIN A PRIZE!

Here is the Competition you like. There is no catch—there is no guess-work.

Thirteen people have each won £100 cash in past Figure Skill Competitions, which are noted for fairness in judging and promptness in paying prizes.

Jessie, the famous Elephant of the Sydney Zoo, is taking children for a jolly ride. The total of all figures represents the number of ribs she makes over a certain period. Get to work now! Add them up. A cheque for £100 may be waiting for you in this popular Competition.

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Them
Up!**

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And a special prize for EVERY correct entry received.

* SPECIAL CASH PRIZES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

£10/10/- BEST ENTRY (Over 60).

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* Competitors over 60 years and under 16 years of age please state age on coupon.

CLOSING DATE	RESULTS	EXTRA COPIES FREE
6 p.m. Thursday, APRIL 19.	Passed to EVERY Competitor immediately after judging.	Write to the address on coupon for additional copies, and enclose stamped addressed envelope.
Main prizes winners notified by wire.		

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

- Print by hand or write out by hand all figures shown in the above drawing, but do not include the 6 and 9 shown in the example. All figures are single, e.g. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There are no double figures or noughts or ones.
- Add up the figures and forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing the additions (so we can check them), along with the coupon containing your name and address.
- All entries will be judged on the 16th April by the Directors of The Western Company, Ltd., and the Advertising Manager of the "Australian Women's Mirror," in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £100 cash will be paid to the person sending in the correct or nearest correct solution of this Figure Skill Competition. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prize will be awarded for general neatness of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution, and so on, until all the prizes are distributed.
- School teachers, commercial artists and draughtsmen and first or second prizewinners in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are debarred from entering.
- No correspondence will be entered into with the Competition.
- One person may forward any number of entries on plain paper, provided each entry is accompanied by A POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. Send all entries in the same envelope.

Secretary, "Figure Skill" Competition, Box 4120WW, G.P.O., Sydney

Age The total of all figures in the above drawing is

Enclosed is a POSTAL NOTE for 1/- and my paper showing the above numbers added up, together with A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING MY NAME & ADDRESS. I certify that this is my own work and I am eligible to compete in accordance with the conditions, and I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.

NAME

STREET

TOWN STATE

Please write plainly and state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

The PRETENDER

time Maria Gloriosa entering the roads.

At breakfast, when he came to it, Don Pedro Encarnado was greeted by Don Sebastian with news that his Admiral's ship had just dropped anchor in the bay.

"He is very punctual," said Don Pedro, thinking of Wolverstone. "Punctual? He's behind the fact. He arrives just too late to complete your glorious work by sinking that pirate craft. I shall hope to tell him so."

Don Pedro frowned. "That would be imprudent, considering his favor with the King. It is not well to ruffle the Marquis. Fortunately he is not likely to come ashore. The rout, you see."

"But I shall pay him a visit aboard his ship."

There was no make-believe in Captain Blood's frown. Unless he could turn Don Sebastian from that reasonable intention the smooth plan he had evolved would be disastrously wrecked.

"No, no. I shouldn't do that," he said.

"Not do it? Of course I shall. It is my duty."

"Oh no, no. You would derogate. Think of the great position you occupy. Captain-General of Puerto Rico; which is to say, Governor, Viceroy almost."

Impressed, Don Sebastian passed a reflective hand over his several chins. "There is, of course, a certain truth in what you say. Yes,

yes. Nevertheless, in this case I have a special duty to perform, which must be performed in person. I must acquaint the Admiral very fully with the heroic part you have played in saving Puerto Rico and the King's treasury here, not to mention the plate-ships. Honor where honor is due. I must see, Don Pedro, that you have your deserts."

But before that display of so much goodwill Don Pedro's face grew more and more forbidding. Sternly he shook his head.

"No return is due, Don Sebastian," Don Pedro was forbiddingly peremptory. "Let us speak of it no more, I beg of you." He rose. "I had better go aboard at once, to receive the Admiral's orders. I will inform him in my own terms, of what has taken place here. And I can point to the gallows you are erecting on the beach for this pestilent Captain Blood. That will be most reassuring to his Excellency."

Of how reassuring it was Don Pedro brought news when towards noon he came ashore again, no longer in the borrowed ill-fitting clothes, but arrayed once more in all the glories of a grandee of Spain.

"The Marquis of Riconete asks me to inform you that since the Caribbean is happily delivered of the infamous Captain Blood, his Excellency's mission in these waters is at an end, and nothing now prevents him from yielding to the urgency of returning to Spain at once. He has decided to convey the plate-ships across the ocean, and he begs you to be ready to weigh anchor on the first of the ebb: this afternoon at three."

Don Sebastian was aghast. "But did you not tell him, sir, that it is impossible?"

Don Pedro shrugged. "One does not argue with the Admiral of the Ocean-Sea."

"But, my dear Don Pedro, more than half the crews are absent and the ships are without guns."

"Be sure that I did not fail to inform his Excellency of that. It merely annoyed him. He takes the view that since each ship carries hands enough to sail her, no more is necessary. The Maria Gloriosa is sufficiently armed to protect them."

"He does not pause, then, to reflect what may happen should they become separated?"

"That also I pointed out. It made no impression. His Excellency is of a high confidence."

DON SEBASTIAN blew out his cheeks. "So! So! To be sure, it is his affair. And I thank heaven for it. The plate-ships have brought trouble enough upon San Juan de Puerto Rico, and I'll be glad to see the last of them. But permit me to observe that your Admiral of the Ocean-Sea is a singularly rash man. It comes, I suppose, of being a royal favorite."

Don Pedro's sly little smile suggested subtly complete agreement. "It is understood, then, that you will give orders for the prompt virtualising of the ships. His Excellency must not be kept waiting, and, anyway, the ebb will not wait even for him."

"Oh, perfectly," said Don Sebastian. Irony exaggerated his submission. "I will give the orders at once."

But on his way to the harbor, Captain Blood paused at the town goal. By the officer, in charge he was received with the honor due to the saviour of San Juan, and doors were unlocked at his bidding.

Beyond a yard in which the heavily ironed, dejected prisoners of yesterday's affray were herded, he came to a stone chamber lighted by a small window set high and heavily barred. In this dark, noisome hole sat the great buccaneer, hunched on a stool, his head in his manacled hands. He looked up as the door groaned on its hinges, and out of a livid face he glared at his visitor. He did not recognise his grimy opponent of yesterday in this elegant gentleman in black and silver, whose sedulously curled black periwig fell to his shoulders and who swung a gold-headed ebony cane as he advanced.

"Is it time?" he growled in his bad Spanish.

The apparent Castilian nobleman answered him in the English that is spoken in Ireland. "Och now, don't be impatient. Ye've still time to be making your soul; that is, if ye've a soul to make at all; still time to repent the nasty

notion that led you into this imposture. I could forgive you the pretence that you are Captain Blood. There's a sort of compliment in that. But I can't be forgiving you the things you did in Cartagena."

The ruffian sneered. "You talk like a canting parson sent to shrieve me."

"I talk like the man I am, the man whose name ye've befouled with the filth of your nature. I'll be leaving you to ponder, in the little time that's left you, the poetic justice by which mine is the hand that hangs you. For I am Captain Blood."

A moment still he remained inscrutably surveying the doomed impostor whom amusement had rendered speechless; then, turning on his heel, he went to rejoin the waiting Spanish officer.

Thence, past the gallows erected on the beach, he repaired to the waiting boat, and was pulled back to the white-and-gold flagship in the roads.

And so it befell that on that same day the false Captain Blood was hanged on the beach of San Juan de Puerto Rico, and the real Captain Blood sailed away for Tortuga in the Maria Gloriosa, or Andalusian Lass, conveying the richly laden plate-ships which had neither guns nor crews with which to offer resistance when the truth of their situation was later discovered to their captains.

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Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home

Master Hope, the popular beauty specialist, recently offered this advice about grey hair: "Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense—To a half-pint of water, add 1 oz. of Bay Rum; a small box of Orlon Compound; and 4 oz. of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Twenty years should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation, which actually penetrates the hair cells and so defies detection. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off, and cannot affect waving of hair."

LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 6

"It's you," he declared. He reassured himself as to his relief by tapping his cheek; then he smiled again, rather sheepishly. "Wonderful stuff, that gas. I was pretty plucky about it, though, wasn't I?"

"You were splendid, Bertie." "I wasn't... oh, well, hang it all, it isn't a very pleasant thing to face up to. It isn't everybody who would do it. I mean the anaesthetic and everything."

"Yes, you did marvellously. It was quite a nasty tooth."

Here, following her gaze, he discovered the tooth, which lay upon a swab of cotton-wool on the table beside him. He picked it up and contemplated it with pride.

"Well! Well! A beastly great septuple molar, too. Better out than in, eh, Katharine? Thank the Lord I had the nerve to go through with it." Looking up suddenly, he caught her steady gaze upon him, and all at once he paused like a boy detected in the jam cupboard. He gave a guilty blink. His face fell slowly. Then his eye twinkled and with real enjoyment he began to laugh. He laughed a long time. "Oh Lord, Katharine, what a funk I was in. What an unholy, mortal funk! And what a brick you were to force me into it. If you hadn't, I'd still be suffering blue Hades!"

She shook her head. "No, I'm going to have the tea, Bertie. You're going to have some nice nourishing soup."

"Ha! Ha! Darn good idea. I need nourishment. I feel as if I'd eaten nothing for a week."

Later, when Winter had padded in and out and Bertram, with a napkin tucked round his chin, was splashing his way through a bowl of bouillon, he suddenly declared:

LUX STOCKINGS AFTER EVERY WEARING

No more wrinkled ankles, twisted seams, baggy knees! Lux restores elasticity—saves needless ladders!



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Let us start you in a permanent business that you own and control for yourself. Invest no capital. We finance you with complete stock. Only a certain number of these "No Investment" propositions are open. Each one offers a good living with a chance to put some money in the Bank every week. Hundreds in all States make big money every day. Pioneer Manufacturers—Oldest—Largest. Write for particulars. W. T. RAWLEIGH CO., LTD. Dept. N8130 BRISBANE, N.S.W., VIC.

"You know, Katharine, you've missed your vocation. You ought to have been a nurse or a doctor. No, on my oath, you ought have been somebody's wife. Mine, for example." He waved his spoon vigorously. "That's an idea. Marry me, Katharine, and make an honest man of me at last!"

She simply smiled at him, taking no notice, and he ran on:

"What can I do for you then, if I'm no use to you as a husband? Anything I've got that you care to fancy—a case of champagne or a nice work of art, meaning a picture—just say the word and it's yours. Only one thing's impossible. You mustn't try to sell me anything; I'm down to the bone over my new show."

Katharine took a deep breath. Though she would have deliberately broached the subject, this opening, together with his gratitude, gave her an opportunity she could not fail to take.

"I do want to ask something of you, Bertie. And it's over your new show. Give my niece, Nancy Sherwood, a part in it."

The intensity rather than the nature of her request drew him up. He finished his soup slowly.

"Mmm," he said at length. "So that's it. She's put you up to it, Katharine. Clever little devil!"

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17:

11.45 a.m.—London Calling.

3.45 p.m.—The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, MARCH 18:

11.45 a.m.—Interview with Miss Pat Quinan.

2.45 p.m.—Afternoon Tea Selections.

FRIDAY, MARCH 19: 11.45 a.m.—So They Say.

2.45 p.m.—Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20:

6.15 p.m.—The Music Box.

9.30 p.m.—Presenting Lucienne Boyer—and Bill Cotton and his band.

SUNDAY, MARCH 21: 6.10 p.m.—Cavalcade of Variety.

MONDAY, MARCH 22:

11.45 a.m.—People in the Limelight.

2.45 p.m.—Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, MARCH 23:

11.45 a.m.—From Here and There.

2.45 p.m.—Swing Time.

"She is clever, Bertie," Katharine said quickly. "And you know she can act."

"Yes," he admitted. "She's pretty good. And she's got her head screwed on the right way. In a year or two she might be darned good."

"There won't be a year or two," Katharine declared earnestly. "She'll be married and settled down long before that. She wants to make good now; you know how it is, Bertie, to feel that she's not a failure, to finish with the knowledge of having done something."

He looked at her askance.

"Oh yes?" "Besides," she went on quickly, "I want her to be in America when I'm there. It's got to do with her future, her happiness, with everything that really matters."

There was silence. He stroked his chin reflectively and was some time before replying, but at last he took a sudden decision.

"All right, Katharine, for your sake, I'll do it. There's a darn good part she can have. I'll suit Nancy down to the ground—not exactly heart-broken, yet hardly underdone. It's here. Tell her to look me up at the office tomorrow."

Her face flooded with a warm color. Delighted, she rose and took both his hands.

"Thank you, Bertie," she cried. "That's something I'll never forget."

"That's all right. Come to think of it, Nancy'll make a good set-off to Paula Brent, who's playing lead." His manner, deliberately offhand, did not conceal his gratification that she should be pleased. He added: "I know you're set on the girl."

"Yes, I'm rather set, as you call it, on Nancy," answered Katharine, in a low voice.

Shortly afterwards she took her leave. An indescribable elation filled her as she walked home, bent on telephoning Nancy the

instant she reached Curzon Street. Her American visit took on a new complexion, was colored by a vivid sense of anticipation. She had always wanted to take the trip with Nancy. And it was, she reflected with a little inward glow, in some strange fashion, an added happiness that Madden would be coming too.

THE forenoon of their departure was raw and foggy, with infrequent blinks of a dull red sun which loomed like a heavy eye upon the rim of the yellow sky. Waterloo was an echoing amphitheatre, choked with smoke and bustle, rent by a modernistic symphony—the hooting of taxis, the shouting of porters and the shriek of engines. The sense of leaving this behind, of escaping the rush and confusion of the muddy streets, made it, as Nancy remarked, a perfect day for going away. There were five of them in the reserved compartment as the train bored its passage to Southampton through stretches of dreary chimney pots, for Charley Upton had the sentimental habit of seeing Katharine off upon her transatlantic ventures and, on this occasion, Mabel had unexpectedly come too. Silent after the final excitement of their send-off, which Nancy's friends, gathered upon the platform, had conspired to make effective, Katharine sat staring out of the window, conscious and yet indifferent to the fact that Mabel's meaning gaze was fixed upon her. Madden and Upton, in opposite corners, were getting acquainted through the medium of a polite conversation upon the merits of the American football game, while Nancy, her fur coat upon the rack and her new dressing-case beside her, ran excitedly through a pile of illustrated papers in the hope of finding pictorial news of her intimates or herself. It had been a disappointment to her that Bertram and the rest of the "Dilemma" company were not coming in the Pindaric, but were sailing two days later on the Normandie. But now she had got over it—in her own phrase, recovered from the blow.

Katharine was unusually light-hearted, pervaded by a glow of optimism, an acute appreciation of the fact, evident yet sometimes overlooked, that it was good to be alive. And also, it was good to have friends—Bertram in particular had been extraordinarily kind—to be going to America with Madden and Nancy. Her thoughts raced ahead. In these next few weeks she would sell the miniature to Brandt, bring her business worries to an end, see Nancy's happiness assured.

Suddenly she became aware of her niece leaning towards her.

"Look, Katharine," said Nancy with a self-conscious little laugh. "They've shoved in this of me. Do you think it's good?"

Turning, Katharine studied the illustration which Nancy held out to her—a recent and very lovely studio portrait. It was a profile, taken from an odd angle, and lit most strikingly, the chin upturned, the hair, flung back, winged like the head of a flying Hermes.

"YES, it's terribly good," Katharine acquiesced warmly. "And original."

"It's rather important, from my point of view," said Nancy. "You know, keeping oneself before the public and all that."

Madden and Upton both admired the photograph, but Mabel, whose mood was not propitious to any form of compliment, held it for a moment at arm's length.

"It's very sweet, my dear," she said critically. "But, if you want my honest opinion, I don't think it's like you."

Nancy made a pretty grimace. "Thank you so much, darling Mabel. Half a loaf is better than none."

"It's like the head of a statue," Mabel affirmed stubbornly. "Statue or not," said Nancy. "It does happen to be me."

"This question of likeness," Katharine interposed tolerantly, by way of anticipating Mabel's sharp reply, "it's very queer how it crops up."

On a sudden impulse she continued: "For example, here's something that people have said is like me. How it can be I don't know. But you can judge for yourselves."

Please turn to Page 40



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BEAUTY and that air of smartness and poise are utterly dependent upon the grace and slenderness of your figure. A Gossard will help you retain the lines of youth by slimming bulges gently away and by moulding your figure to a perfection of loveliness and grace. There are many types of Gossard foundations. Illustrated is an exquisite *MaSimplicity*, of figured batiste and matching Power elastic.

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Make your hair beautifully clean, thick and lustrous with **Barry's Tri-coph-erous** For Luxuriant Hair Growth

7 people in 10 have "Shrinking" gums at 35!

Gums may start to shrink back (recede) as early as 20. By 35 most mouths show 3 to 4 "recession" spots at gum line. These spots are highly sensitive when brushed.

Three common mistakes hasten "shrinking," according to modern dentists. Three things to do if you want to retard a premature "aging" process.

As gums grow old they naturally recede. Your first warning is that certain teeth are sensitive to brushing. To harsh, abrasive dentifrices, to ineffective cleansing and to wrong ways of brushing are laid the prematurely receding gums of modern times. Thus, to retard unnatural "shrinking" of the gums, follow these three simple rules.

1. BRUSH PROPERLY

Brush away from the gums, upwards on the lower teeth and downwards from above.

2. USE A PROTECTIVE TOOTH PASTE

When gums recede, the part exposed (cementum) is much softer than enamel. Thus, your

cleansing material must be softer than "cementum." Of the leading brands only Pepsodent is softer than this more delicate portion of the tooth.

3. YOU MUST REMOVE FILM

—it contains germs associated with decay. Film also combines with lime salts to form tartar, whose sharp edges may irritate the gums, cause bleeding and make gums recede much faster.

Pepsodent Removes Film

Pepsodent is a special film-removing tooth paste. Scientists developed a new softer, safer cleansing and polishing material. This special film-removing material is contained in Pepsodent exclusively.

PEPSODENT

THE SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE

THE 2½" SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

One risk no woman can afford

Unknown substitutes are health risk... you know Kotex is pure

There's one chance no woman can afford to take. That's the chance of poorly made sanitary protection.

It may look like Kotex. But who made it? Where? How? Who guarantees safety, health protection?

You know you're safe with Kotex. It's a hospital product—last year 24 million pads were used in hospitals alone. Kotex is pure, clean, immaculate through and through. Don't sacrifice this assurance ever. Kotex is available everywhere... you need never accept a questionable substitute, whose makers you do not know. In addition, Kotex offers every comfort. It is amazingly soft, and its softness lasts. Completely disposable.

KOTEX

WOMEN HAVE PROVED IT!

Actual tests—by a Board of six hundred women—prove that Kotex absorbs 48% to 60% more moisture. Therefore, Kotex can be worn longer... a feature which makes it just as economical as other kinds, as well as giving you complete security, freedom from embarrassment, and greater, more lasting comfort.

FREE SAMPLE OF KOTEX

Australian Cellulose Products Pty. Ltd., 339 Crown St., Sydney
Please send me without obligation FREE sample of Kotex.

Name _____

Address _____

W.W. 20/31

1½
BOX OF
12 PADS

ONLY KOTEX IS LIKE KOTEX — THE SCIENTIFIC SANITARY PAD

LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 39

AND snapping open the small jewel case which lay beside her she produced the miniature and offered it for their inspection.

In a sudden silence the tiny Holbein went from hand to hand. Madden looked at it for a long time, then with an intake of his breath he declared:

"It certainly is like you, Katharine. And it's a darn lovely little picture, too."

Upton, peering over Madden's shoulder, agreed and added:

"How much is that going to cost some infatuated American?"

"Twenty thousand pounds," Katharine smiled. "I hope."

"And I wouldn't say it wasn't worth it," said Madden seriously. "It's got real class."

At her end of the compartment Mabel moved restively.

"Perhaps you're thinking of having it yourself, Mr. Madden," she suggested.

Madden answered pleasantly:

"I wouldn't mind!" Then he smiled and handed back the miniature to Katharine, who looked it back in her case. Mabel observed the operation with stringent care.

"If I were you, Katharine," she declared, bending forward so that her words came with a cautionary hiss, "I should keep an eye on that article. People have lost things before, crossing the Atlantic. And these days especially, one never knows."

"All right, Mabel," Katharine drew down her lips with delicate malice. "I'll try not to drop it overboard."

At this point Upton looked at his watch, an action less habitually dependent on the passage of time than upon his cordial inclination towards refreshment of some kind.

"What about a spot of luncheon?" he inquired. "I'm pretty sharp-set myself. I've ordered it for twelve o'clock. We've got a special table in the dining-car."

The lunch, which was extremely good, passed off cheerfully. Katharine's spirits were still soaring, and she kept the conversation bowling merrily. When she was in the mood she had a nimble wit, and her sallies with Charlie who, fed, was evincing a desire to dwell upon the topic of unrequited affection, drew a glint of appreciation from Madden's eye.

Charlie, indeed, waxed rather sentimental towards the end of the meal. But that was his custom. Mabel, on the contrary, despite two glasses of champagne, retained her air of unappeased aloofness.

Indeed, after the kummel which accompanied the coffee, she wore a set and slightly patronizing smile, having an air of communing in splendid isolation with herself.

WHEN Southampton drew upon them and they passed back along the corridor, she lagged behind with obvious intent. Then, cornering Katharine, she muttered in a voice rendered less articulate yet even more impressive by the wine:

"Katharine! All I say is—one thing."

"What?" demanded Katharine, gazing at her sister askance.

"Just one thing, Katharine. All I say is—watch that man!"

Momentarily Katharine lost patience.

"Don't be a fool," she answered sharply.

"Fool!" Mabel gulped unexpectedly. "Katharine! Did I hear you say fool?"

"Yes, you did."

"Me!" said Mabel, supporting herself against a window frame, her eyes glassy with tears. "The best, kindest, dearest sister in the world."

"Oh, be quiet, Mabel," Katharine said brusquely. "Really, you shouldn't have had that kummel. You're not used to it."

"I shall tell George," declared Mabel with sudden inspiration. "Then tell him," Katharine had to smile, "only let me pass."

"All right. All right." Mabel withdrew into her dignity as far as the swaying of the train—at least Mabel was convinced it was the train—would allow. "I won't hinder you. Only don't say I

didn't warn you." And she retired precipitately to make good her face.

Almost immediately they ran into the harbor station, where a long line of stewards in white jackets and peaked caps stood at attention, with the high black wall of the Pindaric rising sheer behind.

Though no longer strange, something in the spectacle, the portent of adventure, the prelude to another crossing of that great mysterious ocean, evoked an answering excitement in Katharine.

Familiarity had not staled the sensation for her. Out on the platform she sniffed the sea air with a lively anticipation and, taking Nancy affectionately by the arm, led the way up the covered gangway to the ship.

It was, in a sense, a triumphal progress. Katharine had travelled by the Pindaric so often that the whole ship's company seemed to know her and to greet her with that immediate and deferential recognition which, since she shared in it, was sweet as honey to the knowledgeable little Nancy.

Please turn to Page 48

Cut this out

Old English Preparation for Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

If you know someone who is troubled with head noises, or catarrhal deafness, cut out this paragraph, and hand it to them, and you may save them perhaps from total deafness! It is now said that catarrh, catarrhal deafness, head noises, are caused by constitutional diseases—like ordinary aches, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporary with the complaint. They seldom, if ever, give complete or permanent relief.

Much time has been spent in perfecting an effective tonic medicine that would quickly dissipate all traces of catarrhal poison from the system. This effective prescription is given here in an understandable form, so that anyone can use it at the least expense.

Get from your chemist a one-ounce bottle of Parmit (double strength). Make up a half-pint of medicine by adding 4 oz. of sugar and ½ pint of hot water. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first few doses should begin to relieve the distressing head noises, headache, dizziness, cloudy thinking, etc., while—nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh—there must be many people whose hearing may be restored as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of this treatment.

Poetic catarrhal breath, loss of smell and mucous drooping in the throat, causing hawking and spitting, are also overcome.

Every person who is troubled with catarrh in any form should give this Parmit mixture a thorough trial.

PEARS' purity and TONIC ACTION guard your SKIN



ECONOMY NOTE



There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.



OLD a cake of Pears up to the light and note its glorious transparency. That is due to the months of maturing which eliminates every trace of harshness, and gives Pears Soap its famous tonic action. You will feel wonderfully refreshed and invigorated after a wash with Pears. The purity and tonic qualities in its mellowed lather are the secrets behind those lovely complexions for which generations of beautiful women have praised Pears. Pears is economical in use—it lasts far longer than ordinary soap.

Pears

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

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A. & F. PEARS LTD.

ADVENTURES in HOME Furnishing

Ideas that strike entirely new and original notes in interior decoration.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

LET us take a trip into the realms of highly-specialised interior decorating and see from the infinite variety they present what new ideas we can glean for our own use.



ANOTHER GLIMPSE of the home of Chester Morris—this time of one of the most charming rooms in the house, a bedroom furnished in Colonial style with ruffled curtains and canopied four-poster beds.

FURNISHING a home is an exciting adventure. The ultimate possibilities are so innumerable—the variety of color schemes endless, the styles, ornate, simple, Old World, ultra-modern, or just plain homely, offering a bewildering choice.

If you want to be different this time, if you want the rooms in your home to express strikingly original ideas, then you must be more or less daring in your plans.

Illustrated on this page are interiors of Hollywood homes of film stars. They are excellent examples of adventures in home decorating. Period and style in the furnishings of each are entirely different, yet each is attractive in its own particular way.

Offer Ideas

FOR the average home furnisher the type of decoration is somewhat too extreme, especially in the small home, but the schemes do offer ideas that can be adapted in the average home.

They may even fire your imagination to the extent of carrying out the same ideas in a modified way, or set you off on a completely new tack and encourage you to try out some original and unusual ideas you've had in mind for some time.

The picture at the top of the page is of the patio of the Beverly Hills home of Chester Morris.

This patio is a favorite gathering-place for guests, the fireplace lending a cheery touch on cooler evenings.

It may be the first time you have seen a fireplace in a patio—but why not? What could be more delightful than to have the garden and moonlight sky on one side of you and a glowing fire on the other?

Notice the chairs, which are big barrels cut down, one side being



ABOVE: Lounge room decorated in a most striking and original manner in the home of Glenda Farrell, of Warner Bros. The color scheme is off-white and soft green.

shaped to form the back. They are painted in off-white and upholstered with gay cushions. Rope dyed to match the cushions is threaded round the middle.

The design of the fireplace is unique, the simplicity of a single vase filled with trailing ivy on the ledge above, and the lantern on the wall alongside, being completely charming. A big, circular coil mat is used on the tiled floor.

Next we have a lounge-room decorated and furnished in the most extreme ultra-modern style—almost futuristic. Glenda Farrell is the chateau of this home. The picture tells its own story—the bold ornamentation of the curtains, the plain carpet with the extraordinary star design in the centre, and the little occasional table in the shape of a drum revealing a new daring in interior decoration. The color scheme, off-white (almost an oatmeal tone)



ABOVE: Patio in the home of Chester Morris (Columbia player). It is comfortably furnished for entertaining, with chairs made from barrels, and has an open fireplace for use on cooler evenings.

ingly carried out in the ordinary home by using low four-poster beds without canopies. These are very popular just now, their simplicity appealing to the home-maker of today.

The curtain arrangement, the table-lamps and the plain fringed carpet are practical enough and suitable for the average home, while the bedcovers of crocheted cotton trimmed with fringe used over dainty ruffled spreads would introduce original notes.

In choosing any very unusual form of room decoration and furnishings keep in mind the fact that you have to live in the room. Beware of selecting styles that will

prove tiring or that may irritate after a while.

Be careful, too, not to decide on styles that will go out of fashion quickly and so date your rooms.

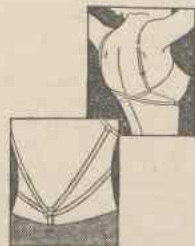
And rather than be too particular about every detail of period or style being correct and perhaps fall into the error of over-decorating, it is better to err on the side of simplicity. It proves more pleasant to live with as the days go by, and much easier to alter should you desire to make a change later on.

Finally remember that success in home decorating and furnishing is not what you think other people will like, but what you like yourself.—J.K.

KESTOS "Dual-Purpose"



By a simple re-arrangement of the straps, the Kestos "Dual-Purpose" can instantly be converted from a Day Brassiere to a Backless one, for Evening wear. In choice of dainty materials, in its comfort-giving and figure-improving design, the Kestos "Dual-Purpose" is unequalled. Prices from 3/11.



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Why do fashions change?

Just to make things harder for husbands. But fashions in food don't alter. A sandwich of Peck's Anchovette or Salmon and Shrimp is always the favourite snack—with men because of that tempting flavour, with women because it's so easily served, so invariably liked.

Peck's ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

Safeguard
YOUR Silver
with SILVO

Silvo is a safe polish that cleans quickly as well as kindly. This gentle liquid polish restores and preserves the delicate, lustrous surface of the finest silver, without injury.



Silvo cannot harm Silver. It contains no mercury and no acids—neither does it scratch. Silvo is the finest of all Silver polishes

SILVO LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Made in Australia by the Makers of Rockit's Blue.

MAKES ALUMINIUM LOOK LIKE NEW! Steelo

Steele restores the natural sheen and colour of the metal. It does it quickly, too, with less rubbing than ever. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap.



DELICIOUS Prize-Winning RECIPES

Selected From Entries in Our Best Recipe Competition

They range from a new and fascinating sweet to intriguing savory biscuits.

THIS interesting competition is open to all housewives. All you have to do is write out your best recipe, attach full name and address and send in to our offices, marking envelope and entry, "Best Recipes."

A prize of £1 is awarded each week for the best entry received, and consolation prizes of 2/6 each for every other recipe published.

Readers are reminded to be careful to give all ingredients and every step in the method of making.

PEACHES IN SWEET POTATO CASES

Peach Sauce: 1 cup chopped ripe peaches, 1/2 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon finely grated orange rind, 1/2 teaspoon cornflour, 3 cloves, sugar to taste.

Combine sugar and orange juice, put in cloves and bring to the boil, add peaches and orange rind. Thicken with cornflour, mixed with a little water. Stir constantly till mixture boils. Serve in potato cases.

Potato Cases: 4 cups mashed, cooked sweet potato, 1 egg, 1/2 cup melted butter, 1-8 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-8 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon salt.

Beat egg, add potato and other ingredients. Mix all thoroughly. Place spoonfuls on a greased baking sheet and shape into nests, by making hollow in centre with back of a spoon, smoothing the outside surface. Bake in a hot oven till edges are brown—about 1 hour. Fill with peach sauce.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Ridley, Rose Terrace, Toowong SW1, Brisbane.

CREME ADELAISE

Hungarian pudding requiring no cooking.

Sponge fingers, cold strong coffee, 6oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. almonds (ground), whipped cream.

Soak sponge cakes in coffee, and lay on a cake dish. Spread over a layer of the creamed butter, sugar, and ground almonds. This must be well beaten. Then add another layer of the coffee-soaked fingers, and so on until a cake is built up. End with layer of filling, then mask whole cake with well-whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. L. Stowell, The Park, Beaufort, Vic.

MEAT AND MACARONI TIMBALE

Quarter-pound macaroni, 1lb. cooked meat (minced), 2oz. breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 1/2 teaspoon finely-chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, seasoning, 2 tablespoons stock or milk.

Boil macaroni in salted water for fifteen minutes, but do not let become too soft. Strain. Line a greased pudding basin or small individual moulds by winding macaroni round the inside without breaking it. A little of the meat mixture may be needed to keep it in position.

The mixture for filling is prepared

by binding all other ingredients together with the beaten egg and stock. Fill the prepared mould, cover tightly with greased paper, and steam slowly until it feels firm. The large size will take about 40 minutes. Turn out on to a hot dish and pour tomato or brown sauce round. These quantities will serve four to five persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Wain, 75 Anglo Rd., Campsie, N.S.W.

HONEY MINCEMEAT

Half pound dried figs, 6oz. candied peel, 1lb. cooking apples, 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. clear honey, 1oz. mixed spice, 2 lemons.

Chop raisins, thoroughly wash and chop figs, and mix with shredded peel. Peel, core, and chop apples, add them with the spice, and stir until ingredients are thoroughly blended. Three-parts fill the bottles with this mixture. Put honey into a double saucepan, add to it the grated rind of one lemon and strained juice of two. Bring almost to the boil, stirring, and pouring while hot into the bottles, filling them to the top. Cover when cold. Don't have it too wet, or keep in too warm a place. It will keep indefinitely with brandy added to it.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. C. Neale, Tumbarumba, N.S.W.

DUTCH TART

Line a tin dish with puff pastry, spread with raspberry jam. Tin should be about 9 inches square.

Cream 3 tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, add 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk, 1 good-sized cup self-raising flour, 2 heaped tablespoons chopped walnuts, 1 tea-

This Week

PRUNE RECIPES

Once prunes were served with apologies, but to-day they are welcomed as a great treat, for there are so many delicious ways of serving this rich and healthful fruit.

HERE are some of them selected from recipes sent in by our readers. They are all worth trying.

Each week this section deals with one special cookery subject chosen from recipes sent in by readers, and prizes of 2/6 are awarded for every recipe published.

Send us your favorite recipes. If published, you will be awarded a prize of 2/6.

PRUNE CHUTNEY

Two pounds of prunes, 1lb. green tomatoes, 1lb. green apples, 2 or 3 large onions, 1lb. raisins, 1/2oz. ground ginger, 1/2lb. brown sugar, 1/2lb. salt, 1/2 teaspoon mustard, 1/2 teaspoon cayenne, 3 pints vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon powdered cloves.

2/6 to Mrs. F. Smithers, 37 Mount St., Coogee, N.S.W.

PRUNE ICE CREAM

Soak one cup prunes in hot water. Cook in same water until soft, stone, and pulp through a sieve, add one cup sugar,

spoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon.

Pour sponge mixture over pastry and jam. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. When cold, ice thinly with butter icing and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Butter Icing: Melt teaspoon butter in a little hot water, and add icing sugar sufficient to make firm icing that will spread.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Barnett, 3 Blythwood Rd., Lower Mitcham, S.A.

CHEESE CAPERS

One cup flour, 1 cup grated cheese, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. butter, salt and cayenne to taste, a little milk.

Rub butter into the dry ingredients, mix into a paste with the milk, roll out very thin, cut into rounds about 2in. across, and bake to a golden brown.

In the meantime hard-boil 2 eggs, take yolks and add to them 3 tablespoons grated cheese and 1 tablespoon whipped cream; season well with salt and cayenne and add a little vinegar from a bottle of capers. Pile this mixture on the golden circles and put a caper on the top. The mixture can be put again to pickle onions.

The biscuits may be kept fresh for several days if stored in an airtight tin, but the filling must be used fresh.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Inglis, 7 Brown St., Subiaco, W.A.

PICKLED FIGS

Two quarts vinegar, 1lb. sugar, 6oz. salt, 2oz. allspice, 2oz. whole ginger, 1oz. peppercorns, 4oz. 2oz. cloves.

First soak figs overnight in salt water, put mixture all together, and place figs into a jar and seal for three days. Pour off mixture and boil it hard for ten minutes, and while still boiling pour over figs. When figs are all used the same liquid can be used again to pickle onions.

This recipe can also be used for pickling grapes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Zita, Balmoral, Exhibition Rd., Mt. Barker, S.A.

STEAMED PRUNE PUDDING

Two cups of dried seeded prunes, well chopped, 1/2 cup treacle, 2 eggs, well beaten, 1/2 cups wholemeal flour, 1/2 cup white flour, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, pinch of salt, 1/2 teaspoon each, soda, 1 cup of milk.

Mix wholemeal and white flour together, with spice, salt, soda and cinnamon. Mix treacle, egg and prunes together with milk, then stir all together, and steam three hours. Serve with a custard or white sauce.

2/6 to Mrs. W. Allen, Takara, via Maryborough, Qld.

PRUNE BARS

Wash and soak for two hours one cup dried prunes. Beat yolks of three eggs and add one cup sugar. Beat egg-whites till stiff and add to mixture alternately with one cup self-raising flour, then add prunes cut up in small pieces and one cup chopped walnuts. Bake in a shallow tin in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove from tin, cut into bars and roll in icing sugar.

2/6 to Mrs. K. Castlhard, 31 Gladstone St., Meenore Ponds WA, Vic.

PRUNE SURPRISE

Soak sufficient prunes. Cook in the usual way till tender. Remove stones carefully and soak in wine for several hours. Insert into each a devilled almond or half a walnut dipped in mayonnaise dressing. Wrap each prune in a vine leaf of lettuce leaf.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Biggs, 78 Crawford Rd., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

PRUNE SPECIAL

Line a square dish with pastry, make as follows:—

Two cups self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup butter, 1 egg, 1/2 tablespoon water.

Mix dry ingredients, then rub in butter, then make into a dough with egg and water. Filling:—

Half a cup cooked prunes, 1/2 cup dates (seeded), 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger, 1/2 teaspoon spice, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter.

Mix all together and cover with layer of the pastry. Bake in moderate oven till light brown. When cool spread with icing made with one cup icing sugar made smooth with two parts fruit. When quite cold cut into squares.

Can be served as a dessert with whipped cream or will keep indefinitely in airtight tin.

2/6 to Mrs. L. Bond, Verona, 15 Steward St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.



Watch your complexion improve as mine did.. when you begin using these creams

Women who have tried many vanishing and foundation creams know from experience that no other cream can compare with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. It protects the most delicate skin from exposure to the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust. It is an ideal powder base because it lends a smooth finish to powder and make-up. It conceals skin imperfections and imparts a soft natural tone to the complexion. Start looking your best through the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream.



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In 7 Days, Fiery, Itching Skin Gets Sure Relief

Guaranteed to Completely Satisfy or Cost is Nothing

Here is a surgeon's wonderful prescription now dispensed by chemists at trifling cost, that will do more to help you get rid of unsightly spots and skin diseases than anything you've ever used.

Not only does this great healing antiseptic promote rapid and healthy healing in open sores and wounds, but boils, abscesses, and ulcers are almost immediately relieved and cleanly healed.

In skin diseases the action of Moone's Emerald Oil is little less than magical. The itching of Eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, scurf, rheum, and other skin eruptions, and inflammation.

You can get Moone's Emerald Oil at any chemist. It is safe to use, and failure is rare indeed.

Friday night is AMAMI night!

Blondes:—soot brown haired girls should use Amami No. 1. This gives the natural fair colour of the hair and emphasises the beautiful lustrous quality.

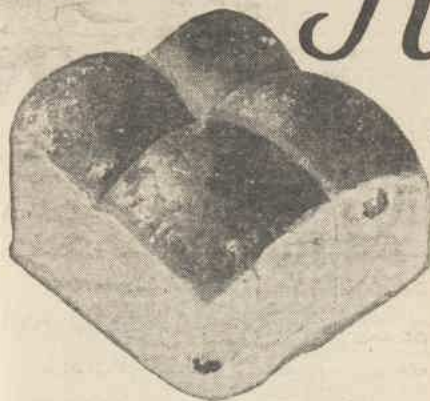
Brunettes:—should use Amami No. 2, which contains the right proportion of pure Egyptian Henna to bring out the natural gloss which makes dark hair so attractive.

Containing Lemon Rinses & Rosemary Tint

For Easter...

HOT CROSS BUNS

You can make these delicious family favorites at home yourself from the simple recipe given here.



"Hot cross buns—one a penny, two a penny . . ." runs the old rhyme of the baker-man. To-day the simple bun is still as popular as ever, especially on Good Friday, while those who like variations will find recipes also on this page for other kinds of buns.

If you have any doubts about your success at making hot cross buns, why not have some practice before the important day with the recipe given here, which is a simple and successful one.

NOTE.—Remember, yeast acts as a rising property, but it requires warmth. So use warm liquid for mixing and place in a warm place to rise.

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with the pulse-stirring reds so effectively used by the South Seas enchantress!



Soothes and softens lips; gives them luster too!

Daring, coaxing South Sea colour for lips...entirely without pastiness. That's TATTOO! Apply it...let it set...wipe it off...only the colour remains

...smooth...even...lasting...and the lips, instead of becoming disappointingly dry and harsh, are made moistly soft; oh, so soft...so desirable! Actually try all five TATTOO shades...at the Tattoo Colour Selector in your favorite store. You are sure to find an exciting new shade, more flattering than the one you are now using. Yes, you surely will!

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TATTOO
South Sea Colour for Lips

By . . .
RUTH FURST

Cookery
Expert to
The Australian
Women's
Weekly.

Too much heat kills the action of the yeast, and cold slows its process.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

One pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, good breakfast cup milk, 4oz. sultanas, 2oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, cinnamon if liked.

Crumble the yeast into a basin; add 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon flour; stir in the milk and allow to stand 1 hour. Sift the flour and salt, rub in the butter, add sugar and fruit. Beat the egg well, add to the yeast mixture. Add all to the dry ingredients, making into a soft dough. Put into a clean, warm basin, stand in warm place about 45 minutes or till well risen.

Turn on to a floured board and knead well. Cut into 20 pieces (large or small if liked) and make each piece into a round. Place on a greased swiss roll tin, close together. Leave for 10 minutes. Mark each with a cross, using the back of a floured knife.

Bake in a hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Mix equal quantities of icing sugar and water. Boil for 1 minute. Brush buns with the glaze. Return to oven for 1 minute. Turn on to a cake-cooler.

BATH BUNS

Three-quarters pound flour, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 3oz. yeast, 2 eggs, 2oz. peel, 6 tablespoons milk, grated rind 1 lemon.

Sift the flour, rub in the butter. Cream the yeast with 1 teaspoon sugar; add the warm milk and beaten eggs. Make a well in the flour, pour in the yeast, mixing in well. Leave in a warm place about 1 hour to rise well. Turn the dough on to floured board, work in the sugar and peel. Divide mixture and make into rounds; flatten and place on greased tin for 5 minutes. Glaze with milk. Sprinkle thickly with sugar and bake in quick oven 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

BUN RING

One pound plain flour, 2oz. sugar, salt, 1 pt. warm milk, cinnamon, sugar, 3oz. yeast, 1 egg, 2oz. butter, few currants and chopped walnuts.

Crumble the yeast with 1 teaspoonful of sugar; add half the milk, which should be lukewarm. Sift the flour and salt, and put 1/2 of it aside. To the small portion add the yeast mixture, making into a thick batter. Beat well, and stand aside in warm place 40 minutes. Gradually stir in the remainder of flour, sugar, beaten egg, milk, lastly the melted butter.

When well mixed put the dough to rise until double its size, then knead well and form into long roll. Roll into an oblong shape, brush with melted butter. Sprinkle with currants, sugar, cinnamon. Roll the shape up and twist it into a ring. Place on greased tin with a cup in the centre. Cut the ring with

scissors, not quite to the centre, with an inch and a half space between each cut. Turn each cut piece over a little and put it out slightly. Leave in warm place 20 minutes; bake in hot oven about 30 minutes. Glaze with sugar and water, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Return to the oven to dry the glaze. Turn on to a cake-cooler.

ROCK BUNS

One pound self-raising flour, 1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. fruit, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar and prepared fruit. Mix into a stiff dough with beaten eggs and milk. Place in rough heaps on greased swiss roll tin. Bake in quick oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler.

SALLY LUNNS

Nine tablespoons milk, 2oz. butter, 1oz. compressed yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1lb. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg.

Just warm milk and butter, but on no account make it hot. Cream

All these Recipes have been tested in our Kitchen.

the yeast with the sugar, pour on milk and butter, sift flour and salt, make a well in centre, add milk mixture, then beaten egg; mix well till smooth, divide into two. Place in greased tins, allow to stand 1 hour. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to a sieve to cool.

VICTORIA BUNS

Half pound self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. chopped raisins, 1 egg, little milk.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, add sugar and fruit. Make into a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Put mixture into heaps on greased swiss roll tin. Bake in quick oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler.

RASPBERRY BUNS

Twelve tablespoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4 dessertspoons butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk, raspberry jam.

Sift the flour and baking powder. Rub in the butter; add sugar. Make into a stiff dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead well on floured board. Cut into 18 equal parts; roll each into a round; make a hollow in the centre, put in a little raspberry jam, glaze round edge. Pinch together, enclosing the jam. Place on greased tin; bake in quick oven 10 to 15 minutes.

SULTANA BUNS

Eight tablespoons self-raising flour, 2 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, sultanas, sugar, cinnamon.

Sift the flour, rub in the butter, add the sugar. Make into stiff



BY WAY OF VARIETY, hot cross buns can be decorated with a cross made of icing in different colors.

LIGHT BUNS

Six tablespoons self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1oz. peel, 1 egg, salt, vanilla.

Sift the flour and salt; rub in the butter, add sugar and peel, cut into thin strips. Beat the egg well; add essence, then mix into the dry ingredients, making into a stiff dough. Divide into equal number of pieces; form into buns. Press a thin strip of peel across each bun. Glaze with egg, sprinkle with sugar, bake in quick oven about 10 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

LONDON BUNS

Eight tablespoons self-raising flour, 2 dessertspoons butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons currants or sultanas, 1 egg, little milk, salt.

Sift the flour and salt. Rub in the butter well, add prepared fruit and sugar. Make into a stiff dough, with beaten egg and milk. Divide into even-sized pieces. Make into balls, then flatten into cakes. Place on greased swiss roll tin. Glaze the tops with egg. Bake in quick oven, 10 to 12 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler.

Asparagus
Horseradish
Mushroom
Bean, Gherkins
Tomato, Celery
Tomato with Cheese
Sandwich Spread
Peanut Butter

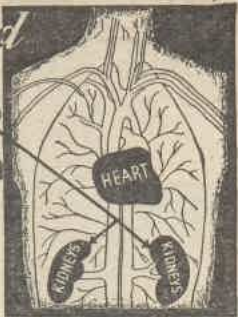
SANDWICH PASTES

• Dainty, appetising Sandwiches, quickly made for lunches, picnics, suppers, etc.



Rosella
OVER 100 PURE FOODS

Acids in Blood- must be removed by Kidneys Or your system is poisoned



Your Health is Undermined and You May Suffer from Nervousness, Circles Under Eyes, Lack of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Dizziness, Leg Pains, and Feel Tired, Run-Down, and Worn Out.

There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength, and energy, as an excess of acid in your blood. Most people when thinking of Acidity think of the stomach. However, the type of acidity that undermines health is that arising in the blood and often caused by worry, overwork, fear, late hours or over-indulgence, thus placing a heavy strain on the kidneys.

Nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess acids in the blood. This is accomplished by your Kidneys, the most intricate and delicate organs in your body. Each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 11 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, or so frequently that in a 24-hour period the kidneys actually filter and purify a barrel of blood, so that the acids and poisonous wastes may be removed.

Causes Many Troubles

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, U.S.A., recently stated: "Modern foods and drinks, nervous strain, worry, and overwork, place a tremendous load on the kidneys. For this reason, it is estimated that millions of men and women at times are troubled with poorly functioning kidneys. In fact this condition is often the real cause of thousands of people feeling older than they should, run-down, exhausted, nervous, and worn out."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately 5 pints of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every twenty-four hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these acids and wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned. Kidney and Bladder Troubles cause many diseases, such as Nervousness, Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Colds and Headaches, Rheumatism, Pains, Swollen Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching and Smelling Acidity.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Chemists and doctors in 51 countries throughout the world think that the

right way to help your kidneys function is with the doctor's prescription, Cystex, which is scientifically prepared in accordance with the requirements of the United States and British pharmacopoeia to act directly on the kidneys. For instance, Dr. C. Van Strambenz, noted European physician, stated: "I consider Cystex one of the most meritorious formulas I have ever examined, and recommend it most highly." And Dr. C. J. Roberts, formerly of the Philadelphia General Hospital, states: "In my years of practice I have employed many medicines and prescriptions to improve the functional action of the kidneys, but in my opinion there is no preparation that excels the prescription known as Cystex."

Make This 8-Day Guaranteed Test

If you are rundown, worn out, feel older than you are, or suffer from the diseases previously mentioned, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, likely are the real cause of your trouble. At any rate it will do you no harm to put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. Under the guarantee, in 8 days' time it must do the work to your complete satisfaction, or you must return the empty package and the full purchase price is refunded without question or argument. With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the kidneys. For that reason most people report a remarkable improvement within the first forty-eight hours and complete satisfaction within 8 days. In testing Cystex, you are the sole judge of your satisfaction. You must feel younger, stronger and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you must return the empty package and it costs you nothing. Cystex costs little at chemists, and as the guarantee protects you completely, you can not afford to take chances with cheap, inferior or irritating drugs or any medicine that is not good enough to be guaranteed. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Sisteck) today.

Wise women knit-to-fit with 'VIYELLA'

UNSHRINKABLE KNITTING YARN

Look! This chic jumper has been worn at least a score of times . . . yet it fits as sleekly as the day it was made. And why . . . because there's a 'life' about 'Viyella' Yarn that gives lasting style and fit to anything you knit in it.

'Viyella' is the perfect yarn for fashion knitting say famous Knitwear Designers. It never shrinks, and the colours are absolutely fast to sun and washing. And another advantage—the colours never vary. You can match up any shade of 'Viyella' Yarn, at any time, anywhere. For children's garments and lingerie use the new 'Nursery Viyella' Knitting Yarn. It is obtainable in six pastel shades, and guaranteed not to shrink or fade.

FREE INSTRUCTIONS
Please send me free knitting instructions for garment (C) as illustrated. I enclose 2d. stamp for postage.

Name _____
Address _____

Obtainable from all the leading retailers
'VIYELLA' YARN • 'NURSERY VIYELLA' YARN • 'RAMADA' WOOL
WILLIAM BOLLINS & CO. LTD., GRACE BLDG., YORK ST., SYDNEY
(Incorporated in England)

TREES and SHRUBS

Easy to Grow and Perennially Beautiful, They Should Form the Backbone of Every Garden

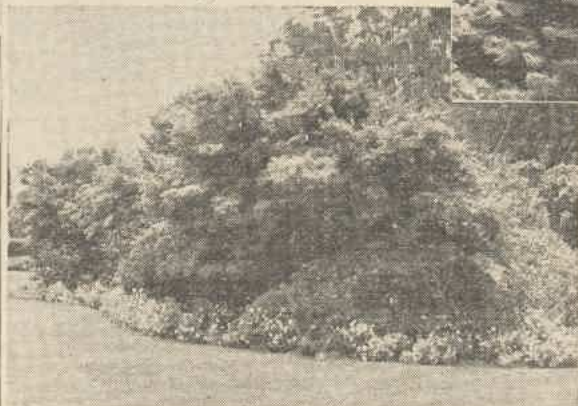
... Says the Old Gardener

No garden is complete without shrubs and trees to form borders, fill in awkward corners, provide brightness when flowers will not bloom, and make themselves generally useful in the garden.

A garden adorned with trees and shrubs is usually admired. Shrubbery has a dignified appearance and gives to the home a charm and restful appearance.



TALL TREES give dignity to the garden and have a beauty all their own. Here a graceful fir makes a pleasing silhouette against the sky.



AN ATTRACTIVE SHRUBBERY, the many different shades of green in the foliage of the various shrubs making a delightful background for the border of flowers which separates the plot from the lawn.

LARGE gardens can be made most attractive with tall trees placed artistically and bounded on all sides by flowering shrubs. Tiny gardens look well with dwarf shrubs.

Those who have the space and desire a floral display, yet have not much time to tend annuals, should fix their attention on the planting of shrubs. Perennials, in combination with shrubs, can make a really beautiful showing, and require very little attention.

In planning a shrubbery consider the whole aspect of the garden carefully. Take into consideration its size, climatic conditions, the position in which you wish each shrub to grow. Study, too, the soils, and be sure that the drainage is good, the manure well decayed.

If artificial fertilisers are to be used, make sure you are using the right kind.

Dig Deep

YOU must dig deep when planting tree or shrub, to give the roots plenty of room. Have a mound in the centre of the hole so that the roots of the plant when placed on this mound spread out in a natural fashion. If the roots are cramped or placed in a crooked manner the tree or shrub will be twice as long growing, and may, sooner or later, die off.

When planting, stand the shrub in the hole, on the centre of the mound, fill in with a little soil, then stamp round the tree well until the soil becomes firm; fill in a little more soil and repeat the whole process till the soil is used up. Then water well.

If the plants are tall and well advanced it will be necessary to stake them. In this case the stake is placed in position first, so as not to injure the roots. The tying should be done in a loop fashion around the tree, then round the stake. Be careful that the stake is well away from the tree or shrub so as to prevent rubbing. Bagging the stake to prevent any injury is a good plan.

The following are some of the varieties in shrubs:—

The Abella: Very ornamental,

growing about 4 feet in height. **Acers:** Better known as maples, splendid decoration, obtainable in many entrancing varieties.

Abutilon (Chinese Lantern): A handsome evergreen flowering shrub. **Aloysia:** Lemon-scented verbenas. **Aesculus:** Known as the horse chestnut, a splendid, shady tree requiring plenty of room, growing from 30 to 40 feet high. **Agathis:** Another very well-known tree growing to a great height.

Shade Trees

ALANTHUS GLANDULOSA, one of the most beautiful shade trees, growing about 30 feet; azaleas, delightful shrubbery, among the most popular; **arbutus**, the strawberry tree.

Callistemon (bottle brush), popular native of Australia; **brugmansia**, with its trumpet-shaped flowers; **bouvardias**, having wax-like blooms; **brunfelsia**, elegant free-flowering evergreen shrub, sweetly perfumed; **buddleia** is most attractive; **cassia**, gives a wealth of yellow blooms.

Camellias, old-time favorites, but ever popular; **berberis**, having yellow flowers and most attractive foliage; **aucuba**, or the gold dust tree, with its pretty variegated foliage—does well in shady corners.

Pink and brown **boronia** are both worth cultivating. **Deutzia**, known as wedding bells, can be recommended. **Christmas bush** here and there makes an excellent showing; **choysa**, a dwarf shrub, prettily flowered; **crataegus** and **cotoneaster**, admired for their red berries, blossoming in the late autumn; **daphne**, favored by every garden lover; **eupheia**, a dwarf with quaint flowers; **gardenia** and **francipanni**—no need to tell of their beauties.

Hibiscus, of which there are many varieties, **veronica**s prunus, with attractively-colored leaves and brilliant blooms; peach, cherry, apple, quince varieties give a wealth of color in the spring, **rhododendrons**, well known, and among the loveliest of all.

For information as to the best varieties to grow in your particular district, write to the Old Gardener, care of The Australian Women's Weekly, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

FOR PROFIT OR PLEASURE
MONEY
in MUSHROOMS
Send 6d. stamp for informative booklet on mushroom growing. Box 368688, G.P.O. Sydney.

No DANDRUFF NOW

"YOU WANT TO KNOW

what I wash my hair with? I keep to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It makes my hair beautifully glossy, and it does prevent dandruff."

Undoubtedly, Wright's is the SAFE soap for cleansing the scalp and hair. Its antiseptic properties are a dependable safeguard against dandruff; its fragrant lather stimulates and refreshes the scalp.



10½d. per cake at all Chemists and Stores.

WRIGHT'S
coal tar
SOAP

W1-63

THE BODY By EVELYN BEAUTIFUL

That Age-Old Cosmetic MILK!

Inexpensive, easy to obtain and use, it works wonders for the face as a beauty aid . . .

CENTURIES ago, famous beauties realised the value of milk as an external cosmetic for the skin. Cleopatra popularised the daily use of milk as a beauty aid. Nero's wife, Poppaea, bathed in milk. To-day, in beauty centres of the world, milk baths are prescribed for those who seek loveliness.

THERE are ever so many ways of using milk for the complexion. Its general effect is to whiten, stimulate, nourish, and soften.

Many excellent packs are simply made with milk. Perhaps the most popular is one combined with oatmeal, another humble household commodity.

If your skin is looking muddy, and has that tired and sallow look which simply won't go with chic autumn creations, try an oatmeal pack!

To half a cup of toilet oatmeal add enough milk to make a thick paste, apply it carefully to the face and neck, and then stretch out luxuriously on the bed or couch and relax completely for a quarter of an hour. Then wash the face thoroughly with warm water, dry gently, and apply some mild astringent, such as witch hazel. Soon your skin will feel grand—tingling with health, and muscles tautened.

After the blazing sun and drying winds of summer, even the hardest skins will be looking sadly "weathered" and neglected.

If your skin is suffering from that after-summer drabness, there is nothing to equal the milk and honey pack. Honey nourishes and feeds the skin, while milk soothes it, and will help to banish any roughness due to exposure.

So add a teaspoon of honey and a dash of witch hazel to half a glass of milk, mix thoroughly, and smooth gently over the face and neck and allow to dry. Finally bathe with warm water, after which your skin should have that delightfully youthful and sparkling look which is so irresistible.

There's nothing more attractive to dusky brunette or vivid blonde than a skin turned golden brown by the sun.

But alas! When summer fades you are left with a sallow complexion soon is disconcertingly transformed

into a muddy and unbecoming shade of brown. Something must be done about it—something which will once more bring that translucent loveliness to your skin, and allow you to greet winter with confidence and chic. Once more salvation lies in the magic qualities of milk!

Mould white bread with scrupulously clean fingers until it is soft and doughy, drop on a teaspoonful of lemon juice and knead again, then soften with milk until the pack is sufficiently sticky to adhere to the face.

Spread on and leave for 15 minutes. This pack has, as well as a bleaching effect, a drying action which is good for those who suffer with greasy skins.

If your eyes are tired and sore,

MILK PATTED INTO THE SKIN is used as a protection against harsh winds by Claire Dodd, of Warner Bros. She allows the shine to remain, but if you do not like a shiny skin the milk will act as a good powder base.

milk is incomparable to soothe and rejuvenate. Try sponging the eyes with lukewarm milk, or better still, place cotton-wool pads, soaked in milk, over your eyes and relax completely for a while. It is always an additional help if you can rest whilst the milk is doing its soothing work.

After removing the pads allow the milk to dry in and then gently rinse off with tepid water.

If your skin is dry and likely to be badly affected by harsh winds, pat in some warm milk before going

out-of-doors. You will find, if you apply it carefully and evenly, the milk makes quite a good powder base as well as protecting the skin.

Some people, whose skin is not as clear as it might be, find it necessary to use a more solid powder base, so in that case it would be a good idea to apply the milk as soon as you come in from your out-of-doors sport.

Let the milk thoroughly settle, and use the rich, creamy part from the top.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT. Can acne be cured or does one have to outgrow it?

PIMPLES, a common skin blemish, especially frequent about the time of puberty, often are so numerous as almost to disfigure the face. They may also appear on the back and other parts of the body.

People suffering from acne should not, however, consider it as inevitable, nor feel that nothing can be done to remedy or cure the condition.

Health as perfect as possible is essential if favorable results are to be obtained. One reason why young persons are afflicted with acne is because they favor sweets, tending to over-indulge in them.

Fried and made-over dishes, spicy and rich foods of all kinds, and condiments, likewise are detrimental to the skin.

First of all, the patient should always overcome constipation when it is present. Plenty of water should be taken between meals. Exercise in the open air is desirable.

If the patient is overweight, he or she should regulate the diet until a standard is reached. The same applies to underweight individuals.

The skin itself should be kept thoroughly clean with a soft water and a non-irritating soap.

In all cases, the tone of the skin is poor as well as the circulation. This must be built up.

A cool or cold shower or tub daily often accomplishes wonders in toning up skin and the entire system. This should be done gradually, however; that is, the patient's daily bath should start with lukewarm water, making it a trifle colder each day.

FOR Young WIVES And MOTHERS

Good Nutrition and Steady Progress

By A TRUBY KING EXPERT

Baby's weight is an important guide to progress, but there are other valuable guides which must be taken into consideration at the same time.

WE have two main standards to consider. There is the average, normal child, who follows the average rule—grows and develops regularly.

Then there is the child who from the very beginning differs in many ways—yet is a perfectly normal, healthy child

following his own particular type.

Some children pull themselves up on to their little feet and stand at eight or nine months, or even earlier. Others lay till thirteen months or longer. Some cut teeth early or late as the case may be. Yet this is not a matter for concern where the child looks and is otherwise well.

Some children require more food than others. They use and burn up more calories in the daily need.

Others may require only half the set standard, yet are perfectly normal and sturdy little people, making even progress and looking well.

Beware of judging one little person by another, even in the same family.

Food is an important factor in the nutrition of an infant or child, but good general routine, correct environment, wise handling and exercise are all contributing factors.

Lack of fresh air, over-play, over-stimulation, over-anxiety on the part of parents or guardians, irregularity of meals and general routine, all have effect upon the nutrition and temperament of children and young infants.

The psychology of the individual infant, also, must not be lost sight of. There is the placid, happy baby, busy with his own concerns notwithstanding any happenings around him. And there is the little one who sobs when other children cry, or if an unsympathetic voice is heard.

These latter can fret till all desire for food is gone, disturbed sleep follows, and loss of weight. They need bright, happy tones in the voices of those around them, and firm, quiet handling till they are big enough to reason for themselves if they are to have even, regular growth.

A WONDERFUL OFFER

Reduce your Hips, Waist and Bust

3 inches in 10 days

with the New Wonder Latex Girdle

OR IT WON'T COST YOU A PENNY!



SENT ON 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL



Actual Size of Perforations

FROM THIS TO THIS



THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

The perforated Latex Girdle is constructed so that the large perforations form minute suction cups which work constantly while you walk, work, or sit. Its massage-like action gently and surely eliminates fat with every move you make.

WE HAVE SUCH CONFIDENCE IN OUR GIRDLES THAT WE SEND THEM ON 10-DAYS FREE TRIAL. POSTAGE PAID

WE TAKE ALL THE RISK. YOU DO NOT RISK ONE PENNY

The new Latex wonder Girdle banishes figure faults and imparts a charming appearance as soon as wrapped on. After having massaged away the superfluous fat, it leaves your figure shapely and more supple, your health improved. The girdle can then be worn as a foundation garment which clings to your figure as a second skin, giving a most graceful appearance.

Don't Delay! Reduce the Way Doctors Recommend. Prove without cost to yourself, quickly and definitely in 10 days, that our very efficient girdle will do all we say. Try it for 10 days. You will be the sole judge.

SLIMFORM GIRDLE CO. LTD., 238-6 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Below are my measurements. It is distinctly understood the girdle is not to cost me one Penny unless I am thoroughly satisfied.

Waist _____ Hips _____ Bust _____ Height _____

Pin 2d. Stamp Here.

MAKES YOUR SKIN lighter, fresher and younger!



The increasing evidence of the years will be changed to the glorious freshness of youthful loveliness when you start to use "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream. It is a marvelous discovery! No matter your age or how rough, red, "retired," freckled or blemished your complexion, as soon as you apply "FACIAL YOUTH" you double your beauty. This cream disappears into the skin—but is more than an ordinary vanishing cream. "Facial Youth" is a real beautifier—a means of quickly gaining a loveliness impossible to secure in any other way. Nothing else like it. It gives you back the charm of girlhood. You will look and feel years younger. "FACIAL YOUTH" BEAUTY CREAM whitens the skin, smooths out the lines, prevents shiny nose, eradicates "blackheads," and eliminates enlarged pores. It holds powder perfectly for hours. Fragrantly perfumed, but no spirit to irritate a sensitive skin; no grease to grow hair. Use "Facial Youth" yourself this very day. See how it refreshes and revitalizes your skin. How it increases your charm and attractiveness. Judge it in your mirror and by the compliments you receive!



KATHLEEN COURT'S 'facial youth' BEAUTY CREAM

Obtainable everywhere. Tubes 1/- and 1/9; jars 2/6.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Send For These Patterns Now!



WW1535.—Vivid style for a smart woollen material, showing unusual collar treatment. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE:
To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.

WW1537.—Glamorous evening gown with sleeves and basque. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1538.—Smart, military-style frock. Shoulder treatment very new. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1539.—Very modern style with smart, unusual features. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

TRIM FROCKS FOR MATRONS

Three-in-one Pattern Costs 3d.

THE three delightful frocks shown at left may be all made from our special three-in-one concession pattern for this week. Pattern cut in three sizes, 38, 40, 42-inch bust, and in each one size costs 3d, which includes postage.

Material required for each frock: 4½ yards, 36 inches, and for No. 1 frock 5-8 yard contrast; for No. 2 frock ½ yard contrast.

Materials that would look well made up in these styles—wool-de-chene, wool georgette, light fleck tweed, angora cloth.

To obtain pattern fill in coupon at right, enclose 3d in stamps, and send to our offices.

WW1540.—Delightful little coat for tweed, a la Princess Elizabeth. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Material required: 1½ to 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WW1541.—Double-breasted overcoat for boys aged 4 to 10 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—

ADELAIDE—Box 338A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 182, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 4205Y, G.P.O.

If calling, 108 Castlereagh St. Tasmanian readers may obtain patterns by writing to our Melbourne office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Pattern Coupon, 20/3/37.



Needlework Notions

ADORABLE for CHILDREN

Useful little
garments decorated with
quaint nursery motifs.

YOU can obtain the paper pat-
terns for making the garments,
together with the transfer for the
dainty embroidery motifs from
our Needlework Department.

There is a sweet little pleated
apron for a small girl; a useful play
overall, also for a girl; a pair of very
practical trouser overalls for a small
boy; and a serviceable dressing-
gown for either a boy or a girl.

Remnants would be sufficient to
make any of the play garments.

The dressing-gown would be
charming made in pink or blue
ripple wool cloth. It requires 2½
yards.

The prices from our Needlework
Department are:—

Dressing-gown, sizes 2 to 10 years,
paper pattern 1/-.

Transfer design, size 12 by 20
inches, including various designs,
price 1/-.

Girl's apron, pleated front; girl's
overall; boy's trouser overalls, sizes
2 to 10 years, paper patterns 10d.
each.

Transfer design for embroidery
with various motifs, size 10 by 20
inches, price 1/-.

The transfers are most useful, for
the motifs can also be used for
decorating cot spreads, nursery cur-
tains, cushions, and other items.



CHILDREN
would love these
dainty garments,
especially if
adorned with
quaint little yards,
ducks, windmills or
swan motifs. Patterns
for the three play
garments and the dressing-
gown together with trans-
fers of the various motifs are
obtainable from our Needle-
work Department.



SOME of the quaint little em-
broidery motifs included in the
transfer sheets, which are priced
at 1/- each, and measure 10 x 20
and 12 x 20 inches.

CUTS



NO matter how small
the cut, apply
Rexona Ointment
without delay!
Rexona safeguards
cuts against dan-
gerous infection
by sealing out the
germ-laden air.
Rexona soothes
the stinging pain,
too, and helps to
form a new
healthy skin, with-
out a scar.

TREATMENT:
Wash thoroughly
with REXONA-MEDICATED SOAP
and warm water (cold, if there is much
bleeding). Apply Rexona Ointment on
a piece of linen; bandage in position.
Rexona Medicated Soap contains the
same soothing, healing properties as
Rexona Ointment. Together, they form
a complete skin treatment.

"THE BEST OINTMENT IN THE
WORLD," writes, Mr. G. Phillips, of
10 Glen Road, Armcliffe.
"I always keep Rexona in the
house. I find it the best and
quickest healer for all kinds
of cuts. It is the best
ointment in the world."

Rexona
The Rapid Healer
OINTMENT, 1/6 per tin, SOAP, 9d. tablet.
(Cuts and Burns)

WALK INTO AUTUMN IN THIS SMART SUIT

Hand-braiding in same or contrasting tones
gives it charming distinction.

PATTERN for making the suit,
together with a transfer for the
braiding is obtainable from our
Needlework Department.



PATTERN is obtainable for this
smart autumn suit finished with
distinctive hand braiding for which
you can also obtain a transfer.

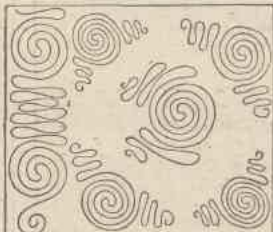
or for the older woman, the suit
pictured here is one of the smartest.
It is cut on newest lines with high
shoulder line, buttons up to the
neck in front and is neatly belted.

The fascinating braiding design
round the hem of the coat, on the
collar, the cuffs and pockets may be
worked in braid, colored wools, or
silk. It is a matter for prefer-
ence whether you work the design
in the same shade as the suit or in
a contrasting color.

The prices from our Needlework
Department are:

Two-piece suit, sizes 32, 34, 36,
38, and 40-inch bust, paper pattern,
complete with cuttings and making
instructions, price 1/1.

Transfer for braiding, price 1/6.
Address of Needlework Depart-
ment, The Australian Women's
Weekly, 158 Castlereagh Street,
Sydney. Interstate postal addresses
will be found on pattern page.



PORTION of the transfer show-
ing the design for braiding on the
suit illustrated on the left.

"Eleanor" Knitted Dress
FOR the benefit of readers who
are knitting the dress "Eleanor,"
instructions for which appeared on
page 8 of our Knitting Supplement
of February 27, and found diffi-
culty in following the second row
of the pattern, here are simpler
directions:

2nd Row: * P. 2, k. 2 tog. f.b.;
p. 1, k. 2 tog. f.b.; p. 2, k. 2, re-
peat from * to end of row.
Continental Jersey, by Anny
Blatt (page 2), 59th row should
read; Centre 23 sta., p. 5, k. 5, p. 3, k.
5, p. 5.

CHILDS QUARREL STARTS GOOD HABIT



Even if your coloured frock is extra
gay—it is quite safe in PERSIL's
gentle suds. For PERSIL contains
good soap plus oxygen—millions
of oxygen bubbles force the active
PERSIL suds through the closest
weave. That is why every garment
comes out of a PERSIL wash
really clean. Woollens and
silks too are safe in PERSIL.
Use PERSIL alone.

BEWARE OF
IMITATIONS
J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.
PERSIL keeps colours bright and gay



NEARLY
TIME
FOR
ROBINSON'S
"PATENT"
BARLEY
& GROATS

These sturdy twins are typical of thousands of
babies who year by year are successfully
brought through infancy to sturdy childhood
with the help of Robinson's "Patent" Barley
and "Patent" Groats.

FREE
"Recipe Book" containing a collection of
appetizing, nutritive "Barley and Groats
Recipes" will be sent you post free if you
write to Colman-Keen (A/asia) Ltd.,
G.P.O. Box 2503 M.M., Sydney, N.S.W.

LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from
Page 40

"If everyone would
sew with 'Sylko'
we'd have no
complaints
about faded
seams"



DEWHURST'S "SYLKO"

MACHINE TWIST

(Silk Substitute) (Mercerised)

the supreme sewing thread,
renowned for its strength,
smoothness and durability;

the thread that never
fades

OVER 300 ALL FAST COLORS
100 YARDS REELS SIZE No. 40

Sold by leading departmental
stores



"Do you own this
ship by any chance?" she inquired
as they marched along the alley-
way behind one of the pursers
and a procession of stewards.

"If I do, it's yours," Katharine
answered smiling.

They had large cabins, with a
communicating door, on C deck:
Madden's was on the starboard
side opposite, further aft. At once
Nancy was engaged by the collec-
tion of telegrams, messages and
flowers which awaited them, while
Katharine talked to Mrs. Robbins,
the stewardess, who invariably
looked after her. A moment later
Mr. Pym, the chief purser, came
along. He was a portly, red-faced
man with protuberant eyes and
in addition a slight squint, which
he turned, very cleverly, into a
sidelong, beaming look.

"Well, well," he declared, hold-
ing Katharine's hand in his with
an air of happy privilege, "it's fine
to have you with us again, Miss
Lorimer. And you've brought your
niece, too. I hope we'll have a good
crossing. Anything I can do, Miss
Lorimer, you know you've only got
to say the word."

"You can put this in your safe
for a start," said Katharine, tak-
ing the miniature from her case.

He accepted it with fitting re-
spect.

"Ah, yes, I read about your pur-
chase, Miss Lorimer. You may
trust me to take care of it." He
beamed across his nose again.

"Now tell me, do you want to be
gay this trip, Miss Lorimer? Or
quiet?"

Katharine darted an amused
glance at Nancy.

"Gay, I think, Mr. Pym, con-
sidering the circumstances."

"Very well, Miss Lorimer, I'll

attend to it. You'll find yourselves
at the captain's table." He rubbed
his hands together softly and re-
treated, sideways, like a benign
crab, towards the door. "Mean-
while I'll send you along a little
fruit. Nothing nicer in the cabin
than a little fruit."

This was a famous aphorism of
the famous Mr. Pym—but only re-
peated to his favored guests. He
had, in fact, scarcely gone before
a steward arrived bearing a basket
of the most lovely noxious fruits
—peaches, nectarines, mandarins,
a great fat pine and an enormous
bunch of Colmar grapes, each per-
fect in its unbroken bloom.

Nancy picked one carefully,
sank her white little teeth in its
soft flesh, then cocked her head at
Katharine.

"How do you do it, darling?"
she reflected airily. "Service for
ladies. Reception a la duchesse.
Everything too marvellous."

Katharine's expression altered
at Nancy's tone.

"I don't know," she answered
rather shortly. "I don't ask them
to do it. And they know there's
precious little of the duchess about
me."

"Nothing nicer," continued
Nancy in a perfect burlesque of
the chief purser, "than a little
fruit in the cabin. — his captain's
table, you'll find yourself, my dear
Miss Lorimer. And your niece, too.
She's fond of fruit, I trust? Ah!
I hope you'll have a nice crossing.
With a little fruit in the cabin."
She laughed, that sharp little
laugh in which there seemed a
hidden scratch. "Isn't he a
ridiculous old bird, Katharine?"

BUT Katharine
did not laugh. She reddened and
for a second her brows drew down.
"I don't like that, Nancy," she
said steadily. "That old bird, as
you call him, is one of my best
friends. He's shown me endless
kindness since I made my first
trip. I was your age, but too shy
and nervous to speak to a soul. He
took me in hand and introduced
me to people. He helped me find
my feet. He was decent to me.
And he always has been decent. As
for his being ridiculous, a great
many famous people, I may tell
you, are glad to call Pym their
friend. He's a very real person."

"Darling Katharine," cried
Nancy instantly, "I didn't mean
anything. I didn't know you felt
that way about him. As for his
kindness, and all his attention, it's
gorgeous, simply wonderful to
me."

There was a pause, then
Katharine's smile broke through
again.

"That's all that matters, then.
I knew you couldn't mean it. And
if you're happy, so am I."

A few minutes later they went
up to the promenade deck where
Upton stood with Mabel and
Madden awaiting them. Mabel,
even more distinctly anti-social
since her corridor rebuff, and al-
ready experiencing the beginnings
of a mild hang-over, had preferred
a tour of the ship to a more inti-
mate inspection of the cabins below.
And now the imminence of de-
parture was in the air. Already a
steward was beating upon the
gong. People began to move to-
wards the gangways.

"We'll have to be going pre-
sently," said Upton with quite a
prodigious sigh. "Promise me
you'll take care of yourself and all
that, Katharine."

"Of course I will, Charley." He
looked so woebegone, as he always
did on these occasions, that her
heart went out to him. His de-
votion to her was so constant,
undemanding and so absurdly
sentimental that it sometimes
moved her, as it did now, to an
impulse of real tenderness.

"Dash it all," he went on, "I
always feel so dismal when you're
away. If you're out too long this
time, hanged if I don't take an-
other trip over and fetch you
back."

The gong went on sounding.

"We'd better go now," Mabel
sniffed. "Good-bye, Katharine."
She extended a sulky hand.
"Good-bye, Nancy. I hope every-
thing will be all right."

Please turn to Page 49

END CORN WITH

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on the pain is gone!

Relief from burning, pinching,
corn pressure comes within 3
minutes of using Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads for corns, sore toes,
painful callouses or throbbing
nailous.

These pads are thin, sooth-
ing, protective and HEAL-
ING! They relieve the pain
and prevent the cause
(shoe pressure and fric-
tion) while the special
Medicated Discs remove
the oldest, stubbornest
corn.

FREE! Sample Zino Corn
pad and 48-page booklet.
"Treatment and care of
the feet," posted free
on request to Farleigh
Netheim & Co.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-strate Heelpads

Prevent shoes running
over, preserve their
shape and cor-
rect faulty walking.
Save repair bills. All
sizes. For men,
women and children.

Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex

Gives instant relief
and corrects the
cause of the bunion;
acts as an even, out-
ward pressure, straight-
ening the crooked toe. Soft,
sanitary.

On Sale at Chemists, Chiropodists, Shoe
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Agents for Queensland: Farleigh, Netheim
(Qld.) Pty. Ltd., 35 Charlotte St., Brisbane.
N.S.W. Wholesale Distributors: Farleigh
Netheim and Co., 1-15 Poveaux St., Sydney.

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Iodex iodine ointment is invaluable
in the treatment of disfiguring
skin ailments. Pimples and skin
blotches yield quickly to its antiseptic, pen-
etrating powers, even when they have proved
stubborn to many forms of treatment.

Iodex does not stain, irritate or blister the skin.

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do in all emergencies.
Should be in every
home. Write for your
copy now. The Iodex
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IODEX

NO-STAIN IODINE
Price 2/- From all Chemists

BABY'S HEALTH

Mother praises these powders..

Mrs. Hart writes:—
"Your Infants' Powders proved a bless-
ing to our baby, when cutting his teeth,
as the hot climate here upsets most
babies. Other powders acted too harshly
on the bowels resulting in a bad form of
diarrhoea; but
Ashton & Par-
sons' Infants'
Powders have
proved over and
over again to be
evenly balanced.
Whenever my
friends come
here with a sick
child out comes
the little 'box
of cure' as used
in Royal Nurseries."

A fretful, crying,
feverish child is quickly soothed and en-
joys food and restful sleep throughout
the critical stage of acquiring little teeth
when Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Pow-
ders are used. Ask for them by name.

**ASHTON & PARSONS
INFANTS' POWDERS**
Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and
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FROM HEAVY



TO SMART



WITH
"Controlacing"

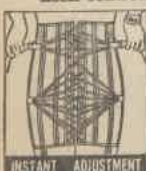
THE CANDID CAMERA SHOWS HOW

NEW "Controlacing" Berlei

re-organised her figure!

Illustrating the actual case of a customer who reduced her abdominal
measurement by inches... in fact, re-organised her figure... with a
"Controlacing" Berlei.

Of heavy Abdomen type, her figure is one of the most difficult to fit
satisfactorily. What a difference with a "Controlacing" Berlei! Instant
reduction in abdominal measurement, neater waistline, smooth hips. And
she will reduce further at waist and hips as she continues to wear this
flesh-controlling Berlei.



Patented "Liftbac" Feature...

Adjustment is simplicity itself... merely pull side straps.
Immediately, back lacing is regulated, abdomen flesh
lifted up and back the organs supported as Nature
intended. Straps lock automatically and remain that way
until you take off garment.

EVERY "CONTROLACING" FOUNDATION
CARRIES THE BERLEI GUARANTEE



"Controlacing"
Berlei can be per-
sonally fitted at
any store.
Moderately
priced, too.

A LONG blast upon the ship's siren and a throb of life vibrating through the hull expedited an awkward moment. Upton said good-bye to Nancy and Madden, then, pressing Katharine's hand in his, he turned quickly and followed Mabel down the gangway. Something rueful in his retreating figure plucked at Katharine. She moved away from Nancy and Madden, who now stood close together by the rail watching the slow edging of the ship from the quay, and climbed slowly to the boat deck above. Here, on its deserted stretch, quite damp from the soft sea mist, she began to pace up and down, her mood fallen unexpectedly towards the verge of sadness. The ship, closely plied by two tugs, was veering gradually towards the Solent. Soon, however, a quicker and more powerful pulse activated her. The dun-

LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 48

colored water rushed past with greater speed, the swooping gulls slipped far astern into the churning wake, the land began to fade. It was a moment curiously touching and impressive, and though Katharine did not break the spell by attempting to analyse her sensations, she had the impression of sweeping into another world whose shapes were phantom-like and sad. But its desolation, at least, was broken by a step matching her own. Swinging round, she found Madden beside her, and immediately her despondency dropped from her and she was pervaded by

a sense of comfort in his companionship.

"Nancy sent me up," he explained. "She's gone down below to straighten up."

She nodded, pacing beside him in friendly silence.

"Oughtn't you to have a coat on?" he asked at length. "It's cold for you up here."

"No, I like it," she answered. Again there came a silence which, as though bringing himself to it, he broke with disturbing suddenness.

"That fellow Upton," he began, "he's a good sort. He looks easy and slack, but he's a regular fellow for all that." He paused significantly. "And he's up to his ears in love with you."

Katharine, taken aback, made no reply, but continued to walk beside him.

"I've been figuring things out in my head," he went on, his expression meditative, even troubled. "It's pretty fair cheek on my part. I've only known you a short while, but that doesn't prevent me feeling as if I'd known you all my life. And I can't help thinking—"

He broke off. Another pause. Stealing a glance at his worried face, which appeared nevertheless concentrated and full of purpose, she smiled faintly and inquired:

"Well?"

"Well, it's like this, Katharine. I've seen a good bit of you lately, and it struck me you don't get as much out of life as you ought to. You're never tired of doing things

My Favorite Poem

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God is in His heaven
All's right with the world.

—Robert Browning.

Sent by Martha Longe, 51 Gregory Terrace, Brisbane.

for other people. It's give, give, give with you all the time, but, darn it all—you never seem to get. Maybe it's because I'm so happy with Nancy I want you to be happy, too—I don't know. But I guess it's time something was fixed up about you. I'm making too long a speech altogether. All I want to say is, why don't you marry Upton and let him take care of you for good?"

For a moment she did not answer. If anyone else had spoken to her upon such a subject she would have been deeply offended. But now she was not offended. She was half nonplussed, half pleased. It was, of course, ridiculous for him to talk to her like a grand-uncle, yet she could not help being moved by his obvious solicitude—perhaps affection was the better word—for her.

"No," she replied at length. "I can't see myself letting poor Charley take care of me."

"Why not? He's rich enough."

"Does that matter?"

"I guess it helps some."

Katharine shook her head as she answered:

"It wouldn't help me. You see, I'm quite old-fashioned, incurably romantic and dreadfully stupid. If I had made up my mind to marry, money wouldn't matter a scrap to me. It just happens that I don't love Charley."

Again there came a pause. Her answer drew him up yet seemed to give him little satisfaction.

"Well," he said slowly, that vague frown still between his eyes. "If that's the case you can't get past it."

"No!" she answered quietly.

They walked the deck in silence after that, hearing the thrum of the wind against the superstructure of the waves upon the hull far beneath them. Then, as the early darkness came upon them and the ship's lights broke out like stars, she left him and went below.

PEEK FREAN CRACKERETTES for Savouries

BOTH SIMPLE AND SUPERB!!



Serve Peek Frean Crackerettes at your next party. Their delicate flavour blends with any savoury mixture, from butter-and-cheese upwards! Busy hostesses prefer Peek Frean Crackerettes because they butter easily without crumbling.

Only Peek Frean's bakers can produce biscuits of such unequalled quality. Others may look as crisp and golden-tinted, but they can never taste the same as Crackerettes—which are lighter and more puffy than ever. Beware of cheap imitations. Ask your grocer for Peek Frean Crackerettes—and see that you get them.

Photographs—actual size.

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PEEK FREAN

OBTAINABLE AT ALL GROCERS AND STORES



"What a LOVELY CLEAN TONGUE!"

THIS young man has never had anything wrong with him, because his mother has always been very particular about keeping his tummy in order. That hasn't been difficult, for she uses an opening medicine which is extremely good, but which children

like as much as "lollies"—Laxettes! To keep your children very happy and very well, give them Laxettes—which do the greatest good, and do it in the finest way, gently, easily, with no nervous upsets or strain. Try a large tin (1/6d.), or a small sample tin (6d.), but make absolutely sure of genuine Laxettes by asking for "a tin—a TIN—of Laxettes."

LAXETTES

Please turn to Page 50

HOORAY!



Easter Gifts for Lucky Lasses

HOLEPROOF

present

Two of their best loved Styles at Popular NEW Prices

Gay Deceiver

The Loveliest of all 4-Thread Sheets

Called Gay Deceiver because it is so gay, sheer, and alluring, yet beneath it all there are cunningly concealed long-wearing qualities. Here is a name that has captured the imagination of the fairest in the four corners of the land. Born in 1912—the year of need, when women were starting their search for sheer and lovely hosiery, it has sped on its triumphant way—until today find a more glamorous Gay Deceiver in its fifth year of popularity. At the new price, it is definite that never before has so much loveliness in hosiery been offered at such a reasonable price.

6/11

All-in-One

The Stocking With Everything

You'll love them at first sight . . . and ever after. For in no other stocking will you find the stiffer TWO-WAY-STRETCH, due to the magical crinkly crepe treatment of the silk . . . or such sheerness, softness and outstanding wear and perfect fit for every leg-size. Plenty of knee action, too, absorbing the strain and giving longer wear. That's the reason they're called All-in-One.

7/11

Give Yourself an Easter Gift

LOVELY NAILS

THIS EASY
CUTEX WAY

Use the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover to keep your fingertips well-groomed. It contains a special oil that helps prevent parched, ragged cuticle.

Remove old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover. Its lubricating action benefits the nail and cuticle. Then apply the new Cutex Polish that flows on more smoothly... wears longer... and is usable to the last drop.

You'll want to choose one of the Cutex "smoky" shades that are so soft and glowing—so flattering to your hands—

Old Rose Mauve
Rust Robin Red



Send 3d in stamps for Cutex trial kit containing materials for complete manicure, including the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover.

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Name

Address

T.W.3.

CUTEX
Everything for Lovely Nails

LADY with
CARNATIONSContinued from
Page 49

DINNER that evening was informal and unprolonged, since Captain Ireland never appeared on the first night out, and none of the seasoned passengers troubled to change. But, judged by their table companions—Jay French, the cosmopolitan journalist, Edward Brett, an architect of international reputation, and Lady Blandwell, who was bent upon her first lecture tour of the United States—the crossing promised to be amusing. French, whose tired and disillusioned face disguised a most infectious brand of humor, was very funny on the topic of his own lecture experiences and even rarer in his advice to Irene Blandwell upon the gentle art of beguiling audiences.

FOR the American continent he advised one lecture, learnt by heart, dotted with impromptu jokes, all rehearsed beforehand and preceded by a spot of snappy publicity. "Japanese Wife of British Peer on American Womanhood," he suggested as the most appropriate caption. And when she protested that she was Saxon to the core, he indicated urbanely that the difficulty could be easily overcome if she would consent to take the stage in a pink kimono.

The next day came, and ship-board life began its measured yet exciting course. The sea, obedient to Mr. Pym's injunction, was calm. Katharine fell into her usual routine as though she had known none other than a maritime existence. In the morning there was a spell in the gymnasium, followed by a plunge in the swimming-bath of Ionian marble—known euphoni-

ously as the Olympian Pool. Nancy, inclined to indolence, would have lain abed, but Katharine, always a demon for exercise when afloat, dragged her up for medicine ball, a work out on a rowing machine and a gallop on the electric horse. Then came the usual sweepstake excitement and the declaration of the day's run. After luncheon, when not inveigled by the racing game, by Brett's request for bridge or French's demand for poker, they wrapped themselves in rugs and lay in a sheltered nook of the



MISS PAT QUINAN, who recently returned by air from England, will broadcast a radio interview with Dorothea Vautier during The Australian Women's Weekly session from 2GB on Thursday, March 18, at 11.45 a.m.

—Raymond Sawyer.

These are the Sachets

that make
the waves

that make you say

"The loveliest Wave I ever had... it's a
EUGENE

The success of your wave is important to your hairdresser... but it's much more important to you. The result will be on your head, so see for yourself what you're getting. Here are some facts which will help you...

First, see that sachets are used. This is most important, as the use of sachets in permanent waving is essential for hair safety. Then, see that the sachets are perforated, and carry the

Eugene (Aust.) Ltd, Sydney . . . London . . . Paris . . . New York . . . Berlin . . . Barcelona
Genuine EUGENE WAVES are obtainable from all first-class hairdressers throughout Australia.

Eugene emblem—the sign of a perfect permanent wave. The Waving Lotion will filter gradually through those perforations, giving you a better wave.

Don't wait to see if your wave is bad. Make sure in advance that it will be good. Insist that your hairdresser uses only genuine Eugene sachets on your hair.

Trade Mark
Reg'd.

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Who wants to make the most
of her opportunities

The H. & R. Lady Secretary's course will fit you for a position in a field in which there is a great future for young women who desire to make the most of their opportunities.

Typing and Stenography will always be essential to any office, but the carrier in business for ambitious girls to-day, is Lady Secretaryship. H. & R. can fit you for that career—can put your head and shoulder above the crowd.

Get Out of the Crowd.

Decide now that you wish to make the most of your career in business, however brief the time may be before you contemplate leaving it. Fit yourself now while you can, and assure yourself of a future no matter what may happen. There is always a position waiting for a Lady Secretary who has trained with H. & R. Write to-night for particulars. H. & R., nearest capital city, is sufficient address.

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Dear Sirs,
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Name..... Age.....
Address.....
Subject..... 19/347

Acid
Stomach is
DangerousSufferers from Indigestion
CUT THIS OUT

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with poison or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the acid fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralize or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia, and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and neutralize an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from any reliable chemist. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use. Is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.***



Untroubled by Teething

Avoid constipation and its attendant dangers by using Steedman's Powders. Gently and safely they keep baby regular in his habits, his bloodstream cool during teething. Used by mothers for over 100 years for children up to 14 years of age.

"Finds its Mother's" Teething
powder free on request
**GIVE
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POWDERS**
FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, Eng.

To Be Continued

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THE MOVIE WORLD

March 20, 1937

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

From JOHN B. DAVIES, our New York and Hollywood Correspondent.

Died in Poverty

MARIE PREVOST, one-time queen of Mack Sennett beauties, died alone in her tiny apartment with no friend at her side but her faithful little dachshund. Once she and Gloria Swanson were equally famous. She was sought after by every studio. Then the talkies came, and Mary found no place for herself in the new regime.

Her body was found lying

Girls Criticise Handsome Robert

AMONG Robert Taylor's great heap of fan mail from adoring lasses all over the world are a few notes of criticism. The chief complaint is that he looks too beautiful on the screen.

So now he is leaving off grease paint, and does not slick his hair down, which helps to make him look less "pretty."

across the bed, clad in silk pyjamas, flat on her face. She had been there nearly three days. It looked as if she had dropped there in sheer exhaustion.

In the days when she and Monte Blue were the highest-paid Warner stars, Mary owned three houses and a seaside resort place. She was surrounded by gay friends and every comfort money could buy.

In recent years she was pursued relentlessly by ill-fortune. The sound pictures came in, she was troubled by the problem of weight, her mother died, and she and her husband, Kenneth Harlan, whom she used to love dearly, were separated. Her once brilliant career faded almost into nothingness.

Marie was born in Canada 38 years ago.

Elaine's Alimony

ELAINE BARRY said she would not demand permanent support of John Barrymore, but meanwhile is petitioning for five hundred pounds a month temporary alimony.

Her statement to the Court is that she is seeking a divorce in order to concentrate and devote all her time to her career. She says that the famous actor has an income of £2500 a month, and is worth more than £20,000.



Of Possible Interest

JOHNNY WEISMULLER sent Jackie, the lion of "Tarzan Escapes," 25 pounds of prime beef for a birthday present.

Director Anton Litvak has presented Miriam Hopkins with an imported sport clip watch. The blonde star is wearing it during her work in "Escadrille."

Lulise Rainer wears her wedding ring on her right hand. It must be an old Hungarian custom. The little Rainer, as she is affectionately known at the studio, is on a diet in preparation for "Maiden Voyage," in which she stars with Robert Taylor.

GALLERY OF STARS

Ann Shirley

Starred in R.K.O.'s "Make Way For a Lady."

Shirley and "Quins"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE and the Dionne "Quins" in a spectacular musical! This is Fox Studio's idea of something that ought to smash box-office records.

Perhaps, by the time the opus goes into production, the Dionne youngsters may be old enough to sing a hot number in chorus and top it off with a snappy buck and wing dance.

Reason for this brainwave is that Shirley stories are getting harder to obtain all the time. Hence the idea of a "Kiddie Revue." It is scheduled to be started immediately on completion of Shirley's "Wee Willie Winkie."

Kidnapper Captured

JANE WITHERS and Freddie Bartholomew have been relieved of their kidnapping fears with the arrest of a 47-year-old ex-convict, one, Dave Harris. He admitted authorship of threatening letters demanding £5000 from Mrs. Bartholomew and £2000 from Mrs. Withers.

HAS HOLLYWOOD REALLY



Truth About "Back-to-Farm" Stories

By GRACE ARMOUR

NOBODY stays put in Hollywood. Nothing remains the same overnight. To-morrow's pastimes are next week's memories. Sports, games, fashions, fads and crazes—everything moves with the speed of a delirium on parade.

They're always getting a new enthusiasm, these movie stars. They've had it for yachts. They went crazy for tennis, for badminton, for the desert, for bicycles. And now, if you believe some of the blurbs emanating from the press-agentry of this fair city, Hollywood's newest fad is husbandry (which means agriculture, and NOT matrimony!)

ACCORDING to these over-zealous Press boys, the film colony has gone farm up a stray pitchfork, and crazy, and if you want to keep up with the latest, hottest

Hollywood craze, you must get yourself a pair of overalls, grab up a stray pitchfork, and heave-ho for the hay-mow.

If you took these publicity



● A BEARD is not the only thing that Paul Muni can grow. He's a wizard with walnuts, too.

● ABOVE, left, is Anne Dvorak, walnut grower, in partnership with husband Leslie Fenton. Just before her recent marriage, it was rumored that

● KATHARINE HEPBURN, above, was going agricultural. Well, maybe.

☆

blurbs seriously, you'd imagine that golf courses are becoming cow pastures overnight, and that the fancy swimming-pools are being rapidly remodelled into duck-ponds! That extras, actors, producers, supervisors are rushing out to buy up farms, ranches, orchards, countryside acres—anything for a chance to get back to the soil.

Like most other tittle-tattle about our movie colony, this whole thing has been (as Mark Twain said on hearing the report of his demise) grossly exaggerated.

Comparatively few players are seriously interested in a rustic existence. As for those

TURNED RUSTIC?



● WHILE not a farmer herself, Carole Lombard, above, was not above helping to paint a fence on the Stanwyck rancho.



who actually labor on the land themselves—here's what an investigation discloses:—

First in earnestness rank the Joel McCreas. Joel was as anxious to have a ranch as he was to become a star. His thousand acres near Ventura were fully paid for when he proposed to Frances Dee. Right after the honeymoon they moved into their home there. Joel's cattle have made his ranch self-supporting, and he rides the range at every opportunity.

Cows and Chickens

THE active list emphatically includes Ann Dvorak and husband Leslie Fenton. They have sunk their picture earnings in a forty-acre walnut grove in the San Fernando Valley. They personally pick and sack a generous share of their crop. They are proud of their chickens, horses—and cow! And Ann undertakes the job of milking more frequently than you'd suppose.

Ann's study of bacteriology continues out there, and her knowledge of botany is coming into practical use at last. The Fentons have a greenhouse in which she tries her skill at nursing rare plants.

Wild orchids, African tulips and



● INCLUDED because she's NOT interested in growing things: Jean Harlow, who still remains true to authorship in her off hours.



● ANOTHER back-to-the-lander, Herbert Marshall, who cultivates a citrus plantation.

wax flowers are among the exotic plants and blossoms she is cultivating. So successful has Ann been with raising healthy plants from seeds that two San Fernando Valley nurseries have commissioned her to do some specialty growing.

Paul Muni is right across the road on a ten-acre walnut ranch. The main idea with him is to have a quiet residence in a bit of pleasant rural atmosphere. He has his study, an ex-set dressing-room, parked out beneath the trees.

Herbert Marshall is the latest star to branch out as a rancher. He recently purchased a forty-acre citrus grove in San Diego county where he plans to raise Grade A fruit for market. Between "takes" on the RKO stages, Bert is working on plans for a Monterey type farmhouse which he intends having constructed on the ranch.

"Aside from the citrus crop, the ranch will be a place where I and my friends can find seclusion from the hustle and bustle of picture work, wear old clothes, and relax in the sunshine," said Marshall.

Quality Not Quantity

HE plans to make up in the quality of his crop the lack of quantity which the limited acreage necessitates.

The only other two stars I can think of actually engaged in combining a touch of ranching with their private home life are Charlie Ruggles and Wally Ford, who both go in for chickens.

A few of the players have farms as investments, and occasionally so-journ at their manor houses.

The once so-secret Richard Dix hideaway has materialized as a big chicken ranch in the Malibu Hills. Edmund Lowe prefers grapes for his fifteen hundred acres near San Jose. Barbara Stanwyck and Mrs. Zeppo Marx have gone into partnership in a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where they intend to raise horses. On one of the most select sites they are building the stables that they hope will establish them as the most up-to-date and the most representative horse-breeders in California.

Blue-blood Horses

SINCE the establishment of the Marwyck stables Barbara is practically out of social circulation. She spends all her time, from dawn until dusk, supervising the building. What's more, she's pressing her friends into helping, too. A recent fence painting party given by Barbara found Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, and Robert Taylor, among others, painting away like fury on the fences.

Barbara and Mrs. Marx are importing many famed horses of blue-blood lineage from Kentucky. Besides caring for their own horses, they will train privately-owned horses for others and also board them. Every known device and equipment is being installed for expert horse-raising. There will be a violet-ray room for sick horses. Twenty-five people are already on the pay-roll. The three-quarter mile track is almost completed, and is an exact replica of Santa Anita.

But, to return to those aforementioned back-to-the-farm stories, the truth is that, aside from the ranch experimenters I've mentioned, the rest of the movie stars are still city slackers!



• **MICHAEL BROOKE** At least, that's his screen name. At home he is the Earl of Warwick.



• **ANTON WALBROOK**, European favorite, now in Hollywood for "Michael Strogoff."



• **SONJA HENIE**, included just to prove that all the importations from abroad are not handsome men.



• **EGYPTIAN-FRENCH** Alexandre D'Arcy, hooked up by Warners. He may be the new thrill of 1937.



• **ALL FRENCH** is Fernand Gravet, another new arrival in the film colony. A gay looking lad.



• "Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all ready for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If SHE cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"



• "See here—this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"



• "Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is by far the best powder babies can have. Soft and smooth, it wards off chafes and rashes. It's made of finest quality talc.

Use Johnson's Baby Powder for your own toilet also. Surely your skin deserves the best.

Johnson's BABY powder
"Best for Baby—Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc Toothbrush, Moccasins, Etc.

NEW, ROMANTIC MALES for HOLLYWOOD Producers Search Europe For Fresh Faces

By
BARBARA BOURCHIER
Our Hollywood Representative

It is rank heresy, of course, but just in case some of you feminine fans have tired of the faces of such heart-pulsating heroes as Clark Gable, Fred MacMurray, Gary Cooper, and the new, romantic Bob Taylor, then to you this is written. I have good news for you.

The scarcity of leading men in Hollywood, nay, in America, has led to some drastic action on the part of producers. They are importing men from the theatrical world of Europe, and even from the social realm to satisfy the demand.

HERE, not so long ago, Harry Cohn, big boss of Columbia studios, had three pictures and three leading ladies, and not a leading man in sight!

Well, the situation is being remedied rapidly. These foreign importations are pouring in here so rapidly that practically every day sees a new one coming to town.

One of the handsomest of these new lads is Michael Brooke, who was christened Charles Guy Pultre Greville, Earl of Warwick. Signed by M.-G.-M., he has been in Hollywood for several weeks being groomed for his first picture. Unlike some of the others, Michael has had no stage or screen

experience. He is a six-footer, strangely enough all these new men are, and looks amazingly like the late Wally Reid, who was such a screen idol in the days of the silents.

Michael freely admits that he is in pictures not to try and carve out a career for himself, because his real career is being the Earl of Warwick and keeping up the family estate in England, but he likes the money it will bring. If he can act at all, I would say that all you fans are due for a large-sized thrill.

Pronounce "Grav-vay"

WARNER Bros., with a fanfare of trumpets, have announced the arrival of Fernand Gravet (pronounced Grav-vay, please), the French cinema star who is to go

right into the lead opposite Joan Blondell in "The King and the Chorus Girl," an original story from the pens of Norma Erasma and the large-moustachioed Groucho Marx. Gravet, who is tall, dark, and handsome, has been in pictures for several years. He appeared in pictures produced by UFA and French Paramount. One of his most popular pictures was "Bitter Sweet," which he made for British Dominions with Anna Neagle as his leading lady.

Another interesting young foreigner is Alexandre D'Arcy, whom Warner Bros. have also taken under their wing. He was born in Cairo, Egypt, the son of an Egyptian Pasha and a French noblewoman, Mathilde Fabre D'Arcy des Estavels, and is a Bey (Egyptian title). He has been a lawyer, soldier, and cotton planter when he was not going to school or appearing in pictures, for he played in some of the French pictures in the days of the silents.

Another new arrival is Anton Walbrook (originally Wohlbruck), who has been signed by R.K.O. to play the lead in their production of "Michael Strogoff." Walbrook is simply carrying on the three-hundred-year-old tradition of his ancestors—the stage. At sixteen Anton was playing minor roles in Max Reinhardt's productions. He became a well-known leading man as the years went by, and in Dresden he added to his fame by the portrayal of the actor in Edna Ferber's satire, "The Royal Family."

Frances Farmer New Goldwyn Star

Frances Farmer, mounting the final rungs of the ladder to screen stardom with a remarkable performance in the leading feminine role in Samuel Goldwyn's "Come and Get It," travelled 12,000 miles to make the 1000 miles' journey from her home in Seattle to Hollywood and a film career.

WINNER of a newspaper popularity contest, with a trip to Russia as the prize, Miss Farmer left Seattle early in 1935 to visit Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, Germany, Poland, France, England, and finally New York City.

In the course of her travels she came under the notice of a prominent theatrical producer, Shepard Traube, who was so impressed with her screen potentialities that he arranged for Paramount to give her a test. This was entirely successful, and almost immediately she was cast in a little film entitled "Too Many Parents," which wasn't too good in itself, and gave Frances very little opportunity of showing whether she was any better.

Then came "Rhythm on the Range," in which she appeared as the young lady in Crooner Crosby's love life. There was an engaging spontaneity and a definite distinction about the way she put over the ordinary ingenué stuff in this film, and it was at once apparent that Miss Farmer had something much more important than just an overdose of pretty blonde charm.

Producer Samuel Goldwyn and Director William Wyler saw the picture—and the girl—and at the conclusion of the screening Wyler had definitely decided that Miss Farmer was an up-and-coming star. And the veteran producer, who has long been recognised in Hollywood as the industry's greatest star-builder, was in complete agreement with Wyler's summing up. "You're right," he affirmed, "give her a chance to grow up a little more, and she's set for big things. You and I know just how many there are who may be good now, but who'll never get any better. This girl is excellent right at this moment, and she's going to improve a whole lot very soon. Get her for me."

Like every courageous gambler, Goldwyn has in his time made many mistakes in judgment—some of them costly—but he is supremely confident that he has another winner in Frances Farmer.

Although Goldwyn may never use Miss Farmer in another picture—he merely borrowed her from Paramount, to whom she is under con-



FRANCES FARMER.

tract—he will always have the satisfaction of knowing that it was he who developed her into a first-rate star.

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood and London Representatives

MOTHERS who have babies that cry very loudly may find some comfort in this. Deanna Durbin, the Universal singing star, won first prize at the Winnipeg (Canada) annual baby show at the age of 9 months for being the baby with the loudest voice.

Deanna's parents tell how she made more noise than any other infant present and won the wailing prize in a walk-away. The singer also managed to win the first prize for the healthiest baby entered in the contest.

Just past her fourteenth birthday, Deanna is bewildered by the hundreds of proposals of marriage she has received since the release of her first picture, "Three Smart Girls."

THE Herbert Marshall-Gloria Swanson love Derby seems to have struck a reef at last. "Bart is devoting himself to a chorus girl now—a gorgeous blonde titled Lee Russell. But he said he still carries Gloria's picture in his pocket."

ONE of the most successful West End (London) shows to come to the screen for some time is "The Frog," which has run eight or nine months at the Princess Theatre, and now, having been seen by well over half a million people, is making a bid for the twenty million filmgoers of this fair land.

The Frogs, in case you are not one of the half-million who have seen the stage play, are a nationwide organisation of criminals. The arch-criminal is "The Frog," and your job is to find out who this person is, aided and abetted by Sergeant Elk of Scotland Yard—a melancholy detective with a caustic wit, a sorry

powder hat, an umbrella and a faded raincoat—in which habits, ladies and gents, permit me to introduce your old pal Gordon Barker. (Loud cheers.)

But who's this Frog? Search me!

WHEN Jean Harlow toddled off to Washington she took along a gallon jar of rain water to use for shampoos on the way. This little item was publicised quite generally, but some people got the wrong idea and thought Jean took plain Hollywood water, and that it must have some special virtue for keeping the hair in shape.

Consequently the stars have been receiving hundreds of letters from fans begging them to send bottles of Hollywood water. In truth, this water is no better than any other for the hair—it's rain water that falls from any sky anywhere that does the trick.

Gloria Stuart is not relying on her movie career alone for a secure future. It has always been her burning desire to become a journalist, and now she is about to realise her ambition. She has purchased a Southern California weekly newspaper, which she will personally edit, editorialise, and possibly send on the streets before she is finished.

AT the Hollywood premiere of "The Good Earth," forty cameramen waited in vain for Luise Rainer. The little star had fully expected to attend, but became so nervous that she made herself ill. But she read in the papers that hers was a triumphant performance, and that she now enjoys a high artistic position shared by few.

YOU'VE heard, of course—you can't have helped hearing—that the British film production industry has received a heavy jolt or two lately; too much money has been spent for too little result, and heads have rolled in the sand, and more are likely to roll before long. And it's all very embarrassing.

However, all is not lost by any means. The studios are likely to be just as busy in 1937 as they were in 1936.

We shan't see quite so many super-productions, which means that enormous night-club scenes and "production numbers" will be out.

What I expect—and what I hope—is that we shall leave it to Hollywood to make the huge, elaborate "Ziegfeld" type of film, and concentrate on stories with simple, natural human appeal, a strong plot, clever character-drawing, and a degree of "naturalness."

There is no reason in the world why "Pastor" should not have been made here—except that British producers have a holy dread of any subject without a bit of leg in it.

RUMOR has it that Garbo isn't at all enthusiastic about the advertising campaign on "Camille," which has as its slogan, "Garbo Loves Taylor." She is reported to have asked why it wasn't vice versa.

But even that wouldn't do, for their pals say it's really "Garbo Loves Brent." And while we're on the subject it's still "Taylor Loves

Garbo Loves Whom?

Stanwyck" in spite of rumors that Bob had veered in the Harlow direction.

They probably originated in the M.-G.-M. publicity department as a plug for the new Taylor-Harlow opus, "Personal Property." Jean and Bob were plenty mad about it all, but just to be sure, Bill Powell sent flowers to Jeanie's dressing-room every day during the making of the film.

DOWN at Wembley, Fox British are up to the eyes in a film called "The 15 Man," which Albert Parker is directing, and in which Judy Gunn, Edwin Styles (yes, we saw him five minutes ago in "Patricia Gets Her Man," but you know how they get about), Frank Allenby, and several others are disporting themselves for our pleasure.

This is about one Richard Fordyce (but Mr. Styles to the doorman), who, on being released from an undesired prison sentence for passing counterfeit money, determines to track down a fellow named Smith, who was responsible for his arrest.

Now, it's no good your saying "The Walking Dead" to me, because that was an intensely serious-minded film, and this "15 Man," although dramatic in spots, is told in a light-hearted vein.

DOTS... and DASHES

● MYRNA LOY denying the rumor that the stork has been hovering over her home. ● Irving Berlin, reliably reputed to have received £30,000 from 20th Century-Fox for his work in "On the Avenue." ● Tyrone Power, jun.'s interest in Rochelle Hudson, while Sonja Henie is absent on tour. ● The Rainer-Clifford Odets newly-weds living in separate establishments. ● Carole Lombard taking her singing lessons while under the shower. ● Robert Taylor taking lessons in tap dancing from Eleanor Powell.

BARBARA STANWYCK and Joel McCrea are still a bit jittery. It seems some workmen were building a set on one of the Paramount stages. After putting up a large wall they left for lunch, not noticing two portable dressing-rooms behind said wall.

Unfortunately the dressing-rooms contained Barbara and Joel. Imagine their embarrassment when they emerged to find themselves hemmed in on all sides. However, they turned on the vocals and the crew returned to excavate them in time for their next scene.

YOU'D never guess it even though you were lucky enough to go through her entire house, but Irene Dunne has nine telephones. The actress likes to have a phone convenient in every part of the house. But she doesn't think they are very decorative. So she has them concealed in a very novel manner.

One is carved in a piece of Rodin sculpture. Another is hidden in a shelf of pseudo books. A few are placed in the side arms of large chairs, and the others are concealed in wall compartments.

DURING our recent cold snap—or I should say freeze—local citrus growers had to sit up for many nights burning smudge pots in the orchards to save the fruit. And there were many laughs on the movie folk who had purchased ranches in the fruit-growing district and had run around extolling the joys of leaning out of the kitchen window to pick

a grapefruit or orange for breakfast from one's own tree. It was amusing to see the movie idols shivering

in their little orchards as they stoked the fires all night long.

The best giggle was Myrna Loy sitting up burning a smudge pot under her one orange tree. Then there was the wit who carried smudge pot into one of our swankiest night clubs to keep the cigarette girls' legs from freezing!

Now the studios are demanding that stars diet to gain weight instead of lose for flickers. Andrea Leeds had to put on ten pounds before getting a part in "Woman's Touch," with Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea. She did it with sleep, milk, and juicy steaks.

MARY BRIAN used to be all enthusiasm about the training of her parrot—but there's such a thing as too much training. The darned bird is so good now it is becoming a public nuisance.

When it is not crowing like a rooster or whistling all Mary's dogs into the house, it persists in emitting horrible sounds and terrifying unsuspecting guests. In its spare time and with a little encouragement it will run through the entire scores of "Carmen" and "Tosca."

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Faircett



THE TEACHER EMPLOYED TO INSTRUCT THE HAL ROACH CHILD ACTORS IS NAMED MR. VOYD NULL!

VIRGINIA WEIDLER HAS TO HIDE HER CURLS UNDER HER HAT TO PROTECT THEM FROM SOUVENIR-HUNTING FANS

JACK HOLT HAS BEEN A LEADING MAN ON THE SCREEN FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS!

AT last Virginia Bruce gets a break! Virginia, a lovely girl with lots of personality, acting talent, and a good singing voice, has been tucked away in secondary roles for many a year.

Now Universal has borrowed her from M.-G.-M. for "When Love Is Young," in which she'll have the leading part and will vocalise on two songs, especially written to suit her husky voice.

It will probably mean permanent stardom for Virginia. Often a player has to be discovered and borrowed by another studio before the home studio will realise what a valuable article it has under contract.

MUCH to-do this year about Clark Gable's birthday. Carole Lombard's present to him this time was not a practical joke. For one thing, she tore an old poem out of one of her high school books, wrapped it in cellophane, and sent it to him. Her more practical present was an automobile trailer to carry his saddle horse. It is still in the making, and Clark himself has approved the blueprints, at her request. It will be a de-luxe affair, and will hook on to the star's station wagon.

Edna May Oliver knitted Clark a sweater with her own hands—braving the jealousy of La Lombard.



Sydney's Premiere Hairdresser offers—
LORRAINE Machineless Self-setting Ends ... 12/6
LORRAINE Steam Wave ... 15/-
LORRAINE Super Wave ... 20/-
LORRAINE Combination Wave ... 25/-
LORRAINE Machineless Vapor Wave ... 31/-
Specially recommended for white hair.

Self Portrait given with all Permanent Waves.

Trim, shampoo & 3/6
Reset ... 3/6
Dyeing, setting 7/6
from ... 7/6
Rinsing, from 7/6
F a s s massage (Continental movement) 5/-
Manicuring ... 1/6

Regardless of the quality of hair you have to Wave—be it soft, fine, coarse, dry, bleached, oily, dry or brittle—you are assured of a beautiful wave with the LORRAINE process which keeps the hair moist all through the waving procedure.
RESULT—soft natural waves, beautifying any type of hair, without the discomfort of excessive heat, thus preventing harmful drying and frayed discoloured curls.
SENIOR OPERATORS only employed under supervision of Mrs. and Miss Lorraine.

FIRST FLOOR
GEORGE STREET,
NEXT TO
GLACIARTUM.

LORRAINE (that is yes) is in no way connected with any other hairdresser at a like or similar name.

WEMBLEY HOUSE
CENTRAL SQUARE.
Phone: MA 518

★ ★ BORN TO DANCE

Eleanor Powell, James Stewart.
(M.-G.-M.)
IF all two-star pictures came as close to the three-star classification as does this one, the world would be a far, far better place for the film reviewer. This offering gives bright, amusing entertainment; it lacks only that feeling of irrepressible zest, gusto, or what you will which made the first Eleanor Powell opus, "Broadway Melody of 1936," such a winner.
Highlights of the show: The lad who does a burlesque piece of orchestra conducting, the best thing of its kind I've ever seen; James Stewart, that first-rate young actor, as a musical-comedy juvenile who shows the professionals in this field how to do it; the Powell high-speed dancing; the sassy gentleman who shows potential married couples his firm's "model home."

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

Story is unimportant. Boy meets girl, they love, misunderstand, make up, and, one presumes, marry. But it is all done at a good speed, with first-rate aid from helpers such as Una Merkel, Virginia Bruce, Sid Silvers and Buddy Ebsen.
Musical numbers are not over good. Exaggerated, "hot" jazz effects characterise them, and while these may be eaten up in America, only a small section of Australians will enthuse. Still, the picture, as a whole, will give you your money's worth. St. James; commencing Wednesday, 17th.

★ ★ THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE

Ralph Bellamy, Marian Marsh.
(Columbia.)
NO, you won't read any ballyhoo about this opus. It was made, and is being distributed, as a minor programme picture and will, quite possibly, go through the suburbs as a support. It is quite unspectacular—but it is a good little job; the kind of film that will send ninety per cent. of people away from the theatre feeling satisfied. Any picture which does that is a good picture.

The story is original. A criminal, a killer with a horribly scarred face, undergoes an operation at the hands of a great surgeon who believes that criminality, in many cases, is caused by a physical condition of the brain. As the price of submitting himself as a human test case, the killer (Bellamy) stipulates that the surgeon should do a job of plastic surgery on the scarred face, and so enable him to evade justice. Both operations are a success; the only thing is that when the patient recovers he has lost all memory of his past. From this point, his surgeon takes

Week's Best Release

BORN TO DANCE

M.-G.-M. Feature. Straight-out entertainment for the tired and bored of all classes.

control, allowing this newborn man to follow his inclinations and develop along his own lines. Jim Blake, the name given the ex-criminal, becomes a doctor himself! Developments, from this stage on, are logical and well worked out. While the climax to the picture is not a smashing one, it is good; most important is the fact that the story and treatment are thoroughly interesting from first reel to last.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937

Dick Powell, Joan Blondell. (Warners.)

DESIGNED as a comedy-musical, this offering is weak in both. For every gag that gets a real honest-to-goodness laugh, there are six that bring forth nothing but a weak grin, and another six that don't even get that far. Nor are the numbers so very hot; young Mr. Powell bursts into song on the least provocation, but he delivers himself of nothing that will set messenger boys to whistling on their rounds.

The opening of the picture, a nice satirical comment on the psychology of insurance, with some snappy comments on death, promises well. This, however, soon fades out, leaving Powell to struggle along as an insurance salesman working to keep alive the man he has insured for a million dollars. (Salesman Powell's commission on the deal ceases if the victim dies.)

Joan Blondell is not seen at her best in this offering; indeed, Glenda Farrell steals the feminine honors. Maybe, though, Joan was too much taken up with her new husband to shine as a leading lady. There is a certain saccharine melting quality about her scenes with Mr. Powell that simply shrieks aloud of newlywed bliss.—Regent; showing.

★ GIRL OF THE OZARKS

Virginia Weidler, Henrietta Crossman. (Paramount.)

LET'S begin by admitting that, as juvenile feature films go, this is as well done an offering as one can expect. Virginia Weidler is a surprisingly good little actress, so good, in fact, that she contributes very materially towards the harrowed state of mind with which the average person will be afflicted watching this screen story unfold.

This is not one of those pictures (a la Shirley Temple) in which the child star is shown as a pert or clever little thing undergoing no real suffering—or, at least, registering none. In this offering, Virginia Weidler is shown suffering as poignantly as a child can suffer. What is more, she has the art to make her audience suffer with her.

And this, while a tribute to a very talented little performer, raises an important question: Should the screen capitalise on the tragedies of

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★ ★ ★ Three stars—excellent.
★ ★ Two stars—good films.
★ One star—average films.
No stars . . . no good.



(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

This week we give you a few details about four of the grandest entertainments our old eyes have ever glimpsed.

First there's "Born to Dance". M-G-M knew the whole world would want to see darling Eleanor Powell after her sensational work in "Broadway Melody of 1937", and so nothing was spared that "Born to Dance" might prove worthy in every respect.

They gave her James Stewart as her "sweetie", Virginia Bruce as her blonde-in-the-case, Una Merkel and Sid Silvers for laughs, Buddy Ebsen for his comic antics, Raymond Walburn, Francis Langford, and a bunch of beautiful gals for good measure.

They had Cole Porter (he wrote "Night and Day") create seven "hit" numbers: "I've Got You Under My Skin", "Hey, Bebe, Hey!", "Love Me, Love My Pekinese", "Easy to Love", "Rolling Home", "Rap-Tap-on-Wood", and "Swinging the Jinx Away".

And then M-G-M gave "Born to Dance" the most elaborate production on any film in years (not excluding "The Great Ziegfeld"). You'll see it . . . and love it!

Then there's "After the Thin Man". It picks up where "This Man" left off and takes William Powell and Myrna Loy and Asta (the pup) through a series of devastatingly funny adventures that will have you in stitches.

Then there's "Love on the Run". You've seen Joan Crawford in drama. You've seen Clark Gable in adventuresome romance. You've seen Franchot Tone in thrillers. Now you get all three in a film that, believe me, is so funny that it will go down in history as the only entertainment to get more laughs per square inch than "Libeled Lady".

And then there's "Camille". Greta Garbo in the arms of Robert Taylor! Can you Garboites and Taylorites imagine any greater screen thrill!

I could go on telling you interesting things about M-G-M for pages and pages . . . but right now I'm at the bottom of the column . . . so . . . see you again in two weeks.

Yours for entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.



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QUEEN'S SACRIFICE for EMPIRE

Goodwill Tour Parted Her From Home and Baby

Concluding the life story of our Queen, Lady Cynthia Asquith tells of the conflict of mother love and duty, when, as Duchess of York, the Queen had to accompany her husband on his Australian and Empire tour soon after the birth of Princess Elizabeth.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

ABSORBED in those first rapturous days of motherhood, the Duchess of York found that the first happy weeks and months rushed past, and came with it the necessity to make a great sacrifice.

The Duke was to go on an Empire mission to Australia to open at Canberra the first Parliament held in the Australian capital.

Naturally his wife must accompany him, and this meant leaving Princess Elizabeth, then only eight months old, and missing no less than half a year of her delicious babyhood.

Had the chance come earlier in her life the Duchess would have welcomed the prospect of going round the world, but strong strands, newly twisted, of motherly love and anxiety now tethered her tightly as a rope, and severance was agony.

During this separation, the perfect plaything she was leaving must inevitably change out of all recognition. Those early phases are so swift, babies so fickle to their own changing charms.

What She Missed

How many thousand laughs she must miss, how many delicious "wags" and entrancing beginnings! First words—first steps—first make-believes. None of these would she see. Neither could she hope to be remembered.

Though it was with an aching heart that the Duchess set forth to "put a girdle round the earth," she showed no outward repining. Never had she radiated happiness more successfully than during the long weeks of the voyage.

The programme of the Australian tour and the enthusiasm with which the Royal party were received in every town they visited are well known.

How well the King (then Duke of York) played his part is also common knowledge, but a few words about the Queen in this connection may add a little fresh color to her portrait.

All speak in the highest praise of the indefatigable spirit she displayed, also of her ceaseless consideration for her companions, and efforts to save them the fatigue she never sought to spare herself.

She could not bear to disappoint expectations, and it was a grief to her when the doctor pronounced her to be suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis, and for-

bade her accompanying the King to South Island, N.Z.

Happy Return

BEFORE succumbing to this illness, she had behaved with dangerous fortitude. For three days she had concealed her sufferings, and although she had a very high temperature, motored all day long on a dusty road, smiling as radiantly as ever.

At one place among the huge crowd assembled to greet her she recognized a soldier who had been a patient at Glamis, and immediately sent for him to come and shake hands with her.

In various towns she came across several of the officers who had stayed at Glamis during the war, and they were delighted to meet the Princess they so well remembered.

Fan-Mail

For Princess

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S "fan-mail" would be the envy of many Hollywood stars. It has increased enormously since her parents ascended the throne, letters coming from all parts of the world.

Consideration is being given to the appointment of a secretary to the little Princess to answer all these communications.

Elizabeth's mail recently included two miniature dolls, scarcely an inch high, sent by Eileen Martin, 12, and her sister Betty, 6. The little Princess is not, as a rule, allowed to accept gifts from strangers, but an exception was made in this case.

as the gay child who used to sing to them, run races with them, and when the head gardener was not looking lead raids on the hot-houses for grapes.

Towards the end of June the Renown with the "Yorks" aboard approached the English shore.

Princess Elizabeth was dressed in her prettiest frock and taken from her new home in Piccadilly to Buckingham Palace.

Here she heard a strangely loud noise, and was told that it was kind people saying how glad they were that her father and mother had come home safely. "Father" and "Mother" were pictures in frames that lived in the nursery, so she was puzzled by this information.

"There's mother!" says Queen Mary, and she sees a very pretty lady who exclaims: "Oh, you darling!"

How will the baby receive this stranger mother?

It is an anxious moment. All is well. Princess Elizabeth's round face breaks into a wide smile and her arms go out.

On August 21, 1930, another baby Princess came to share the love and time of the Queen.

In London the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral rang out rejoicing, the guns of the Tower of London thundered a salute of forty-one guns.

Historic Custom

AT Glamis, where the little Princess Margaret Rose was born, an immense bonfire blazed on top of Hunter's Hill—kindled by four little girls with the same torches that had lit the bonfire in celebration of the Queen's wedding. It was the first time a member of the Royal family had been born in Scotland since 1600, when Charles I was born at Dunfermline.

In the stormy, early hours of Thursday, August 21, the villagers had seen a car dash through the gates of the castle. In it was Mr. Clynes, then Home Secretary.

According to historic custom the Home Secretary must be present in the house at the birth of any possible heir to the throne—and soon the bells of the village church rang out the news that all was well.

"The infant Princess is doing fine"



THE KING, THE QUEEN AND QUEEN MARY at the British Trade Exhibition recently.

was the wording of the official bulletin, issued by the doctors in attendance. "Doing fine" is a Scottish colloquialism and was used to emphasize the fact that the Princess had been born north of the Tweed.

Although the birth of Princess Margaret Rose was the most important event in the life of the

Duchess since her Australian tour, the evening of Saturday, May 18, 1929, when the Royal Standard ran up to the top of the flagstaff on rugged Holyrood Palace, marked another important and picturesque episode in her career.

Please turn to Page 58

EVENING GARDEN PERFUME AND POWDER

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Out of the BLUE
comes the
WHITEST wash
RECKITT'S BLUE

QUEEN'S Sacrifice for the EMPIRE

IT was when she and the Duke held court at Holyrood during his appointment as the King's Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Here, again, it was the first time a member of the Royal family had held this office since 1600.

The meeting of 1929 was no ordinary occasion, but a dramatic moment in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, for the delicate task of reunifying the two great branches of Scottish Presbyterianism, the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church, was at last achieved.

It had been hoped that King

Continued from Page 57

George would preside at Holyrood, but owing to his illness it was impossible for him to visit the Assembly.

For the disappointment of King George's absence there could have been no better consolation than the opportunity to welcome his son and his lovely and charming Scottish wife.

There were innumerable duties outside the Assembly, hospitals to be visited, foundation stones to be laid and every day a large company was entertained to luncheon and dinner and there were several evening receptions.

"Private Home"

BUT with smiling zest the Duke and Duchess responded to these claims, and if they were ever tired or preoccupied no signs of it were shown.

And now for a glance at 145 Piccadilly, still the "private home" of Their Majesties.

No sentry bars the way, and anyone who wishes may walk up to the front door and ring one of the two bells marked "Visitors" and "House." The front of the house opens on the noise and hustle and bustle of Piccadilly—and the lovely Green Park.

As you enter, and the doors close behind you, the busy roar of Piccadilly fades. Not a sound can be heard from without and through the

Police Want Books

THE N.S.W. Police Rotary Boys' Club movement, which is forming clubs all over the State with the idea of getting lads off street corners, and building them up mentally and physically in well-equipped gymnasiums and libraries, is in need of books, periodicals, and newspapers.

The Commissioner of Police realises the importance of reading matter in the development of these youths, and accordingly has arranged for all police stations to receive any books which may be donated.

So send along any works which you no longer require, and they will be gratefully received.

wide windows is the private garden belonging to the house. Just outside this sanctuary is the small enclosure of Hamilton Gardens, and beyond that, as far as you can see, Hyde Park.

Like other so-called "morning-rooms," the downstairs sitting-room is used at all times of the day.

Books are not all strictly confined to the shelves, favorites being allowed to be about. Very likely a piece of embroidery will be in evidence, for the Queen keeps up the needlework so well taught her by her mother. Mr. Edmond Brock's painting of Princess Elizabeth hangs over the mantelpiece.

Her Reward

THERE is ample evidence of invasion by the little Princesses. Behind the largest table is an enchanting treasury of toys and a glass cabinet with its shelves filled with minute animals, among them a herd of elephants, each of them tiny enough to be pushed by a ladybird.

The Queen's vast and lovely bedroom, which looks out over the park, is on the second floor, and on the other side is a finely decorated drawing-room. Leading out of this is a smaller room, known as the Queen's boudoir.

Farewell glimpses of the Queen and the little Princesses. We see them all three waving gladly to the Silver Jubilee crowds, and after Princess Marina's wedding, we see Princess Margaret Rose held high in her grandfather's arms, as he stands on the balcony at Buckingham Palace and smiles at the cheering throng below. And then the dramatic events that suddenly made the little Scots lass our Queen.

It has been said: "That those who bring happiness into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves." Is not one glance at the Queen's radiant face enough to show us that she is still enjoying her reward?

THE END.

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and dark



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It is possible that you are constipated, and the digestive wastes are accumulating, and your system is absorbing them. That is why you are feeling depressed and gaining unhealthy fat; why you now suffer sick headaches, bilious attacks, bad breath, and blemishes on your complexion.

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Here is Taken No. 3 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures."

PW 3

Here is Taken No. 42 for The Australian Women's Weekly Australian Home Gardener.

G 42

Here is Taken No. 18 for The Australian Women's Weekly Mammeth Wonder Book.

WB 18

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Astrological Research Society

Most of those people born under the sign Pisces will find that their affairs take a turn for the better during 1937 and early 1938.

They can afford to be optimistic and confident. They should be alive to their opportunities and be ready to make the most of them.

THE year 1936 was a rather disappointing one for most Pisceans. They were beset by confusions, and had to unravel some rather difficult problems.

It might be added, however, that their difficulties of the past—and the lessons they learned thereby—may prove their stepping-stones to success during the coming twelve months.

"Pisceans" usually have very neat or well-shod feet, and if only they can remember to keep these members on the ground, so that the dreamy side of their nature does not fly away with their common sense, they will do themselves a good turn.

These people are somewhat too idealistic, impressionable, emotional and restless. They suffer much through deception and imposition, and should therefore develop a little practical worldliness and much common sense.

"Pisceans" have splendid creative instincts and should find some method of self-expression which can bring desirable reactions throughout 1937.

Jupiter, the planet of "Good Fortune," promises help from business people, professional people, the Government, superiors or patrons. They will enjoy new friendships and happiness through old ones.

Business friends in particular can help considerably throughout 1937. "Pisceans" should not hesitate to ask favors of such people, for there is a worthwhile chance that the favors will be granted and that through these certain hopes and ambitions can be fulfilled.

Most "Pisceans" will be given extra work and more responsibilities during 1937. Many of these people, however, have an indolent streak to their nature, so should remember that responsibilities bring opportunities. They must not let their bright ideas disappear into thin air before producing them in some concrete form. They must strive above all things to be practical in all that they do.

If this advice is followed, many "Pisceans" will find their bank balances increase during the coming year.

They should plan ahead and thus be in readiness for any contingencies that arise. There is every chance that matters connected with banking, investments, law or property should succeed especially well during the first three weeks of April, the last part of October and most of November, 1937.

The periods, June 22 to July 23; October 24 to November 23, and February 19 to March 21 should prove especially fortunate for the beginning of new enterprises and the important making of changes.

All told, "Pisceans" can look forward to a rather interesting and fortunate year, providing they are alive to their opportunities and willing to work hard for success.

They must not wait for opportunities to knock at the door, but must go out and meet them half way. They will find that this foresight pays them well.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize the following information in your daily plans. It will prove interesting and advantageous.

ARIES PEOPLE (Mar. 21 to Apr. 21): Definitely better. Have your plans ready. Be confident, optimistic and enthusiastic. Use tact, not abrupt aggressiveness. Do your utmost to start new ventures, or make important changes on March 22 and 23.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 to May 22): Fair on March 16 and 17.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Still rather poor, so attempt no important ventures. Wait until next week.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Important matters must be started immediately if success wanted. Work hard on March 20. Ask favors, make changes, seek advancement. March 21 a.m. good, p.m. doubtful.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Good times ahead. Be up and doing. Plan momentous changes; seek promotion; especially on March 20 and 21. Work hard.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): The stars turn their back on you this week. Live very quietly. Make no important changes. Try to avoid losses, partings, delays, and upsets. Especially on March 18 and 19.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Important matters must be finished without delay. Make the most of March 18 and 19. Foot thereafter.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Try to utilize March 20 and 21 to advantage. Go after the things you want. Start important

Happy Days Are Here Again For Pisceans

ventures or changes. This is your best chance for a good while to come.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 22): Your stars should be in the ascendant for some weeks to come after March 21. Make important plans or changes. Seek improved conditions. Work hard; be confident, especially on March 22 and 23.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Do all you can on March 18 and 17. Don't procrastinate.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Just fair on March 18 and 19.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): March 18 and 19 rather poor, but make the most of March 20 and 21. Work hard and go after what you want.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Black
With
White Dots

BLACK net dotted in white chenille, with pleated frills of plain black net, is the fashion formula of this youthful frock worn by Rochelle Hudson.

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KNITWEAR OF DISTINCTION

When Royalty Goes Shopping in London

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail from London

When Royalty goes shopping in Bond Street there are no special constables, no traffic hold-ups, and very rarely even a royal motor-car.

ALL the Royal Family enjoy shopping expeditions, and prefer to do London's richest street in a leisurely stroll, with a minimum of ceremony.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester shop there and will be seen even more often when they move to York House, which is only a few minutes away. I saw the Duke sauntering along the other day with an unwrapped clock under his arm which he was taking to a jeweller's for repair.

The Duchess of Kent is a frequent and very popular visitor. Her husband, an ardent window-shopper, often walks the whole length of the thoroughfare, pausing longest at the jewellers' windows.

Mrs. Ernest Simpson helped to re-establish it as the most exclusive shopping centre in London. She spent thousands of pounds there, and was one of its most popular customers—partly because of her good taste and partly because of her charm. She had always a friendly smile and salutation for any of the shop-girls she met.

No one, whether duchess, millonairess, or £3-a-week working girl,

can fail to respond to the romance and excitement of this narrow, irregular street of luxury.

Exotic perfumes assail the nostrils from exclusive beauty parlors, jewels of fabulous worth—two emerald and diamond bracelets in one window alone were ticketed £17,000—shine on their velvet cushions, opulent limousines of incredible length manoeuvre in the scanty roadway. If you pause too long at an art gallery window before an old painting from some storied home you may miss Merle Oberon passing by; while you gaze at lace marked unsensationally "£80 per yard," Princess Obolensky may step into her car at your elbow; if you step off the kerb to make way for some dowager you may bump into Foreign Under-Secretary Lord Cranborne—you will recognise him by the famous Cecil stoop.

The rich smell that warms the frosty air at the top end of Bond Street belongs to Gunter's, "ball furnishers," who cater for most of Royalty's functions. It is one of the few cafes in London where you can have real French coffee and brioches in the morning.

ADORABLE Knitted BED-JACKET

With Cord and Tassels Finishing Waist, Neck and Sleeves

The effective flower-like pattern of jacket is not difficult to follow from the directions given here.

MATERIALS.—5oz. of Lady Betty 3-ply wool; 2 knitting needles, No. 7.

Size.—35-inch bust. It is made with kimono sleeves.

Tension.—20 stitches and 30 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations.—K., knit; p., purl; n., nopp or knot.

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 90 stitches, which should measure 17½ inches. Work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row (right side of work): K. 5. * Work a nopp or knot into the next stitch as follows: insert the right needle from left to right into the front of the stitch and draw out a loop; insert the needle from right to left into the back of the same stitch and draw out a loop; repeat until there are 4 new stitches on the right needle. Now slip them onto the left needle and knit them, to-

gether with the original stitch, from the back. Thus a raised knot is made. K. 1, n., k. 13. Repeat from *.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): Knit plain.

3rd Row (right side of work): K. 3. * N. k. 5, n., k. 9. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

5th Row: Same as 3rd row.

6th Row: Same as 2nd row.

7th Row: Same as 1st row.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row.

9th Row (right side of work): In this row the position of the knots is reversed. * K. 13, n., k. 1, n. Repeat from *.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row.

11th Row: * K. 11, n., k. 5, n. Repeat from *.

12th Row: Same as 2nd row.

13th Row: Same as 11th row.

14th Row: Same as 2nd row.

15th Row: Same as 9th row.

16th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Repeat from the 1st needle.

In the 115th row, when the work measures 15 inches, the sleeves begin. Cast on 60 additional stitches, they form the foundation for the right sleeve and work the 90 original stitches off in pattern. At the end of the row cast on 60 more stitches which form the foundation for the left sleeve. There are now 210 stitches on the needle. Work in this width as far as the 150th row, when the neck begins. Knit 93 stitches and cast off the 24 following. With the last 93 stitches work the left part of the jacket.

167th, 173rd, 177th, 179th, 180th, and 182nd Rows: Increase 2 on the neck side.

183rd, 184th, and 185th Rows: Increase 2 on the neck side.

At the end of the 185th row there are 105 stitches on the needle. Work in this width as far as the 210th row. Cast off 60 stitches on the sleeve side, so that only 45 stitches remain. With these 45 stitches knit the left front. In the 325th row, cast off.

The right half of the jacket is worked in the same manner.



THIS Dainty BED-JACKET is designed to be knitted in fine white or pastel-toned wool. Directions are given here with a close-up view of the pattern above.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up arm and side seams. Crochet one eyelet row and one picot row around neck and on lower parts of sleeves. Work one row of

picots along centre and lower edges. Draw a fine hand-twisted cord through the eyelets at neck and sleeves. Use a heavier hand-twisted woollen cord as a girdle.

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Produced by Max Fleischer by arrangement with King Features Syndicate Inc. and Segar.

A Child's Frock

Knitted in Soft Blue Wool in Raised Dot Pattern

This effective frock is just the thing for Miss Four-year-old and is not difficult to knit from the directions given below.

MATERIAL: 7oz. of soft 3-ply wool,

2 long knitting needles, No. 9.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge: 21½ inches. Width below arms: 28 inches. Length of sleeve along seam: 6 inches.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; f., forward (i.e., throw the wool forward around the right needle); f.b., from back (see below); tog., together.

FRONT.

Commence at lower edge by casting on 131 stitches which should measure 17 inches. Work in pattern as follows:

1st Row (wrong side of work): * k. 11, k. 3 out of next stitch as follows: (insert the right needle from left to right into the front of the stitch and draw out a loop; insert the needle from right to left into the back of the same stitch and draw out a loop; insert the needle from left to right into the front of the same stitch and draw out another loop; then allow the original stitch to slip from left needle). Repeat from *.

2nd Row (right side of work): * k. 11, p. 3. Repeat from *.

3rd Row (wrong side of work): * k. 11, f. 1, k. 3, f. 1. Repeat from *.

4th Row (right side of work): * k. 11, knit the "forward" loop of the preceding row from the back as follows: (insert the needle from right to left into the back part of the stitch and draw out a stitch). p. 3, k. f. f. b. Repeat from *.

5th Row (wrong side of work): Knit plain.

6th Row (right side of work): * k. 11, p. 5. Repeat from *.

7th Row (wrong side of work): * k. 11, k. 5 tog. Repeat from *.

8th Row: Same as 5th row.

9th Row: Same as 6th row.

10th Row: Same as 5th row.

11th Row: Same as 6th row.

12th Row: Same as 5th row.



CLOSE-UP of raised dot pattern.

Commencing with the next row the pattern is reversed.

14th, 28th, 42nd, 56th, 70th, 84th, 98th, 112th, 126th, 140th, 154th and 168th Rows: Narrow by 1 stitch on each side.

At the end of the 168th row there are 107 stitches on the needle and the work measures 16½ inches. Commence yoke, which is knit as follows:

1st Row: * k. 2, p. 2. Repeat from *.

2nd Row: Purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit those that were pured.

Repeat these 2 rows alternately.

3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side for the armholes.

In the 16th row the slit at the neck begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and finish the front of the yoke in two sections.

Right Half: In the 36th row the neckline begins.

36th, 37th, 38th and 39th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on neck side.

40th, 41st and 42nd Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on neck side.

44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st and 52nd Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on the armhole side for the shoulder.

Left Half: Cast on 6 additional stitches for the under-lap. Work in the same manner as the right half, except that in the 36th row, where the neckline begins, 9 stitches are cast off.

BACK.

It is worked in the same manner as the front, except that there is no slit at the neck. The neckline begins in the 50th row. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

50th, 51st and 52nd Rows: Cast off 4 stitches on the neck side.

The narrowing for the shoulders is the same as for the front.

RIGHT SLEEVE.

Commence at the lower edge by



PRETTY child's frock in delphinium-blue.

casting on 57 stitches which should measure 7½ inches. Work in same pattern as skirt.

12th, 15th, 24th, 30th, 36th, 42nd, 48th, 54th, and 60th Rows: Widen by 1 stitch on each side.

At the end of the 60th row there are 75 stitches on the needle and the work measures 6 inches.

61st, 62nd and 63rd Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 70th, 71st, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 77th, 80th, 83rd, 85th, 86th, 87th, 89th, 90th and 91st Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

93rd, 94th and 95th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

In the following row cast off the remaining stitches.

LEFT SLEEVE.

Work in the same manner as the right.

COLLAR.

Cast on 72 stitches and knit plain to and fro for 2 inches.

TO MAKE UP.

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams.

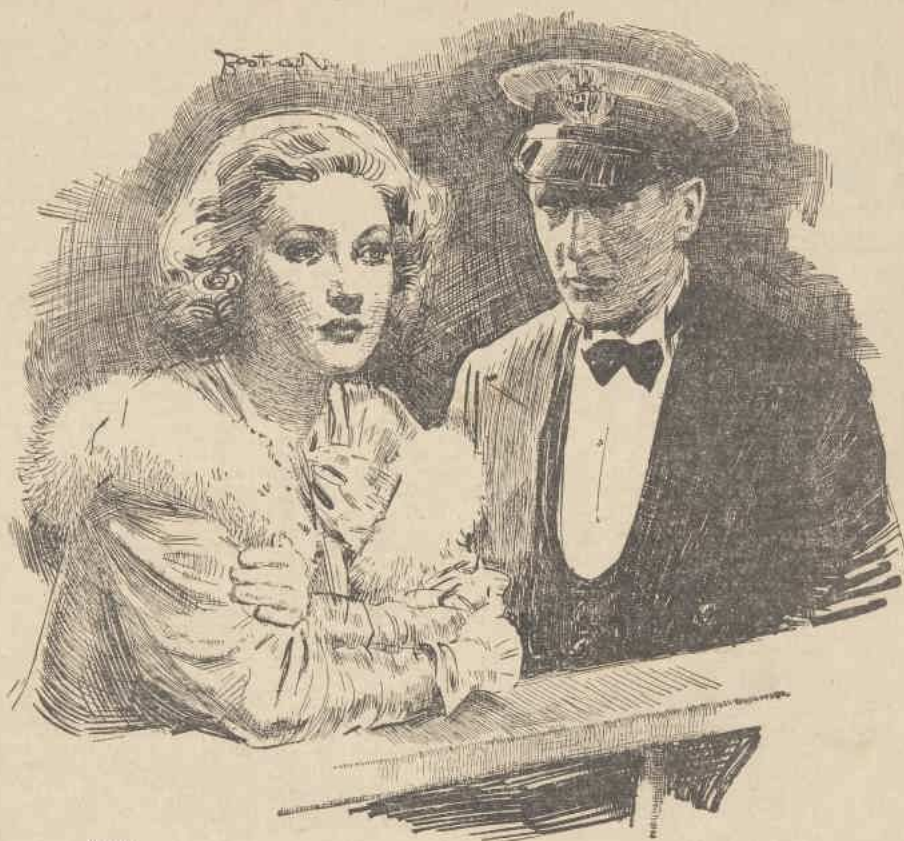
In sewing in the sleeves, be sure that the centre-top fits exactly into the shoulder seam. Gather the lower part of the sleeve to the desired width and finish it off with 2 rows of double crochet.

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

LOOTED GOLD



FREE
SUPPLEMENT
TO
THE
AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY.

*Complete Book-
Length Novel*

THIS
SUPPLEMENT
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

By G. E. C. WEDLAKE

LOOTED GOLD

By G. E. C. WEDLAKE



CAPTAIN RALPH DYKE looked out of the window of his compartment in the Johannesburg to Capetown express. The train was passing through sparsely populated, mountainous country, but the night was so dark that he could make out little beyond the white ribbon of a road which ran parallel to the line some hundred feet away.

Dyke was a well-built man of thirty or so, with bronzed features that told of an outdoor life, a chin that hinted of determination and eyes that were full of life and gaiety. In marked contrast to him was the grey-haired, over-talkative tourist who sat opposite.

"A wonderful country this," remarked the latter, as Dyke turned away from the window. "And a rich one, too. A man in the dining-car was telling me that there is actually a million pounds' worth of gold on this very train."

"Quite likely!" returned Dyke sleepily. It was nearly midnight and he had been travelling all day. "Probably it's on its way to Capetown to be shipped to London."

"One can hardly realise one is so near such vast wealth, can one? And I hear, too, that there is only one detective to guard it."

"That is the usual thing, I believe."

"I should have thought that there would have been a detachment of soldiers with it."

Dyke rose to his feet.

"I suppose it's not considered necessary," he said, stretching himself. "Well, it's getting late. I think I'll turn in."

He put out his hand to steady himself, as the train swung round a sharp bend in the line. Almost at the same moment, above the noise of the train there came the roar of an explosion. Immediately there followed a series of violent impacts. The floor seemed to rise up, the lights went out. At the same time, the air was filled with a fearful medley of sound—breaking glass, cracking wood-work, cries of pain, shrieks of terror and the hiss of escaping steam.

Dyke's coach was flung on its side and seemed to slide for a moment or two. When it came to rest, he found himself lying with one foot through a broken window. He stood up and felt himself over. Apart from a cut ankle and a shaking, he was none the worse for the accident.

"Are you hurt?" he called to his companion.

"No, I don't think so," the tourist answered unsteadily out of the darkness. "Only a few bruises."

"Good! We'd better get out and give a hand to those that are."

To escape from the compartment they

had to climb through the door, which now formed part of the roof, and crawl along the corridor to the outer exit. Dyke led the way, stopping to help the tourist when necessary, and soon they were out in the open.

Dyke looked around him. As far as he could make out in the darkness, the engine and four or five coaches lay in a jagged heap beside the line. The remaining coaches, of which Dyke's was one, had been thrown on their sides but were not seriously damaged.

From every side there came groans and cries for help, and Dyke and the tourist at once joined those who had started to get the injured out of the wreckage.

They had lifted out one victim and laid him on the grass, when a man stumbled past them.

"It was a bomb!" he shouted. "Someone put a bomb on the line."

"A bomb?" echoed the tourist. "Whoever—"

But the man had passed on.

Suddenly Dyke's attention was attracted by a commotion which had broken out at the rear end of the train. A considerable body of men had appeared on the scene. Torches and lanterns were being flashed about and for a moment he thought that very welcome help had arrived at the right moment; but when he saw that several of the newcomers were not only armed, but were flourishing their weapons at anyone who approached them, he realised that this was very far from being the case.

"I'll bet those are the people who put the bomb on the line," he exclaimed. "I'm going to see what their game is."

He scrambled over the rough ground towards the rear. There a party of men consisting of eight or nine Europeans and twenty or more natives were crowding round the last coach—the bullion car—which was lying on its side. Standing behind the main body and a little apart was a tall, slim man wearing a mask. By the way he was issuing orders, it was evident that he was the leader of the band.

"I'll take too long to get the stuff out through the doors," he was saying in a crisp, decisive voice. "We'll cut a hole in the roof."

As he finished speaking, a voice came from above.

"No, you won't! Not while I'm here!" Looking up, Dyke was able to make out dimly the figure of a man, who was lying flat on the side of the car, which was now uppermost. He guessed that this must be the detective in charge of the bullion. In his hand was a heavy automatic, which he was levelling at the man in the mask.

"The first man to touch this car gets plugged," he announced.

Suddenly a torch was flashed in his face. A moment later there was a report from the rear of the group of bandits, and he fell forward, shot through the brain.

The man in the mask turned towards the little body of terrified passengers, which had collected a few yards away.

"If anyone else interferes, he'll get the same," he snapped. "Pete, you see that they keep back. Shoot at once if any of them tries anything."

His voice was that of an educated man and was in sharp contrast to that of the bearded ruffian who stepped forward to carry out his order.

"Get back, you — scum!" snarled the latter. "Get back, and look slick about it!"

Dyke did not feel in the least like obeying and looked round to see whether there was any chance of organising resistance. He saw, however, that the odds were too great. The bandits' force included eight or more Europeans, all of them armed. Against them it would have been possible to muster, as far as he could tell in the darkness and confusion, about two dozen men from among the uninjured passengers and train crew. But these were all unarmed and would have been helpless against the train-wreckers. There was nothing for it but to stand aside and look on impotently while the train was looted.

For a minute or two he stood watching the scene. The natives, under the direction of the man in the mask, began to attack the roof of the bullion car with axes, and it was obvious that it would not be long before they had made a considerable hole in it. Most of the armed Europeans acted the part of guard for them, being disposed so that not only could they prevent any interference from the passengers, but were also able to stop anyone leaving the scene of the wreck in search of help.

As there was nothing he could do to hinder the bandits, Dyke returned to the work of rescuing the injured and, together with others who had escaped hurt, he dragged many of them from the wreckage. While he was doing this, however, he kept his eye on what was happening round the rear of the train.

The natives soon finished cutting a hole in the roof of the bullion car and the masked man climbed through it. Evidently everything inside was to his satisfaction, for as soon as he reappeared the work of unloading the car began.

The gold was packed in small boxes and these were carried to the road by the natives. Five lorries could be dimly seen there, and on these the boxes were placed.

At last all the injured had been rescued and Dyke had leisure to watch the bandits more closely.

"That's the lot!" announced one of the Europeans, emerging from the car.

"Good!" exclaimed the man in the mask. "We'll get away at once."

As he spoke, he made a movement to brush an insect from his cheek. In doing this his hand caught the string which held his mask in position and it fell from his face. At the same moment one of his men happened to flash a light on him. Dyke was watching him and, before he could refasten the mask, he had a good view of his striking, rather handsome features.

In a few minutes the bandits had climbed aboard their lorries and driven off, leaving behind them the wrecked express to show of their night's work.

One afternoon nearly a fortnight later Dyke was sitting on the poop of his small auxiliary schooner, the Swan, as she lay alongside the quay at Port Natal. The cargo which he was going to load would not arrive until the following day, and for once there was little to do on board.

As he sucked at his pipe, he idly surveyed the scene. At her berth on the other side of the harbor a big mail-boat was about to start on her voyage to Southampton. Her bell had just clanged out its last warning to visitors that it was time for them to go ashore, whilst a couple of tugs were standing by, ready to pull her away from the quay. Further along, half a dozen freighters could be seen discharging or loading cargo; whilst close at hand a dingy tramp—the Ariadne of London, as the faded lettering on her stern showed her to be—was loading coal.

Dyke glanced over his own ship. She was only a small vessel, but everything in her was "shipshape and Bristol fashion." She was his pride and joy. A couple of years previously, when he had been an officer in a well-known line, he had come into a moderate legacy. He had been advised to invest this in gilt-edged securities and add the income therefrom to his pay. But he had scorned this counsel. He was tired of monotonously crossing and re-crossing the Atlantic, and he determined to launch out as an independent shipowner.

About this time he happened to fall in with two old friends, Leonard Murray and George Hayes, both of whom happened to be "resting" as the theatrical folk put it. Normally they earned their living in the unromantic paths of commerce, but Murray was an experienced amateur yachtsman, whilst Hayes' knowledge of the internal combustion engine would have put many a garage mechanic to shame. Dyke had suggested that they should join him and they had both agreed. He had then bought the Swan and they had sailed southward together to see what fortune had in store for them. Murray acted as mate, whilst Hayes was in charge of the auxiliary engine. Half a dozen negro sailors and a cook completed the ship's company.

For nearly two years they had sailed up and down the coasts of South and East Africa and to and from the Islands of the Indian Ocean. Sometimes the schooner was loaded with merchandise with which they were trading themselves, sometimes with paying freight. The relations between the three were more those of friends than such as usually obtain between a shipmaster and his officers, and they were a very happy trio.

Close to Dyke, Murray sat reading a newspaper.

"They haven't found out where that gold is yet," he said, looking up.

"No," returned Dyke. "It seems to have disappeared completely and those fellows with it. Has the paper got any new theories about it?"

"They're much the same as they have been all along. Listen to this."

He turned again to the paper.

"No further clues," he read, "have been discovered to throw any light on the whereabouts of the two hundred cases of bullion which were stolen from the Cape-town express on the night of the 27th of last month, or on the identity of the gang of bandits who wrecked the train and caused the death of twenty-three passengers."

Murray laid down the paper.

"You see, the authorities haven't made much progress," he said, taking out his pipe.

"No," Dyke agreed. "But there is one consolation. There were at least eight of them in it, not counting the natives. With all that money to spend, sooner or later one of them will give himself and his pals away."

For a minute or two they both smoked in silence. Across the harbor the mail-boat had left the quay and the tugs were turning her round. Soon her head pointed towards the harbor mouth. The tugs' hawsers were cast off and she began to move forward under her own power. In a few moments she was passing close to the Swan.

Dyke, who was running his eye over the passengers who thronged her decks, suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"Do you see that girl at the forward end of the promenade deck?" he demanded. "Isn't she a peach?"

"Yes," replied Murray sardonically. "All twenty of 'em are."

"I mean the one wearing a scarlet skirt and with dark brown hair blowing about in the wind. Surely you didn't think I was looking at any of the others?"

"I see the one you mean. But I must say I prefer the blonde one with the—"

"Get away, man! There isn't another one there to touch her. In fact, I wonder that the others have the nerve to appear on the same deck with her."

The liner was now receding from them and, as she turned slightly, the object of their discussion was shut out of view. Dyke watched for a minute or two, in the hope that the girl in scarlet would appear again, but she did not, and presently the ship passed out of sight.



ONE evening about two years later Dyke and Murray were again sitting together on deck. This time, however, the Swan was not lying in Port Natal, but in Beira, the fever-stricken port of Portuguese East Africa. The day had been hot and tiring and they were enjoying the cool evening breeze.

Conversation had languished and they had been smoking in silence for several minutes, when their attention was at-

tracted by a small boat with a single occupant, which had just left the beach and was coming rapidly towards them.

"That fellow seems to be in the deuce of a hurry," remarked Hayes, who had just come up from below.

"He's coming here, too," said Murray. "I wonder what he wants."

"We shall soon know," returned Dyke casually, as he scanned the man in the boat—a thick-set, hairy individual, who wore a white drill suit which, even in the fading light, looked anything but clean. His features seemed vaguely familiar, but for the moment he could not place him.

The man made his boat fast to the schooner's ladder and climbed aboard. Dyke rose to meet him.

"Good evening?" he said in an inquiring tone.

"Evening, Cap'n," returned the visitor. "Pieters is my name. Can you give me a passage in your ship?"

"We have no passenger accommodation, but I dare say we can fix you up at a pinch. Where do you want to go?"

"ANYWHERE'LL suit me, Cap'n—wherever you're going to. I want to get away from this flamin' place quick. The climate don't suit me. You're leaving soon, ain't you?"

"We're certainly sailing for the Cape first thing to-morrow morning," Dyke said non-committally.

"The Cape'll suit me fine. But I want to get away to-night." He paused and looked nervously over his shoulder. "Me doctor told me that—"

Dyke smiled grimly.

"The Chief of Police, you mean."

"Police! Me doctor—"

"Don't try to bluff me. Why are the police after you?"

Pieters gulped.

"You got me, Cap'n," he said thickly.

"Yes, it's the police all right, though I didn't like to say so at first, for fear you'd get a wrong idea in your head. You see, I had a kind of accident. One of them niggers got fresh with me and I hit him over the head with a bottle. I didn't intend to hurt him much, but I must 'a hit him harder than I meant. Anyways, I corpaed him. Then the police was called in. The scum wanted to run me in, though I hadn't meant to do for the feller. O' course, I weren't going to let them take me lying down and there was a bit of a scrap. I gave 'em a good dustin' and then I managed to lock the whole lot of 'em in a room and beat it. I saw I'd have to get out of the place quick; but I found that there weren't a train up country for a couple of days, so I came here."

"I see. And you expect me to help you get away?"

"Surely you ain't thinking of turning me down, Cap'n? It was only a nigger as I croaked, which ain't nothing. But them police are sure to have it in for me—for beating 'em up. So, if they catch me, what chance of a fair trial will I have?"

"Very little, I should say."

"Then, as one Britisher to another, I asks you to get me away from here to-night. Them police will get out of that room before long and they're sure to find out as I came here, so there ain't no time to lose. I'll pay you anything within reason—"

Suddenly something in his manner struck a responsive chord in Dyke's memory. He caught his breath. Now he knew where he had seen him before.

LOOTED GOLD

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"I thought I remembered your face," he broke into the man's appeal. "I'm not surprised that the police are after you. I suppose you don't remember me?"

"Can't say as I do, Cap'n. But they won't be long—"

Again Dyke cut him short.

"Do you happen to recollect that night two years ago when the Cape Mail was wrecked and the bullion car was looted?"

Pieters uttered an oath.

"What's that to do with me?" he blustered.

"A lot. You were the man that had to keep the crowd back, weren't you? No, Mr. Pieters, I'm afraid I can't give you a passage, even if you pay me well for it. I ought to take you to Capetown and hand you over to the authorities there. But you don't deserve it. I'm going to leave you to the police here instead. They haven't any humanitarian ideas about the treatment of scum like you. So you can just get back into that boat of yours, and I'll go ashore with you to make sure that they get you."

AT this Pieters' manner underwent a sudden change. He had been begging a passage favor. Now he proceeded to demand one.

"Like Hades," he snarled, whipping out a revolver. "Put up your hands—all of you. You've been doing a lot of talking, haven't you? Well, I'm going to do it now. Get that anchor of yours up and push off out to sea. And when we're outside I'll tell you where I want to be took."

When, however, the three men in front of him made no attempt to obey, it began to dawn on him that this line of argument was no more likely to be successful than his first, and, after some more bluster, he lowered his weapon.

"Now!" ordered Dyke. "Into that boat!"

But Pieters did not move. "I tell you what I'll do, Cap'n," he burst out. "If you'll give me a passage over to French territory in Madagascar, I'll put you on to something as'll give you the biggest fortune you ever heard of."

"Nothing doing!" returned Dyke coldly.

"Into that boat and be quick about it!"

"But listen to me, Cap'n! If you'll get me out of here, I'll tell you where the gold we pinched from that train is hidden."

Dyke gasped. When he had first recognised Pieters, it had been the remembrance of those who had been killed and injured as a result of the crime committed by him and his fellow bandits which had been uppermost in his mind. He had hardly thought of the theft of the gold.

He hesitated.

"It's still all where it was put," Pieters went on. "Not a box of it has been used."

The proposition certainly seemed very tempting. Despite the fact that a large reward had been offered for its recovery, no trace had been found of the missing treasure. It seemed to him that it was more important to the community that it should be returned to its rightful owners than that this ruffian should be hanged.

"What do you think?" he said, turning to the others. "Shall we listen to what he has to say?"

"There'll be no harm in hearing the yarn," Murray replied, "but how shall we know it's true?"

Dyke turned again to Pieters. "If you will tell us where the gold is hidden," he said, "we will take you to some quiet place outside Portuguese terri-

tory. But the mere statement that the stuff is in a particular place will not be sufficient. We shall want proof. You must tell us how it was taken there and give us all the details, so that we can check your story. And, if we find that you have lied to us, we shall bring you straight back here."

"All right, Cap'n. That'll suit me."

He seated himself on the hatch.

"It was like this," he began. "A chap of the name o' Schelling. It was that had the idea of looting that mail-train—at least, he said his name was Schelling, though I guess it was something else really. Gentleman Joe, we used to call him, though, for he was a high-up kind of a feller, with plenty of money and la-di-da manners. Clever he was, too. He had the whole thing worked out before any of the rest of us except Brock ever set eyes on him. Brock had worked for him on one or two jobs before—getting chaps out of the way for him and that kind o' thing—and it was him that fixed it up for us to be in it. Schelling's plan was for us to blow up the train and then take the stuff in lorries down to the coast, where he'd have a schooner waiting in a small bay. We was to put the gold aboard her and then all of us was to sail away in her to India, where, he said, there was plenty of people as was willing to buy any amount of gold and no questions asked. Then we was going to share out the dibs fifty-fifty—fifty for Schelling, whose idea it was and who'd paid all the exes., and fifty among the rest of us. We reckoned we'd each get seventy or eighty thousand quid out of it, which was worth the risk."

"Now, Brock was another smart feller. He saw that there was big money in the job and he acted accordingly. Fifty-fifty wasn't good enough for him, and he told the rest of us so. Why should Schelling get half the money? he asked us. He said that, if we'd do as he told us, we'd each get twice as much as Schelling was going to give us. So we went in with him."

WELL, we got the stuff out of the train O.K. and drove off. And just to show you how carefully Schelling had thought it all out beforehand, he'd actually sent a spare lorry with the outfit, in case one broke down, which, considering what the roads in them parts is like, wasn't unlikely.

"As soon as we was about half-way to the coast we did as Brock had told us. We knocked Schelling on the head and pitched him out on to the road. We thought he was dead when we left him, but I heard afterwards as he was in Jo'burg, so there must 'a' still been some kick left in him."

"We got down to the coast all right, but to a different bay to the one the schooner was in. Brock had arranged with a tramp skipper he knew to wait for us in another bay—he was to have a share of the dibs same as us. But we didn't want to have anyone else aboard the ship besides him know anything about it, so, before we shipped the stuff, we put it into some barrels marked 'Tallow' he'd hid in a quiet spot handy."

"We got the stuff aboard the tramp and stayed there ourselves as passengers, same as we was going to do on the schooner. Next night we slipped down the hold, which was empty except for

our barrels, and the skipper came with us to show us what to do. First we opened a man-hole door in the floor. Then we took the boxes o' gold out of the barrels and lowered them through the man-hole into what they called the double-bottom of the ship. We then closed the door and put the lids back on the barrels and everything looked as if nothing had happened."

"A day or two later the ship reached Port Natal, and there she was loaded with coal. There wasn't any way out of that double-bottom except through the man-hole, and as there was soon several hundred tons of coal on top o' that, there wasn't much danger of anyone finding the gold accidental-like."

"It was fixed up that the ship was to take the coal to India and, when it had been unloaded, we would smuggle the gold ashore at some quiet place and sell it. But a few days after we left Port Natal we ran into a storm. In the middle of it a big wave washed Brock and another of our chaps overboard, and that was the last we saw of them. We was close to the coast o' Madagascar then, and old Cap'n Binns, the skipper, tried to get into a place called Rodriguez Bay for shelter. He got in all right, but it was blowing pretty near as strong inside as it was outside. We was swept into shallow water and there we stuck. We thought we was goners. I can tell you, and sent out an S.O.S. But soon after that the storm began to go down and, before anyone reached us, it was over."

"Well, we was in a nice fix. There was the ship—hard and fast ashore. And old Binns said it wasn't any good trying to get her off, 'cause there was a bit of rock sticking through her bottom and, if we did, she'd sink for sure. A French gunboat had answered our S.O.S., and in a few hours she'd be there. We could go in her, if we liked, or we could land on the beach and go inland. But whichever we did, we couldn't take the gold with us, because we couldn't get at it. It was still in the double-bottom under No. 2 hold and there was eighteen hundred tons o' coal on top of it."

"We had a long confab in Cap'n Binns' room to decide what was to be done. Rodriguez Bay is an out-o'-the-way sort of place—there's no white men living there, nor for forty or fifty miles up and down the coast—only a few niggers. We wondered how it would be to shoot up all the crew and then dig out the coal ourselves, so that we could reach the gold. But we saw that it wouldn't do. The gunboat was due in soon and, if the Frenchies found a lot o' bodies as we hadn't time to get rid of, they'd want to know all about it. Next we thought of landing, camping out of sight until the gunboat had gone and then coming back. But that wouldn't do neither. We couldn't take the crew along with us, and they'd be sure to tell the gunboat people where we'd gone, and they'd send a party to look for us and see us off the premises, 'cause them Frenchies don't like foreigners living there without permission."

"After that we thought of letting the crew be rescued and staying behind ourselves—just the six of us and Cap'n Binns. We'd say that we was going to try to salvage the old tub. But we thought that it would look suspicious. At last we decided that there was nothing we could do except be rescued ourselves and come back for the gold afterwards. But we wasn't going to leave all that gold there

with no one to look after it, and we agreed that Cap'n Binns was to say that he wouldn't leave his ship, and stay there. Him being the skipper, it would be quite proper and romantic like. Then he could chase off anyone who might come nosing round before we got back. We would go to the next port in the gunboat and 'here we'd hire a small schooner—or buy one, if nobody would trust us—and collect some nigs for labor. Then we'd go back to the wreck and put the nigs to digging out the coal. When they'd done that, we'd chase them ashore, put the gold in the schooner and push off with it.

"Well, we was rescued all right. But when we got into port, we was told that we couldn't stay there, because we hadn't got no passports and, as there was a British steamer sailing for Port Natal that day, we were shoved on her before we knew where we was.

"As soon as we got to Port Natal we should 'a' seen about getting the schooner. But we'd had a pretty tough time being wrecked, and we thought it'd be all right if we went on the bust for a day or two just to relieve our feelings like. We had a couple of hundred quid with us, and we thought that was plenty. But we soon found as it wasn't. What with boozing and playing cards with fellows that did it for a living, that two hundred didn't last long. By the time we'd sobered up and decided to see about getting the schooner, we hadn't ten quid between the lot of us—and that weren't going to be much good for buying the schooner, or even hiring one on tick and storing her up.

"Pretty sick we was, I can tell you. We had a solid million to our names, if we could get at it, and yet we hardly had the price of a week's grub in our pockets. We saw that we'd have to do something to get some more money, but we didn't know what. Then, when we was just about on our uppers, we met a feller as knew of a bank that he said was so easy that a kid could get into it. Banks wasn't really in our line, but we wanted the money, so we went in with him. But we found that the bank wasn't so easy as he'd said, and we was pinched—the whole darned lot of us. And they didn't half soak us, too. We was all wanted for other things what we'd done before, and the least that any of us got was five years. Lucky for us, they didn't tumble that we'd had anything to do with that train business.

"The others is still inside, but I managed to escape about six months ago. I've been spending the time trying to get enough money to go after that gold. But the luck has been against me and I still ain't much better off than when I started. And if it weren't that I don't see as how I ever shall be, you can bet I shouldn't be telling you this yarn."

Dyke had followed his recital with the greatest interest.

"What you have told us sounds quite plausible," he said. "But there are one or two questions which I should like you to answer. What was the name of the ship?"

"The Ariadne. An old tramp she was."

"The Ariadne, eh? I seem to remember the name, though for the moment I can't recall in what connection."

"I recollect her quite well," put in Hayes. "She was loading coal near us in Port Natal, when we were there just after the train robbery."

"So she was! I remember her myself

and—yes—I remember hearing of her being wrecked, too." Then to Pieters: "What was she like?"

Pieters described the Ariadne as accurately as could be expected.

"What about pushing off now, Cap'n?" he demanded, casting an apprehensive glance over his shoulder. "I've told you the whole yarn. If we stops here much longer, them niggers will nab me for sure."

Dyke was silent for a moment or two, considering what he should do. At length he turned to Murray.

"Go and look at the chart," he said, "and see whether there's a wreck marked in Rodrigues Bay."

Murray obeyed. In a few minutes he was back again.

"There's a wreck there all right," he announced.

"In that case, I think we might take a chance on it, don't you?"

"It sounds genuine enough. But who will the gold belong to if we do find it? We don't want to go to all the trouble and expense of salvaging it and then get nothing for it."

"We needn't worry about that. The owners of it offered a reward of five per cent. for the whole or any part of it that was recovered; but when that produced nothing, they got desperate and put the reward up ten per cent. and finally twenty. That would be two hundred thousand between us, if we recovered the whole lot. And a very useful sum, too! I suppose the police would tell us that we weren't justified in letting this fellow go, just for the sake of the reward. But we shall be putting the money back into circulation, which is the main thing."

"The only question is, is the gold still there? Two years is a long time and someone may have found it; or the ship may have broken up and the whole lot be at the bottom of the sea and inaccessible without an expensive expedition."

"It's still there all right," Pieters declared. "I've been making some inquiries myself, and I met a fellow as was round that way not long ago. He said that the wreck was still there and that he'd heard that someone had started salvaging the cargo, but had found it didn't pay and had chucked it."



"WHAT about Captain Binns, though?" objected Dyke. "It's quite on the cards that by now he's got at the gold himself."

"Maybe," Pieters returned. "But maybe not. Remember, he hadn't any money to get niggers to work for him, and he couldn't possibly have dug out all that coal by himself. Of course, he may have got the salvage feller to have taken him off, and have then gone back with money, but 'tain't likely. Cap'n Binns was a mighty suspicious chap, and he'd be sure to think that we'd come back sooner or later and do him out of his share, if he weren't there. I'd lay five quid to a tanner that he's still aboard that old wreck."

"I'm! I should hardly think he is. Still, two hundred thousand is a lot of money and Rodrigues Bay isn't more than a week's sail from here. I think we might risk it."

"So do I," Hayes agreed emphatically.

As he spoke, there came the sound of shouting from across the water, and they could see lights flashing on the shore.

"The police seem to have got out of that room," exclaimed Dyke. "It's time we were making a move."

"YES, there's a wreck in there all right."

A week had passed. Dyke was standing with Murray on the Swan's poop, but Pieters was no longer with them. Dyke had foreseen that, if there really were a wreck with a million pounds' worth of gold on board in Rodrigues Bay, he would be, to say the least of it, in the way. He had revealed the secret of the treasure as the price of his neck; but once he was safe, he was hardly likely to stand by meekly and watch others walk off with the fortune that he had regarded as his own. Even if it had not occurred to him when he had first agreed to tell the story, he would be sure to think that it was an excellent opportunity to get someone else to unearth the gold for him. As soon as it had been recovered from its hiding-place, he would be certain to resort to treachery in order to regain possession of it. Dyke had, therefore, landed him on a small island which they had passed a couple of days previously. There he would be safe from the Portuguese police, while at the same time he would not be able to stray very far, for very few vessels called there. If his story should prove false, it would be an easy matter to return and take him back to Beira, as he had threatened to do.

The entrance to Rodrigues Bay was comparatively narrow, but when the Swan had passed inside the headlands there opened before her a broad expanse of smooth water, fringed with a white coral beach that was backed by low sand dunes. It was an excellent harbor, unless the wind happened to be blowing hard from the north-east, an exception to which the dark mass of the wrecked tramp steamer bore grim testimony.

Dyke sailed as far into the bay as, considering the shallowness of the water, he deemed prudent, and dropped anchor.

As soon as everything had been made snug, he and his two companions had a good look at the wreck. She was a melancholy sight. The storm which had overwhelmed her had driven her well up on to a shoal and now she lay with her bows high and her stern low, and with a small list to starboard.

"There doesn't appear to be anyone aboard her now," said Murray.

As if to belie his words, a door amidships suddenly opened and a man emerged. And what a man! Focusing his glasses on him, Dyke saw a bent and anaky derelict with a face almost entirely covered with unkempt, greying hair. He was dressed in a pair of ragged blue trousers and a torn singlet, and as he shuffled towards the rail and stood peering at the schooner, Dyke saw that he was barefooted.

"Captain Binns as was!" announced Hayes facetiously.

"A regular Old Man of the Sea," said Murray.

"Yes," Dyke agreed. "It's hard to say which looks the worse wreck—the ship or her skipper. Anyway, I'm glad to see him, for the fact that he is here not only confirms Pieters' story, but shows that, if the gold was ever here, it has not been moved."

He would hardly have stayed on board if it had been taken away."

"What about going aboard and having a look round?" Hayes suggested.

"Yes. And we'll bring old Rip Van Winkle back for dinner. I expect he'll be glad of a change of diet and someone to talk to."

While the boat was being lowered the old man continued to stare at them; but as soon as they started to row towards the wreck he turned and disappeared hurriedly through the door from which he had come.

"He's gone to get the address of welcome," declared Hayes.

"Or to shave," Murray suggested.

They soon found, however, that Captain Binns' intention was much more sinister. He had not been gone for more than a couple of minutes when he reappeared—this time carrying a rifle. The boat was by now close to a rope ladder which still hung over the wreck's side. Uncertain of their welcome, Dyke gave the order to stop rowing.

"What do you want?" came in a hoarse shout from Captain Binns.

"If you've no objection," Dyke replied, "we'd like to come aboard and have a look round."

"What for? There ain't anything to see."

"Perhaps there's something worth salvaging, though. If there is, we may be able to do business."

"Well, there ain't. It's all been taken already."

"Still, we may be able to find something that has been overlooked."

"No, you won't. Everything's gone."

"Even if you've nothing to sell, we'd like to have a look round."

"I'm not going to have you nosing about aboard my ship. Be off!"

"Do you want any stores?"

"No. Be off, I tell you!"

For a minute or two Dyke and his companions discussed in low tones what they should do. The position was an awkward one. So long as Captain Binns continued to guard the top of the ladder it would be impossible to get aboard the wreck.

"If you try to come aboard," the old skipper shouted, "I'll shoot the first one that puts a foot on the ladder."

There was nothing for it but to retreat. No doubt his aim had deteriorated with the rest of him; but at point-blank range he could hardly miss them.

They settled down to keep a close watch on the wreck—both to familiarise themselves with Captain Binns' habits and to make quite certain that there was no one besides him aboard.

All that night and all the following day they watched the wreck. Binns continued to remain much in evidence, but they saw no sign of anyone else, and they became convinced that there was nobody with him. During the afternoon of the second day he showed distinct signs of weariness and soon after dark he disappeared.

At two o'clock in the morning, Captain Binns having been out of sight for several hours, Dyke, Murray and Hayes set out to board the wreck. To do this they had to take a ladder of their own and hook it on to the wreck's bulwarks with the help of a pole. No opposition was offered them, and they reached the deck without difficulty.

The first thing to be done was to find out where he was sleeping. This did not

prove to be difficult. The first door they entered led them into the dining saloon. A door opening off this was standing ajar and through it came the sounds of heavy snoring.

Murray was carrying the axe and, grasping it firmly in his hand, he advanced towards the door.

"Now we've got him," he whispered. "If he starts anything, I'll give him a tap on the head with the back of this."

"Not so fast!" returned Dyke. "We'll have a look at things first."

He walked quietly up to the door and examined it. Then he turned to the others.

"Look!" he whispered, pointing towards the top of the door. "The man who got that on his head wouldn't cause Captain Binns any more trouble."



THE old man, afraid of being surprised in his sleep, had arranged several heavy iron bars above his door. If anyone had attempted to enter the room, these would inevitably have fallen on his head.

Dyke examined the booby-trap carefully. It was clear that the bars could not be removed without risk of waking Binns.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said softly. "Murray will go out on deck and make sufficient noise to wake Binns. Hayes and I will wait outside the saloon door. He'll probably rush out right into our arms."

This plan worked splendidly. Murray had not been hammering on the iron door with the axe for more than half a minute when Binns could be heard hastily dismantling his booby-trap. A few moments later he came stumbling and cursing through the dark saloon, rifle in hand. At the door he was pounced upon by Dyke and Hayes, and, although he struggled desperately, he was quickly overpowered and disarmed.

They remained aboard the wreck for the rest of the night. At dawn Hayes rowed back to the Swan, taking with him Binns' rifle and ammunition. With these out of his reach, Dyke decided that it was no longer necessary to keep the old man tied up.

"We're going to release you," he announced. "But remember! At the first sign of trouble from you we shall tie you up again."

"What do you want here?" the old skipper wheezed. "This is my ship and you've no right aboard her. You're a lot of pirates."

He had been furiously angry when he had first been captured, but his tone had now turned to one of complaint. Dyke ignored him.

"There's nothing here worth salvaging," Binns rambled on. "There's only coal, and coal ain't worth salvaging."

"Come on!" said Dyke to the others. "We'll have a good look round."

They began by searching the upper part of the ship. The first place that they came to was the storeroom. This

still contained a considerable quantity of food. When the ship had gone ashore she had probably had on board two or three months' provisions for thirty or forty men, and Binns had been living on them ever since. Much of what remained was no longer fit for food, but a good deal was still eatable.

They next visited the crew's quarters and went up on to the bridge, but they made no discoveries of importance.

This was all in the nature of a preliminary survey. Their main object was to ascertain whether the gold was still on board the ship and, if so, how it could be reached most easily. To do this, they began by examining the holds. These all contained coal. From Nos. 1 and 4 some had evidently been taken—no doubt, when the attempt at salvage had been made. That in Nos. 2 and 3 was intact.

According to Pieters' story, the treasure was hidden in the double-bottom under No. 2 hold—that is to say, the second counting from the bows. This hold they found to be full right up to the deck with coal.

"There must be close on two thousand tons down there," exclaimed Dyke in disgust, as he stood looking at it. "It'll take ages to get it out."

Hearing a movement behind him, he looked round. A few yards away, concealed by a ventilator, was Captain Binns. His eyes looked wild and he was almost dancing with excitement.

"I tell you, there's nothing there!" he exploded. "There is only coal, and that ain't worth taking. Besides, it is mine—all mine, and I won't let you have any of it."

This outburst, taking place as it did while they were examining the hold which was supposed to contain the gold, seemed to Dyke to add further confirmation to Pieters' story.

"Buzz off!" Dyke ordered, though not too harshly. "If you get in our way, we shall have to tie you up again."

Mumbling beneath his breath, the old man shuffled away. But he did not go out of sight. Instead, he stopped and stood staring at Dyke from the other side of the deck.

"I'm afraid that it's going to be rather a job getting that coal out," Murray declared. "There is no power available, for we can be certain that after being neglected for so long, the boilers will not be in a fit condition for raising steam. We shall have to haul up every basket by hand."

THEY found a serviceable sounding-rod, and proceeded to make a round of the ship. When they had finished, Dyke summarised the results of their investigation.

Suddenly Hayes uttered an exclamation.

"Look there!" he cried, pointing out to sea.

The others followed his arm. Three or four miles away was a big, white steam yacht heading towards the bay.

"Curse!" Dyke exclaimed.

They stood watching her as she drew nearer, slowed down, and eventually dropped anchor near the Swan.

"What the devil can she have come into a place like this for?" cried Dyke.

"I wonder!" returned Murray. "I just wonder!"

"WHATEVER it is they're after, we shan't be able to do anything while they are here," declared Dyke in disgust.

"Unless their object in coming here is the same as ours," Murray qualified.

"Naturally! They may have heard the yarn from another member of the gang. But let's hope that they haven't."

For some time they stood watching the yacht. Apart from her crew, there did not appear to be many people aboard her—only two women and two men, as far as they could make out. What manner of people these were, the distance was too great for them to see.

Presently a motor launch was lowered into the water. One of the men passengers and a couple of sailors got into it and set off towards the wreck. As they drew near, it struck Dyke that he had seen the passenger before, and a moment or two later he was sure of it. He was the man whom he had seen directing the operations of the gang of bandits beside the wrecked mail-train.

Before Dyke could say anything to the others, there came a hail from the launch.

"Can we come aboard?" the man shouted. "The ladies have never seen a wreck at close quarters, so I've come over to find out if it's possible to have a look round."

"Certainly!" replied Dyke, who thought it best not to risk arousing suspicion by trying to prevent visitors boarding the wreck. "But there's no proper gangway. They'll have to climb up the rope ladder, I'm afraid."

"Thanks! There are only a few rungs of it, so I dare say they'll be able to manage. I'll go back and tell them."

As soon as he was out of earshot, Dyke turned to the others.

"It looks as if we're in for it," he announced. "That fellow is the man whom I saw bossing the gang of bandits who looted the mail-train two years ago, the man Schelling Pieters told us about."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Murray. "So they are after the gold!"

"It certainly looks like it."

"Are you quite sure he's the same fellow?" queried Hayes.

"Positive! He was wearing a mask at the time, but he knocked it off accidentally just when I happened to be looking at him. He's the man all right. He must have heard that yarn as well as us. Probably he has got in touch with one of his old gang and made him tell him what was done with the gold."

"If that's the case, we've arrived only just in time," said Murray.

The launch was now back alongside the yacht's ladder and after a little delay they saw all four passengers get into it. Soon it was heading towards them again.

Suddenly Dyke gripped Murray's arm.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "It's she!"

"She!" returned Murray in surprise. "who's she?"

"The one sitting next to the bandit fellow, of course."

"Yes, but who is she?"

"Why, the girl we saw on the mail-boat that day in Port Natal."

"On the mail-boat? Oh, yes! I recollect now. But you don't mean to say you still remember her? I should never

have recognised her, if you hadn't drawn my attention to her."

The launch reached the ladder and Dyke and the others helped her passengers to get aboard. Fortunately the wreck was lying low in the water on this side, so they did not have far to climb.

The party consisted of a stoutish, elderly man, who looked to Dyke like a prosperous city merchant; a lady of about the same age with a round, rather jovial face and greying hair, who at first declared that she would remain in the launch, but who finally pluckily accomplished the ascent of the ladder; and the two whom Dyke had already recognised.

As he helped the girl—his girl, he told himself—aboard, he saw to his dismay that she was wearing an engagement ring. So he had met her again too late!—unless, of course, it should turn out that it was the bandit to whom she was engaged. If that should be the case—well, it would be a different matter.

The "Bandit" stepped forward. He was a tall, slim man of about forty, with a dark toothbrush moustache and hard lines about his mouth. On his face was a somewhat supercilious expression. He was dressed in a spotless white suit of perfect cut and wore a smart sun-helmet, an outfit which contrasted strongly with Dyke's more practical khaki shirt and shorts.

"My name is Kirch," he announced, and these are Mrs. Buckley, Miss Gretton and Mr. Buckley."

Dyke introduced himself and his companions.

"It's not often we see pleasure craft round here," he said.

"No, I suppose not," returned Mr. Buckley. "We shouldn't have come in here if it weren't that we've got engine trouble. We're on our way from South Africa to the Far East. This morning the chief had a breakdown and so, as he didn't think he'd be able to reach the nearest proper port, we decided to come in here and anchor, where it is sheltered, while he carries out repairs."

"Is the trouble serious?"

"He seems to think it will take him several days to put things right, but he says he will be able to do it without outside assistance."

"I hope you won't be delayed long."

"I hope so, too. Still, it's an ill-wind—you know. My wife and niece have never seen a wreck, and they're glad of the opportunity to go over this one. If you've no objection—"



"Of course not! As a matter of fact, she doesn't belong to us. We're merely looking round to see whether there is anything on her we can salvage."

"I think it all looks frightfully thrilling," exclaimed Miss Gretton—and Dyke noticed that her voice was as pleasing as her countenance. "Was it a very bad storm when she was wrecked?"

"By the way she was driven up into the bank," Dyke replied. "I should think that it must have been."

"I should just love to have been on board then—not as a passenger, of course, but doing something—fighting the storm and repairing the damage."

Her dark eyes flashed as she pictured

herself battling with the elements. Dyke looked at her admiringly. She had spirit, this girl. It was obvious that she meant what she said.

He first showed the visitors over the officers' quarters amidships. They looked into the bare cabins and the saloon with its mouldy upholstery and dirty floor. Then he took them up to the bridge. From there they had a bird's-eye view of the wreck, a panorama of twisted rails and smashed woodwork, salt-coated and discoloured paint and rusty decks. From here, too, they could look down into the black hole which showed where the funnel had once stood.

They returned to the deck. Mr. Buckley seemed inclined to terminate the tour of inspection, and Kirch also appeared to take very little interest in the wreck.

"What about the engine-room?" inquired Miss Gretton, when they were once more amidships. "We haven't seen that yet."

"I don't suppose there's anything worth seeing down there, my dear," objected Mr. Buckley, mopping his head. "There'll be nothing in it except a lot of rusty machinery."

"Never mind! I'd like to see it, whatever it's like."

Dyke, with her at his side, led the way; the rest of the party straggled uncertainly in the rear. They came to a heavy steel door, the hinges of which were so stiff that he had difficulty in opening it. Inside, a narrow grating with a rail on each side of it spanned the great cavity of the engine-room and led to another door on the opposite side.

They walked on to this and stood looking down. Some fifteen feet beneath them were the tops of the three big cylinders of the triple expansion engine—the largest more than five feet across, the others smaller.

All were coated with rust. From the grating on which the party stood a ladder descended to another grating which surrounded them. Below that very little was visible in the gloom.

"Come on!" cried Miss Gretton, moving towards the ladder.

"I'm not going down there," declared Mrs. Buckley firmly.

"Nor I," agreed her husband. "It's very nearly lunch time. We ought to be getting back."

"Don't come if you'd rather not," Miss Gretton returned. "But I'm going down." She turned towards Kirch. "Come on, Oscar!"

Kirch looked first at the ladder and the rust below and then at his spotless trousers.

"All right! Don't come, if you don't want to," she said. "Lead on, Captain Dyke!"

Kirch hesitated for a moment. He took a step towards the ladder, then evidently thought better of it and stopped.

"All right, go ahead if you want to," he said, and, shrugging his shoulders, he turned to follow the Buckylys out on deck.

On reaching the level of the cylinder tops Dyke stopped for a moment.

"Who is the lad with the nice clean clothes?" he asked.

"Mr. Kirch, my fiance."

"Ah! I was wondering."

Taking a torch from his pocket he indicated a second ladder, which led down into the depths below.

"By the way, I don't know your name yet," he said as they descended it.

"I thought we were properly introduced," she replied in surprise. "I am Miss Gretton."

"Yes, I heard that. I meant your other one."

"It is Beryl. But why do you want to know?"

"Because I can't very well go on calling you 'Miss,' can I?"

"I don't seem to remember giving you permission to call me anything else."

"You haven't. But I never ask permission for anything of that sort!"

"Don't you, indeed! Do you realise that you have only known me for about an hour?"

"On the contrary, I've known you for just over two years."

She stopped at the foot of the ladder and looked at him in amazement.

"Two years? But we've never met before—I'm sure we haven't."

I ADMIT that we've never met in what might be called the technical sense. But we've been within sight of each other before.

"Where?"

"In Port Natal. You were on the promenade deck of a mailboat and I was on the old Swan. Quite a number of yards of water separated us, but that did not prevent me from seeing you, and, if I may say so, admiring you."

"But—but surely you can't have remembered me all that time?"

"I have, and I'm not ashamed to admit it."

Suddenly she became very practical.

"Well, anyway, we're here now. Let's have a look round."

Above them, rusty and decaying, towered the engines, like the gaunt skeleton of some colossal prehistoric beast. On every side was lesser machinery in a similar state of dissolution.

They saw before them the three boilers—each as decayed-looking as everything else on the ship. On the floor were heaps of coal and ashes. It was a dreary place.

"Let's go back," exclaimed Beryl. "Uncle and Auntie will be thinking I've got lost."

They turned to retrace their steps.

"Do you live with them?" Dyke asked.

"Yes. My people are dead and I've made my home with them. They're dears, aren't they? Uncle has just retired from business. He felt that he wanted a holiday and a rest, so he chartered the yacht and we started off on a world tour."

"I see. You're not a very large party for a yacht of that size."

"Not now, I'm afraid. We had several friends with us when we left England; but one lot had to leave us almost at once and return home, owing to someone being ill, while the rest were obliged to go home from Capetown, because of business. It was rather sickening. But we're still enjoying ourselves. At sea Uncle and Auntie don't want to do much beyond sitting about and dozing over a book, while I've got Oscar to amuse me. So we can't grumble."

On reaching the deck they saw no sign of the others.

"I expect they're round on the other side, near the ladder," said Dyke.

For a moment Beryl did not reply, but stood looking at the scene in front of her.

"You know," she said, ignoring his remark, "this is all frightfully picturesque."

"I dare say that an artist might think so," returned Dyke with a faint smile, "but, speaking personally, I should call it a dirty and untidy mess."

"Well, I am an artist."

"Are you, indeed? I must confess to being one of those Philistines who like a picture or not irrespective of whether it is good art or otherwise."

She laughed.

"Where did you say the others were?" Beryl asked.

"Come along! We'll find them."

The rest of the party were grouped round the ladder.

"Oh, Auntie!" Beryl exclaimed. "I've decided that while we're waiting for the engines to be repaired, I'll do some sketching. There are one or two corners here that really are very quaint."

"But it's such a dirty old ship, dear," Mrs. Buckley objected. "Surely you don't want to come back here again?"

"It won't hurt me."

"I wouldn't do it if I were you," put in Kirch. "If I'm not mistaken, there's some very good shooting to be had along this coast. Your uncle and I have just been talking about it and we've decided that, as we seem to be condemned to spend a few days here, we might as well go ashore and get a little sport. We naturally thought that you'd like to come along with us."

"No, thanks," she persisted. "You go shooting to-morrow and I'll come over here and sketch. If you find there's anything interesting to see, perhaps I'll come with you next day."

"Very well. But I must say I don't see why you want to waste your time sketching a filthy wreck. I should have thought that you'd have found something prettier ashore."

Mr. Buckley turned to Dyke.

"Would you care to join us, Captain Dyke?" he inquired. "We should be very glad of your company, if you would like to come."

Dyke would have enjoyed a day in the bush with a gun. But he did not forget that Beryl proposed to spend the day on the wreck, sketching and presumably alone.

"Thanks very much," he replied. "There's nothing I'd like better, but I'm afraid I can't very well spare the time. I'm thinking of salving some of this coal, and I must get ahead with it, as I've got engagements to keep later on."

As soon as the party from the yacht had gone, Dyke and his companions prepared to return to their own ship. Before they left the wreck, however, they informed Captain Binns that, so long as he gave them no trouble, he would be left alone; but if he should attempt to prevent them coming aboard again or should show hostility in any other form, they would lock him in his room and keep him there. He returned only a few mumbled words to Dyke's admonition.

Back aboard the Swan, Dyke, Hayes and Murray held a council of war.

"What do you think of those people?" asked Murray.

"With the exception of Schelling, or Kirch as he now calls himself," Dyke replied, "they are obviously just ordinary tourists—though Buckley must be very well-off to be able to charter a yacht like that to go about in. The main question seems to be whether Kirch joined them as an ordinary friend, or whether he deliberately attached himself to them in

the hope of getting here and then arranged matters so that they would have to come in here."

"Are you going to say anything to the Buckleys about him being responsible for wrecking that train?" asked Murray.

"Not for the present. For one thing, it would only alarm them unnecessarily, because there is nothing they could do at the moment. As soon as possible I shall put the police on his track. But there is no hurry. He is living quite openly with respectable people, so there will be no difficulty about locating him when the time comes."

"That is so. But it'll be tough luck on Miss Gretton."

"Yes, I'm afraid it will be."

"How would it be," suggested Murray, "if we were to spend the time, while we are waiting for those people to leave, in going ashore and arranging for labor to dig out the coal?"

"No," replied Dyke. "That won't do. For one thing, Kirch may only be here on a pleasure trip, but I'm taking no chances and intend to remain on the spot until he leaves. For another, we shall not require any labor."

"But it'll take us months to—"

"Yes, yes, I know all about that. But there's no need to dig that coal out. I've thought of a much better way of reaching the gold."

The others looked at him in amazement.

"It came to me while we were rowing back," he explained. "I was thinking over my visit to the engine-room, when a bright idea occurred to me. It is this. We know that there is no water in the double-bottom under the engine-room, because we sounded it. Why shouldn't we go down into it and cut through the ship's frame into the compartment under No 2 hold, where the gold is?"

"Why not, indeed!" cried Murray. "It'll save us ever so much trouble."

Hayes similarly expressed his approval.

"As soon as we get a chance," Dyke went on, "we'll go down there and see what can be done. But we'd better lie low until the yacht leaves. We don't want any sightseers dropping in casually while we're doing it. In the meantime we must act the part of salvors of cargo."

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YKE realised that, if he intended to act the part of a salvor of cargo, he would have to do some salving. Accordingly, immediately after breakfast next morning he rowed over to the wreck, taking with him three of his native sailors. Captain Binns watched him as he approached, a scowl on his face, but he did not attempt to prevent him coming on board.

Dyke had not been aboard the wreck long when he saw the yacht's launch approaching. In it were Beryl, Mrs. Buckley and Kirch. Beryl climbed up the ladder, and with Kirch assisted her aunt to make the ascent. Kirch then passed up a deck chair, an easel and several other articles. He then waved his hat and the launch returned to the yacht, in readiness to take the shooting party ashore.

LOOTED GOLD

9

While this had been taking place, Dyke, who was anxious to avoid as far as possible exchanging civilities with Kirch, had remained in the background. He now came forward.

"Good morning!" he exclaimed. "Can I help you with those things?"

Beryl and Mrs. Buckley returned his greetings.

"You're here early," commented the former.

"Yes," returned Dyke with a smile. "In my business it is the early bird that saves the best worm. Where would you like to sit?"

"I think that corner over there would be the best place. Will that be in your way?"

"Not in the least!" He picked up the deck chair and a camp stool. "Are you also interested in Art?" he inquired affably of Mrs. Buckley.

"No," she replied. "I'm afraid I don't understand very much about it. But I often accompany dear Beryl when she goes out sketching. I have brought my crochets with me, so I shan't be idle."

He went back to the lifeboat and for some time busied himself with it. But he kept an eye on Beryl and presently he returned to her.

"How are you getting on?" he inquired. "May I have a look?"

"If you like," she replied, "though there isn't much to see yet."

Her sketch had certainly not progressed very far, but he praised it to the best of his ability.

"Your aunt seems to find the weather warm," he said softly. Mrs. Buckley's crochets had slipped from her hands and she was fast asleep.

Beryl laughed. "Yes," she replied. "She's a dear old thing. She absolutely insists on chaperoning me when I go out sketching, but she always goes to sleep as soon as she settles down."

"Why didn't your fiance remain as escort. Isn't he interested in art?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid. He did offer to stay with me, but I knew he was keen on the shooting trip, so I wouldn't let him."

Beryl and Mrs. Buckley returned to the yacht for lunch, but at three o'clock Beryl was back again, this time accompanied by two of the yacht's officers. In the circumstances, Dyke contented himself with passing favorable comments on her work.

Just as the sun was setting, Dyke caught sight of the launch returning with the shooting party. Instead of going straight to the yacht, it came alongside the wreck to pick up Beryl. She was, however, not quite ready to leave, so Mr. Buckley and Kirch came on board. "Had a good day's sport?" Dyke asked cheerily.

"As a matter of fact," replied Mr. Buckley, "we haven't fired a shot. We went down the coast about ten miles to a village of which our skipper, Captain Shaw, told us. We thought it would be a good place to land, and that we should be able to get any porters we might require there. Fortunately Kirch can speak a native dialect very similar to what they use round here. As soon as we landed we got hold of the local chief and asked him what were the prospects of sport. He said that there was not much game near the village—very little except birds, in fact—but if we cared to go a day's journey inland there was plenty to be found. We had a long pow-wow with him and

eventually decided that we'd do the trip. We're going to start the day after tomorrow, and he has agreed to have plenty of porters ready for us."

"Sound scheme!" said Dyke with enthusiasm. "You'll find it much more fun than hanging about here doing nothing for several days."

"Our idea is to do the thing properly," supplemented Kirch. "Probably we shall be away three or four days. That will give our engineers time to finish the repair work, and we should be able to make a move as soon as we get back."

Beryl was now ready to go, so the party from the yacht took their departure.



NEXT morning Dyke was again aboard the wreck early. Presently he saw the launch approaching with Beryl and Mrs. Buckley in it.

"They're all very busy getting ready for the expedition," Beryl said when Dyke had greeted her. "They're frightfully excited about it. Captain Shaw is going with them and they expect to do quite a lot of slaughtering."

"I noticed that you say 'they' and not 'we,'" returned Dyke. "Does that mean that you are going to stay behind?"

"Yes. Both Oscar and Uncle want me to go, but I don't care for that sort of thing, so I'm not going."

Kirch, in particular, was evidently very anxious for her to accompany the expedition, for about noon he came over to the wreck and at once began to try to make her change her mind. Dyke, who was working nearby, heard most of what passed between them.

"You know I don't like killing things and seeing a lot of poor dead animals dripping with blood," Beryl protested with a shudder, in answer to his entreaties. "I should simply hate it."

At that point Mrs. Buckley, who had just awakened and looked at her watch, announced that it was time to go back for lunch. Kirch agreed with her, and the three of them left for the yacht.

Dyke saw no more of Beryl that day, except for a few distant glimpses of her on the yacht's deck. Despite the extent to which she filled his thoughts, he had not lost sight of the fact that his object in coming to Rodriguez Bay was to recover the gold, and he, therefore, took advantage of her absence to pay a visit to the engineers' store-room and search for the tools which he knew he would require when he started cutting through the frames in the ship's bottom, in order to reach the treasure. To his chagrin he was unable to find many which were likely to be of any use for the job. When the attempt had been made to salvage the cargo the engine-room alone with the rest of the ship had been stripped of everything movable that was of value.

It had been his intention to cut a big hole through the steel frame by drilling through it a large number of small ones overlapping one another. Unfortunately, however, he could find only one drill of suitable size and this was blunt and rusty. If a grindstone had been available it could have been sharpened, but

there was none, so it was useless. The only alternative method he could think of was to cut through the frames with a cold chisel and a hammer. He knew that this would probably prove a long job, but he found the necessary tools for it, so he decided to adopt it when the departure of the yacht made it possible to start work in earnest on the salvaging of the gold.

Before breakfast was ready next morning he heard the sound of the launch's engine, and, looking towards the yacht, saw it leaving her side. It was piled up with baggage and in the stern were seated the three men of the shooting party—Mr. Buckley, Kirch and Captain Shaw. Beryl was not with them. He had been anxious as to what she might do, fearing that she might have allowed herself to be persuaded to join the party. The knowledge that she had not done so relieved him greatly.

The sight of the departing hunters also allayed his anxiety on another score. It showed definitely, he thought, that the visit of the yacht to Rodriguez Bay was unpremeditated. If Kirch had heard that the gold was aboard the wreck he would not have gone on a pleasure trip for several days, leaving him with a comparatively clear field.

Early next morning, Dyke saw Beryl and Mrs. Buckley being rowed towards the wreck in the yacht's jolly-boat. He was not long in following them.

Once again he made a pretence of superintending the work of salvaging the coal. But there was really very little that he could do, for it was quite unnecessary for him to stand over his men all day as they laboriously dug the coal from the hold and filled the reconditioned lifeboat with it. He, therefore, spent most of the morning chatting, first with Beryl and then, when she told him that he was interfering with her work, with Mrs. Buckley.

"Don't you find it very dull, Captain Dyke, being cooped up on that small boat all the time?" the latter asked him.

"Occasionally, I do," he replied. "But generally there is so much to occupy one that one hasn't time to think of being dull."

"I was wondering if you would care to join us at dinner to-night? We shall be very quiet with Mr. Kirch and my husband away; but, if you would care to come, we should be very pleased to see you."

"I shall be delighted to. It is very kind of you to ask me."

Accordingly that evening Dyke changed from the khaki outfit of the salvager of coal into clothes that were more suitable for dining out, and was rowed over to the yacht.

He found his hostess and Beryl sitting on deck clad in evening frocks which, for even the most civilised parts of Madagascar were in the fashion of the year after next. Dinner was announced soon after his arrival, and, as he went with them into the luxuriously furnished saloon he could not help thinking how strangely the scene contrasted with that on board the wrecked tramp only a few hundred yards away, or with the virgin wilderness on the shore not much farther distant.

Later he found himself walking up and down the deck with Beryl, while his hostess dozed over a book.

"You know, Captain Dyke," she exclaimed, "I can't help thinking that

there's something very mysterious about you."

"Why?" he inquired with a smile.

"Well, you spend your time pretending to look after half a dozen natives shovelling coal into a boat, yet anyone can see that the quantity of coal you are getting out every day is quite insufficient to pay for the wages of your crew, let alone leave anything for yourself."

"Oh, I don't think it's quite so bad as that. I'm hoping to get as much as three pounds a ton for the coal at a little place up the coast, where it is very dear."

"Still, even so, you won't be making a fortune, will you? I'm sure you've some other reason for being there. Do tell me what it is?"

Dyke stopped and faced her.

"If you really want to know," he said, lowering his voice, "I'm doing it so as to be near you."

"Don't be absurd. You've known me only for a few days."

"Even that is sufficient for me to want to remain near you. But Beryl, you are forgetting—I have known you for two years."

"Now you're being silly again. Won't you please tell me what you are really doing here?"

"Well, Beryl—"

"I've told you several times not to call me that."

"All right, I won't. But you must see that, if I am not on sufficiently intimate terms with you to call you Beryl, I am also not on sufficiently intimate terms with you to answer that question."

"Beast!" she exclaimed, glaring at him, as if she could not think of anything really adequate to call him. For a moment she hesitated, then she added: "Very well, I think it frightfully mean of you to behave like this, but you may call me Beryl. Only for to-night, though, mind!"

"Thank you very much, Beryl. Well you are right. There is a mystery about me. I am, as the more dramatic story books say, not what I seem. I have an ulterior motive in being here."

"I knew you had. What is it?"

"Will you swear that if I tell you, you will not breathe a word about it to anybody—not even to your fiancé?"

"All right, I swear it."

"Well, the truth is that I heard on very good authority that there is quite a lot of gold in this locality, so I came to investigate."

"So that's it, is it? I'd no idea there was any gold in this part of the world. It sounds frightfully thrilling. But you won't find much if you waste your time digging a few tons of coal out of the wreck."

"The pleasure of being near you is more than compensation for the loss of time in finding the gold."

"I wish you would remember that I'm engaged."

"And I wish that you'd forget it." Suddenly he became more serious. "I've answered your question. Now I want you to answer one of mine. What made you get engaged to Kirch? I'm sure you're not really in love with him."

Beryl drew herself up.

"Really, Captain Dyke," she said coldly, "you've no right to ask me such a question, nor to speak to me in the way you've been doing."

"Perhaps I haven't. Still, I'm doing it, aren't I? Why did you?"

"What business is it of yours?"

Dyke returned to his half-bantering tone.

"I don't know if I mentioned it before," he said, "but I fell desperately in love with you when I first saw you two years ago. I am naturally wondering how he managed to get ahead of me."

Beryl did not seem to be mollified.

"The main thing for you to remember," she said frigidly, "is that he did get ahead of you, as you put it."

She looked towards Mrs. Buckley.

"I see that Auntie has awakened," she went on. "I will leave you with her."

And without another word she was gone.

Dyke walked over to where his hostess was sitting, intending to make his adieux. However, he found her inclined for conversation.

"Has dear Beryl gone to bed already?" she asked in surprise. "It is very early for her."

"Perhaps she was more than usually tired," Dyke suggested.

"Very likely. She is so energetic. I wonder she doesn't wear herself right out."

"She is full of life."

"Yes—and so kind-hearted. She will make Oscar—Mr. Kirch—a very good wife."

"I should think so."

"She's a very fortunate girl, too, don't you think? He is such a nice man. Of course, he's not quite so young as one could wish, but one can't have everything, can one? He has such a charming manner, and is so considerate!"

"I expect they get on very well together."

"Y-yes. Though I must say that just lately there has seemed to be some little coldness between them."

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"I don't think so. But to tell you the truth, Captain Dyke—you won't breathe a word of this, will you?—I've been a tiny bit anxious lately. Beryl seems to have lost just a little of her interest in Oscar. I can't understand why it should be—he seems to be everything that a girl could want—no bad vices, or anything of that sort."

"What does he do about it?"

"Naturally, he feels hurt—I can see it in his manner. Still, perhaps, I'm only making mountains out of molehills."

"I expect so. Take it from me, Mrs. Buckley, you needn't worry about Beryl. She'll be all right. Now I really must be saying good night."

As Dyke was being rowed back to the schooner he thought over the events of the evening. He felt sorry that he had fallen out with Beryl. She was right from her point of view—he certainly had no right to make love to her. But right or no right, he was not going to stand by and see her marry Kirch.

He had nearly reached the Swan when his attention was caught by the splash of oars. Turning, he saw that a boat had left the wreck and was heading towards the yacht. It was a moonlight night and he was able to see that its occupants were four of the yacht's sailors. What, he wondered idly, had they been doing over there at that time of night?

NEXT morning Beryl was at her easel as usual, but when Dyke strolled up to her and made some slight remarks about the weather, she returned only a few chilly monosyllables.

"I say!" he burst out suddenly. "I

hope you're not still angry with me for saying what I did last night?"

She remained silent.

"I suppose it really was a frightful cheek, and I'm sorry if I have offended you, but—"

"Please don't say anything more about it," interposed Beryl in a bored tone. "It is of no importance."

Later he offered her a little favorable criticism of her work, but she refused to thaw.

That evening he was smoking a pipe on his own deck, when he noticed the yacht's jolly-boat making for the wreck. Again she had in her some of the yacht's crew.

He turned to Murray, who was sitting beside him.

"I wonder what those fellows are going over to the wreck for," he remarked. "I saw some of them coming back from there last night."

"I noticed them over there the night before, too," returned Murray. "I expect they're trying to do a little salvage work on their own. They probably think that there are a few odds and ends left that are worth taking away."

"Yes, I dare say that's it."

"I think I'll pop across and see what they're up to," Dyke announced at last.

In a few minutes he was tying his boat to the foot of the wreck's ladder. He climbed to the now familiar deck. The sailors were not in sight, but the strains of a music-hall song, rendered in a very rough voice, came from the saloon, showing that they were there.

Moving quietly, he took up a position outside one of the saloon port-holes from which he could see what was happening inside without being visible himself. The scene that met his eyes was one of sordid revelry. The room was lit by a hurricane lamp, which hung from the ceiling. On the table were a couple of bottles of whisky and some tin mugs. Round it sat the revellers—the four sailors from the yacht and Captain Binns.

Two tipsy sailors were taking it in turns to sing. Their choice of songs lay in the direction of the excessively sentimental and they sang in the mournful tone usual on such occasions. The other two joined in the choruses from time to time, but Captain Binns remained silent, a sullen expression on his face.

For some time the singing continued, broken only by pauses for drinking and alcoholic humor. Then one of the men who had kept sober began to show an interest in Captain Binns.

"Come on, Cap'n," he cried. "You're not very cheerful to-night. Have another drink."

"Is there any left?" inquired Captain Binns doubtfully.

"Course there is. Didn't I tell you we pinched a whole case out of the steward's storeroom?"

"Then you ought to be put in irons, you swabs," Binns declared. Nevertheless, as soon as his mug had been refilled, he took a deep draught of the stolen spirit.

The sailor leaned closer to him.

"What was that you was saying last night about them blokes on that schooner?" he demanded in a confidential tone.

"I said they're a bunch of pirates coming aboard my ship and stealing my cargo."

"But you said something more than that—something about some gold they're after."

A cunning look came into Captain Binns' eyes.

"Gold? What gold? I don't know anything about any gold."

"Yes you do. You said they was after some gold somewhere."

Binns was obviously drunk, but the mention of the word "gold" seemed to have touched some corner of his brain which warned him to be on the defensive.

"I never said anything about any gold," he declared with an oath.

"Well, I must have been mistook. I thought you did. Anyway, have another drink."

A few minutes later, however, he returned to the subject.

"I'm pretty sure you did say something about gold."

"And I tell you I didn't," shouted Binns, beginning to show signs of fight. "Who the devil are you to argue with a shipmaster?"

"All right, all right, Cap'n!" the man returned apologetically. "No offence meant. I must 'a been thinking of someone else."

The subject was not brought up again, and, when a quarter of an hour later the party looked like breaking up, Dyke hurriedly returned to his boat, anxious to get back to the Swan without being seen by the men from the yacht.

Dyke had intended to board the wreck early the following evening. Unfortunately, however, he was delayed by an accident to his boat, and the sailors got there before him.

On reaching the wreck, he found that any chance he might have had of keeping Binns away from the sailors had gone. There were only two this evening. He was already seated with them in the saloon and beginning the business of getting drunk.

Dyke debated with himself the wisdom of joining the party in order to make any pumping of Binns impossible.

It would then be necessary not only to keep an eye on Binns during that evening, but continuously until the yacht sailed. The fact that he was doing that would almost certainly become public property. There would be gossip which might come to Kirch's ears, and, whatever else happened, he wanted to avoid that. He decided, therefore, to remain outside and merely listen to what took place.

It was not long before one of the sailors—a man Dyke had heard addressed as Atkins—broached the subject of the treasure.

"You were telling us about some gold being hidden somewhere hereabouts, Cap'n," he said.

"No, I wasn't," snapped Binns. "There isn't any gold here."

However, about an hour later, when he had consumed several more whiskies, he admitted defiantly that he did know where some gold was hidden, but he'd take good care that nobody found it.

"If you know where it's hidden," said Atkins, "why don't you get it and be rich?"

"Because it ain't where one man can get it by himself, nor two either."

"Then why not let us help you get it?"

"Because it all belongs to me, I'm not going to share it with anybody."

For some time the sailors tried to persuade him to let them join him in recovering the gold, but without success. There was a cunning look on his face, and, although they piled him with whisky,

they were unable to get anything out of him.

"I tell you, I'm not going to say where it is," he declared.

Then after a moment's pause: "Give me another drink."

This demand gave Atkins an inspiration.

"Very well. If you want some more, tell us where the gold is hidden."

"I won't. There isn't any gold."

"Then there isn't any whisky either." In a burst of fury Binns tried to snatch the bottle, but he was pushed roughly into his chair.

"No gold, no whisky," the sailor declared firmly.

"All right, I'll tell you," he whimpered. "But give me a drink first."

"Very well," the sailor replied. "But only a small one—and remember! If you don't tell us, it'll be your last."

He poured out a small peg of whisky. Binns swallowed it greedily and banged his mug down on the table.

"It's in the double-bottom under No. 2 hold," he announced.

The sailors leaned forward, intense excitement written on their faces.

"How much is there there?" one of them demanded breathlessly.

"A million—a whole million!" cried Binns, his voice rising. "All in gold!" Then a horrible grin came over his face.

"But you'll never get it—never. There's nearly two thousand tons of coal on top of it, and it'll take more than two of you to shift that."

"That won't stop us!" Atkins almost shouted. "Crikey! A million quid! It'll take more than a little coal to stop us getting that."



"No, it won't," screamed

Binns. "You'll never get it—never, never, never!" And his voice trailed off into a long, mocking laugh.

Atkins pushed the bottle towards him. "Anyway, there's your drink," he said.

Binns helped himself liberally.

"Two years it's been there," he chuckled—and to Dyke, it was obvious that the comparatively lucid period during which he had refused to divulge his secret had been dispelled by the excitement and the whisky. "Two years! And it'll be another two years before anyone gets it!"

And with that he rolled off his chair insensibly.

"Cracked, poor bloke!" commented Atkins, looking down at the heap on the floor.

"Absolutely barmy!" agreed his friend. "Bimey! A million quid! Don't it make your mouth water?"

"We'll get it—every penny of it!"

They were about to get up and leave the room when something seemed to strike Atkins.

"Look here, mate!" he exclaimed. "What's the Old Man and the officers going to be doing while we're digging out that coal?"

"Them?" sniffed his friend contemptuously. "We'll soon fix them. We'll just tell 'em that we're going to do no more work for them, and that'll be that. They'll be helpless, and, if they tries to run

us in for mutiny afterwards, with a million quid behind us, we'll easily be able to square the deal. In fact," and as he said it he leaned back in his chair and dug his hands into his trousers pockets, "we could give the Old Man a couple of hundred to say nothing about it."

Dyke had heard sufficient and, not wanting them to see him, he went noiselessly back to his boat. The fat was certainly in the fire, he told himself—not only for himself and his fellow treasure-seekers, but for those aboard the yacht. Serious trouble was almost inevitable, and once it started there was no knowing where it would lead to. Perhaps even Beryl might be endangered.

DYKE saw that he must lose no time in warning those aboard the yacht of the trouble that was brewing.

As he cast off his boat, he saw to his surprise that the launch was alongside the yacht's gangway. In his absorption in the scene which he had just witnessed, he had not noticed that the shooting party had returned earlier than they had intended.

The three sportsmen, still in shooting kit, were sitting on deck talking to Mrs. Buckley and Beryl, and as Dyke reached the top of the gangway he heard Mr. Buckley saying:

"Fully five hundred yards, my dear, and the light was falling!"

Several heads and pelts lay on the deck and it was obvious that the hunters were entertaining the ladies with the tale of their adventures.

"Good evening!" said Dyke, coming forward. "I hope I am not intruding?"

"Ha! Dyke!" exclaimed Mr. Buckley. "So there you are! You should have come with us, my dear fellow. We've had wonderful sport—wonderful! Have you ever seen a finer head than that?" And he pointed to one of the trophies.

"Never," returned Dyke as enthusiastically as he could. He was a keen sportsman himself, but at the moment he hardly felt like talking big game. "My congratulations, sir!"

For a few minutes he listened to the hunters' stories of their own skill. Then he decided that it was time to talk business.

"I don't wish to alarm you," he said, "but I have something serious to tell you."

Mr. Buckley looked at him in surprise. "Serious?" he exclaimed. "Has something happened while we have been away?"

"I'm afraid so. But I don't wish to be overheard by any of your men. May I suggest—"

"Come into the smoking-room. No one will disturb us there. But it all sounds very mysterious."

He rose to lead the way.

"May we come, too?" asked Mrs. Buckley. "I do hope it is nothing very dreadful. In this outlandish place one feels sometimes as if almost anything might happen."

"By all means, come," Dyke replied, for he realised that in this case both she and Beryl should be told everything at once. "And Captain Shaw, too, if you don't mind. It concerns him especially."

In a minute or two they were all grouped round him in the smoking-room.

"I have just come from the wreck," he began. "Two of your men were over

there drinking with old Binns. To be precise, they were getting him drunk in order to pump him, and eventually he told them a yarn about some gold being hidden over there."

"Gold!" exclaimed Mr. Buckley. "Aboard that wreck? Impossible!"

"Yes."

"Whoever would hide it there?" demanded his wife.

"I was outside the port-hole listening all the time," Dyke went on. "He didn't say how or why it got there. He merely stated that there was a considerable sum hidden at the bottom of one of the holds, under the coal."

"The man is crazy," Captain Shaw declared.

"I know he is. But your men believe what he told them and they are talking of trying to recover the gold for themselves."

"But a couple of men couldn't move all that coal alone. It would take them years."

"They realise that and propose to get the others to join them. They are, in fact, plotting a mutiny."

"A mutiny!" cried Mrs. Buckley. "Oh, dear! We shall all be murdered in our beds."

"How thrilling!" Beryl exclaimed. "It'll be great fun!"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Miss Gretton," said Captain Shaw, "but I'm afraid that there won't be much of a mutiny. I'll put those fellows in irons as soon as they step aboard."

Beryl sighed.

"Of course somebody would spoil it!"

"When will you be ready to sail?" Dyke asked Captain Shaw.

"Not for two or three days," he replied. "But that won't make any difference. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll give orders for those men to be locked up as soon as they return."

Opening the door, he saw the second mate passing.

"When those two men who are over on the wreck come back, don't let them go forward, but call me at once."

"They're aboard already, sir," the officer replied. "I saw them come up the gangway and walk forward a couple of minutes ago."

"Then tell them to come here at once—No, wait a minute. Don't say anything to them. Leave them there."

He closed the door and turned again to the party assembled in the room.

"They're aboard already, I'm afraid," he announced. "By now they're probably telling their mates all about it. If I interfere now, there's sure to be trouble—they'll all take it as confirmation of the yarn. On the other hand, if I leave them alone, the others will probably say there's nothing in it and the affair will blow over."

"I dare say you're right, Captain," concurred Mr. Buckley. Then he added indignantly: "That old fool Binns ought to be locked up."

"I wonder how he can have got hold of such an idea," remarked Beryl.

"I didn't hear him say anything about that," said Dyke.

"The man is obviously a raving lunatic," Mr. Buckley insisted. "As I said before, he ought to be locked up."

"I quite agree with you," said Kirch.

Dyke looked closely at him, as he had done from time to time throughout the discussion. It seemed to him that beneath the indifferent air which he maintained he was very much interested. He would have liked to have excluded him

from the conference, but had seen no way of doing so.

"The solitude has certainly affected the old chap's brain," he said. "One can quite see that he might have developed delusions of that kind."

Dyke looked at his watch. It was just on midnight. He would have liked to have remained aboard the yacht to see if there were any signs of trouble from the men, but there seemed to be no excuse for doing so. Even as he turned to say good-night to the Buckleys, eight bells rang out, and a moment later a quartermaster appeared from the direction of the fore-castle and relieved the man who had been on duty at the head of the gangway since 8 o'clock. It was obvious that, even if there was going to be a mutiny, it would not take place at once. He, therefore, made his adieus and returned to his boat.

Next morning the first thing that Dyke did when he came on deck was to look towards the yacht. To his relief he saw that the crew were going about their duties as usual and that everything seemed to be normal. However, after breakfast he noticed that Beryl did not go over to the wreck. He, therefore, rowed over to the yacht to see if anything were amiss.

The reason for Beryl's departure from her plans was at once apparent. She was sitting on deck, with Kirch at her side, and Dyke had no difficulty in guessing that she had allowed herself to be persuaded to stay on board and listen to her fiancé's hunting reminiscences instead of going on with her sketching.

Late in the day Beryl paid a visit to the wreck, this time accompanied by Kirch. She spent an hour or so sketching. Kirch hung about in the background and Dyke, who had also gone over there, noticed that he had a pre-occupied look on his face. Dyke made one or two light remarks to Beryl, but she ignored him, and he decided not to persist while she remained in that mood. Eventually he returned to the Swan without waiting for her and Kirch to leave the wreck.



HALF an hour later,

on looking towards the wreck, he saw that Kirch had left Beryl and was sitting on a broken hatch some distance away. Captain Binns was beside him and he appeared to be talking earnestly to him. Doubtless his preoccupation had been due to the fact that he was thinking over the story of the gold and was probably now trying to get some first-hand information on the subject. But Binns was sober now and was not likely to allow himself to be pumped. Dyke could see Kirch lean towards him and whisper in his ear, as if putting some proposition to him. But all the old man did was to shake his head, and a minute or two later he got up and walked away. It was clear that he was not going to give anything away to-day.

When Dyke came up from below early the following morning, the first thing he saw was the launch heading for the wreck. She was filled to her utmost capacity with men, many of whom carried

ried shovels. Gathered round the head of the yacht's ladder were more men—by their number Dyke judged that they must be the whole of the remainder of her crew. Standing a little apart were three or four officers and a heated altercation appeared to be going on between the two groups. Obviously Captain Shaw's optimism had not been justified and the mutiny had broken out.

Dyke at once jumped into his boat and set off towards the yacht. Usually he would have taken a couple of his men to row, but this time he purposely did not do so, for he had no wish for his own men to become infected with the gold fever. Being negroes it was unlikely that the mutineers would allow them to join them, but he was taking no chances.

The launch had emptied and he had to wait to get alongside while she filled up again. This time she took all who had been left behind. The men were in high spirits and they shouted chaffing remarks to him. Evidently any anxiety which they might have had regarding the consequences of their action was allayed by their hopes of easily gained wealth.

When Dyke at length reached the deck, he found Captain Shaw telling Mr. Buckley and Kirch what he would do to the mutineers when the time came.

"Good-morning!" said Dyke. "Sorry to see that your men are giving trouble after all."

Captain Shaw turned a very red face towards him.

"Trouble!" he cried, his voice fairly trembling with indignation. "I'll give 'em trouble. They seem to have taken leave of their senses. When I told them to get back to work, they—they insulted me to my face. Never in all the thirty-five years I've been going to sea have I been shipmates with such a collection of insolent, mutinous scoundrels."

All the time he was speaking he was striding up and down, two or three paces one way, then two or three paces back, as if he felt compelled to give expression to his anger in violent action.

"Are they all in it?" asked Dyke.

"Yes—every one of them. If there weren't so many of 'em, I'd put them all in irons as soon as they came back. As it is, I can't do that, but as soon as we reach somewhere where there's a gaol, I'll see that they're all locked up."

For a few minutes more he continued to deliver himself in this strain. Then he began to cool down.

"When did it start?" Dyke inquired.

"The first we knew about it was when they didn't turn to at seven o'clock, as they should have done. They were at it before that, though. The officer of the watch had strict orders to keep a lookout for anything unusual, but he didn't notice anything. When they actually refused to start work, the most serious part of it had already taken place."

"What was that?"

"They had seized all the arms on board. With the possibility of mutiny breaking out, you may be sure that I slept with my revolver handy, and Mr. Buckley and Mr. Kirch both put their sporting guns where they could reach them without getting out of bed. It never occurred to us that the stewards might get mixed up in it—they're usually not on very good terms with the sailors, you know. Kirch and I both woke up to find our guns had disappeared."

"When the trouble started, did they

show any inclination to use them?" Dyke inquired.

"No—I'll say that for them," Captain Shaw replied. "They were as peaceable as they could be under the circumstances. They simply told the officers that they weren't going to do any more work. I hurried out as soon as I knew what was happening and tried to make them listen to reason. But they were quite determined to go ahead with their confounded treasure hunt."

"They seem to have thought of everything," remarked Kirch.

"You're right. They did," the skipper agreed. "They must have worked out their plans very carefully. I was just telling one ruffian what I thought of him, when the wireless operator dashed up to say that the wireless room had been broken into and all the gear smashed. I can tell you that that just about put the hat on it. I'd already decided to wireless for a cruiser, if they didn't resume duty within a few hours, but they'd made it impossible."

"What are you thinking of doing now?" asked Dyke.

"Doing! What is there that I can do? They won't listen to persuasion and, as they've got all the arms on board, I can't use force. Besides, even if we had one or two guns, with ladies on board we couldn't start shooting, except as a last resource. No, we shall have to leave them alone until they're tired of their tomfoolery and come back to work of their own accord."

"Why not send someone ashore to get help?" suggested Mr. Buckley.

"He'd have a long way to go, sir, before he found any. I'm afraid. As you know, that little village where we landed the other day is only a native place—there's no telegraph or telephone there, and no police. All this part of the coast is quite undeveloped."

"You're right," Dyke agreed. "And it would deplete your forces if you were to send your launch or a lifeboat down the coast to the next port."

"Yes. Besides, it would be a rather dangerous voyage for an open launch and the lifeboats are very slow. But there's really no need to do anything of that sort. The men will cool down after a day or two of shovelling coal and will come back to work of their own accord."

"I suppose," said Mr. Buckley suddenly to Dyke, "that you wouldn't care to go for us in your schooner? If you would be so good as to do so, we should be extremely grateful to you."

This suggestion was most unwelcome to Dyke. Anything might happen within the next few days, and he was anxious to remain on the spot where he could watch the course of events and take any action that might be needed.

"H'm! Yes!" he said doubtfully, tapping the deck with his foot and looking towards the shore. "I could do that, of course, if you really want me to. All the same, I think it would be much wiser for me to remain here. Then, if the situation shows any signs of getting nasty, my schooner will provide a convenient back door. I don't think that it will get nasty, mind you, but it may do. And if it does, you may find it impossible to remain aboard here. In that case I could take you all in the Swan to the nearest port."

"Yes, there's horse sense in that," Captain Shaw declared. "If you were not here we should have the choice between going down the coast in a small boat or camping on the shore. And

the ladies wouldn't find either particularly pleasant."

As he finished speaking Beryl joined them.

"Good morning!" cried Dyke. "You've got your mutiny now. How do you like it?"

"Isn't it thrilling?" she exclaimed with a note of excitement in her voice. "I'm so glad we came on this trip."

"You may think it thrilling, my dear," said her uncle, "but for myself I find it very worrying."

"You'd better all come over to the Swan," said Dyke. "I'm afraid you'll find things rather rough and ready there, but it will be better than going without breakfast altogether."

"What's all the worry about?" Beryl demanded. "Surely we can manage to cook a meal ourselves? I'll appoint myself chief cook. Who'll lay the table?"

Dyke, who knew that so large a company would find the Swan's tiny cabin uncomfortably small, did not press his invitation. Instead, he followed her into the galley and insisted on helping her. The materials for the morning's breakfast had been put out before the mutiny began, and it was not long before Beryl had cooked them and Dyke, assisted by the unwilling Kirch, had carried the sizzling dishes to the saloon.

THEY had hardly seated themselves at the table when they heard angry voices outside. Anxious to learn what new development had taken place, they hurried out on deck.

Captain Shaw had given orders for the accommodation ladder to be hauled up, so that the mutineers could not return to the ship. Dyke and the others now saw that the launch was lying close to the ship and that in her were a party of men who loudly demanded that the ladder should be lowered again.

"Are you willing to resume duty?" Captain Shaw shouted to them.

"Of course we ain't," the man Atkins replied. "We want our breakfast, that's what we want."

"Then you won't get it. I'm not going to allow any man to come back on board unless he is willing to return to work."

"We're not going to do no more work for you, but we are going to have our breakfast. And we're coming aboard to fetch it, too. We ain't got any grub with us, and there ain't any aboard that there weck except what the rats have mislaid up. So we've got to have something."

"You should have thought of that before. My decision is final—no work, no food."

After a few minutes spent in delivering a storm of threats and abuse, the mutineers drew off until they were out of earshot. An excited conference then took place between them.

"That's got 'em guessing," declared Captain Shaw, turning to the others who stood just behind him.

But he spoke too soon. After a while the launch returned to within hailing distance and Atkins stood up.

"If you think you can starve us into coming back to work," he cried, "you're badly mistook. We found out about this here treasure and we're not going to let you stop us going after it, so that you can get it yourselves afterwards. We've got a couple of rifles and you ain't, and, if you don't let us come aboard peaceable and get our grub when

we want to, we'll go back to the wreck and take pots at you from there."

The threat caused much consternation aboard the yacht.

"You've committed open mutiny," belatedly Captain Shaw in a voice that could almost have been heard on the distant shore. "Do you intend to add murder to it?"

"Not if we can help it," was the reply.

"Do you realise that there are ladies aboard?" cried Captain Shaw.

"Of course we do," the spokesman replied. "But we ain't going to hurt them."

The skipper turned to Mr. Buckley.

"The scoundrels mean business all right," he said hoarsely. "We shall have to let them come aboard, I'm afraid. We can't have any fighting with ladies on board, and they know it. If we had only ourselves to consider, I'd tell them to do their damndest. We've got the food and they haven't."

"You're quite right there, Captain," Mr. Buckley agreed. "We can't run any risks. The blackguards! It's an outrage! I never heard of anything like it in my life."

The others reluctantly agreed, and Captain Shaw, looking very much as if he would like to murder somebody, told two of the officers to lower the ladder. However, before the mutineers were actually allowed on board, there was some further parley with them. Captain Shaw demanded that in return for their being allowed to take their meals aboard the yacht, the cooks and some of the stewards should return to work. The men, who were obviously relieved that they would not have to carry out their threat, readily agreed to this.

The remainder of the day passed quietly. The mutineers, having secured the provisions they needed, spent the morning in rigging the necessary tackle for discharging the coal, and in the afternoon they began the actual digging. When they stopped work for the day, they all returned to the yacht and settled down to spend the night in their own berths.

During the day Dyke discussed with Captain Shaw the possibility of regaining control of the mutineers. The yacht skipper evolved several schemes, one of which was to lock the men in the fo'c'sle at night and keep them there without food or water until they agreed to return to work. Neither this plan nor any variation of it proved to be practical, however, for the men had the sense to realise that something of the sort might be attempted. When they turned in they left three of their number on watch, and, as they were armed, it was impossible to do anything against them.

Early on the following morning Dyke again visited the yacht. The first person he saw was Beryl. She did not seem very pleased to see him, though she returned his greetings.

"How are things this morning," he inquired.

"We've had no more trouble," she replied. "The stewards didn't bring us our early cup of tea, but they had breakfast ready in good time; so, considering that there's a mutiny going on, we can't grumble. The men went off half an hour ago. They seem to be quite sure of success."

"There's nothing like being optimistic," said Dyke with a smile. "What are you doing to-day?"

"I'm going on with my sketching."

LOOTED GOLD

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

As she spoke, Kirch stroled up.

"I've just been speaking to your uncle," he said, pointedly ignoring Dyke. "He thinks you'd be wiser not to go."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Beryl. "Of course I shall go."

When a few minutes later Beryl and Kirch went down the ladder, he followed close on their heels, and, ignoring his own boat, got into the yacht's dinghy and sat down beside Beryl.

On reaching the wreck Kirch was extremely attentive to Beryl, setting up her easel for her and seeing to her comfort generally. She, for her part, responded to him with both word and smile, while towards Dyke she maintained a consistently distant air. The latter only laughed good-humouredly when she attempted to snub him.

Presently he walked forward to No. 2 hatch. He saw that the mutineers were working harder than he would have expected them to at the formidable task of emptying the hold. They had found a couple of old coaling baskets—massive wicker affairs, each capable of holding a ton or more—which were a great help to them. Down below in the hold half of them—as black as niggers with the dust—were shovelling the coal into these, while a party on deck sweated and strained at the end of a rope as they hauled a full basket up through the hatch, swung it outboard, and emptied it into the sea.

Back aboard the schooner he discussed the situation with Murray and Hayes.

"We shall have to do something," he said. "I'm afraid we were wrong when we said that those chaps wouldn't stick it very long. They're getting on quite well with their digging. Of course, they're sure to slow up when they get tired of the job, but it's only a question of time before they reach the bottom of that hold."

"What do you propose to do, then?" asked Hayes.

"We must put my plan into action. We'll start cutting through into No. 2 double-bottom from the engine-room."

"But they'll spot us at once, if we do," Murray objected.

"We'll work at night, of course, and make as little noise as possible. I know that, even then, it will be risky; but we can't just sit here and watch those fellows walk off with the gold from right under our noses."

"That we can't!" Hayes agreed. "And, if they do interfere with us, there won't be the same objection to scrapping over on the wreck as there would be on the yacht."

"There certainly will not be; though we must avoid it if possible. I shouldn't like to think afterwards that we had got the gold at the cost of several lives."

Accordingly, shortly after midnight that night, when all had become quiet aboard the yacht, Dyke and his two companions pushed off in their dinghy and rowed quietly over to the wreck. Everything there was dark and lifeless and no one challenged them as they climbed aboard and made their way down into the engine-room.

Dyke led the way to the division between the engine-room tank and the tank under No. 2 hold. It was all that separated them from the treasure.

They examined the steel barrier carefully.

"It looks pretty solid," Hayes declared.

"Yes," Dyke agreed ruefully. He placed his chisel in position and struck it smartly with his hammer. In the confined space

the blow sounded like the report of a gun.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed. "That noise is enough to wake everybody on the yacht."

"It won't sound so bad up on top," said Murray.

"I'm not so sure about that. You two carry on while I go up and see what it sounds like on deck."

He found that he was right. The empty engine-room acted as a sound-box and in the stillness of the night the whole ship seemed to echo with the noise of hammering.

Fearing that, even if no one aboard the yacht heard the din, it would wake Captain Binns, he hurried back to the tank.

"We can't go on like that," he said. "Someone is certain to hear us if we do."

They found some old canvas and with it made pads to fit over their hammers. These had the desired effect of reducing the noise, but they also greatly lessened the force of their blows. Dyke considered that it would be safe to carry on with the hammering, but decided that one of them must keep watch on deck the whole time, to avoid the risk of surprise.

Handicapped as they were by these pads and by the cramped positions in which they had to work, they made slow progress, and when at half-past four Dyke decided that it was time to knock off and return to the schooner, the length of the cut they had made in the steel frame was disappointingly short.

Once aboard the Swan again it was not long before Dyke turned in. He was up at noon, however, and early in the afternoon he returned to the wreck. He found Beryl sketching there, this time by herself. He thought that she seemed more pleased to see him than she had been of late.

That night he and his companions resumed their laborious work in the wreck's double-bottom.

"At this rate," said Hayes, looking at what they had done the previous night, "it'll take us longer to cut through this frame than it will for those chaps to get all the coal out."

"Yes," Dyke agreed. "We shall have to take the pads off the hammers and chance it. With them on we can hardly cut at all."

It was now more than ever necessary to keep a good look-out. He himself took the first watch. As soon as the noise of hammering began he looked anxiously towards the yacht.



HIS anxiety soon proved to be justified. Hayes and Murray had been at work for only a few minutes when he saw men moving about aboard the yacht, and presently a boat left her side.

Dyke dashed below and told Murray and Hayes to stop working and hide. He then returned to the deck to watch what happened.

Standing invisible in a dark corner, he saw five men come up the ladder and walk forward to No. 2 hatch, talking noisily as they did so. A minute or two later two of them came back and stopped close to where he was hiding.

"Whatever they're up to," one of them

said, "they haven't been monkeying with our gear."

"Not that there's much to monkey with," added his companion.

As he spoke the others came up.

"It ain't old Binns," one of them exclaimed. "He's fast asleep and snoring like a pig."

"Of course it ain't him," returned the first man. "It's them blokes on the schooner. Their boat is still alongside. What they're doing I don't know, but you can bet they ain't up to any good over here at this time o' night."

"That they ain't. They're after our gold—that's what they are. We'd better look for them and find out what they're doing."

After some more discussion the men separated and proceeded to search the ship. Two went down into the engine-room, but they did not stay there long enough to search all its dark corners properly. Eventually they reassembled on deck.

"They must be aboard still," one of them declared emphatically. "They couldn't have left without taking their boat with them."

"Praps not," returned another, "but wherever they are we can't spend the whole night messing around like this. It'll be time to get up before we've turned in. Anyways, I don't see as there's much that they can do."

This seemed to be the general view, and a few minutes later they got back into their boat and returned to the yacht.

After giving them an hour to get to sleep, Dyke decided to resume work. However, he and Hayes had been hammering for barely a quarter of an hour when Murray, who was taking his turn as look-out, came hurrying down to say that the boat was returning.

The mutineers once more tried to locate the source of the hammering, but were as unsuccessful as they had been previously. This time, however, they did not all return to the yacht, but left three of their number on board as watchmen.

It was clearly impossible to do any more work that night. There was also nothing to be gained by hiding any longer, for the mutineers knew perfectly well who was doing the hammering. As soon, therefore, as the boat had left, Dyke and his companions walked boldly out on deck. The watchmen demanded with many oaths to know what they were doing; but they confined themselves to violent abuse and made no attempt to prevent them returning to the schooner.

Next afternoon Dyke returned to the wreck. He began by inspecting No. 2 hold. The mutineers were still working there. Though they were not so energetic as they had been at first, they as yet showed no signs of abandoning their task. Even if their daily output were reduced somewhat, it was clearly only a question of time before they reached the bottom of the hold—and the treasure. And if they should continue to keep a watch on the wreck at night, it would be impossible to proceed with the work of cutting through the frames into the compartment where the gold lay.

Walking aft, he found that Beryl was putting the finishing touches to a sketch. She smiled when she saw him, and it was soon clear that her anger with him had passed.

"How are they getting on with the coal?" she asked him.

"Not quite so fast as they were," he replied. "All the same, they're working a good deal harder than one would have

expected them to do with no one over them to keep them at it."

"The prospect of making a fortune is keeping them at it."

"Yes, that's it."

"You'll have to hurry up, or they'll beat you."

Dyke gasped.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Why! That they'll reach the gold before you do, of course."

"But whatever makes you think that I'm after it?"

"If you're not, what are you doing here?"

"Earning a little money saving coal—you know that."

"I thought I had already told you that I didn't believe that story."

Dyke smiled. "The others believe it," he said. "I don't see why you shouldn't, too."

"Perhaps it's because I've more common sense. Anyhow, I don't believe it. You are after the gold, aren't you?"

This time it was she who smiled.

For a moment Dyke hesitated, wondering whether Kirch had asked her to pump him. But he dismissed the thought. She was not the sort of girl to do anything so mean.

"Yes," he said at length. "I certainly have an eye on that gold—that is to say, if there really is any gold there, I shall do my best to get it."

"I thought so. I knew from the first that that coal salvage of yours was only a bluff, and when the story of the gold came out I knew that that was what you were really after."

Dyke leaned towards her.

"Why didn't you tell the others?" he demanded.

"Oh!" she laughed confusedly. "I suppose it was because I didn't want to spoil sport."

"Didn't you, indeed! You know you really are a brick. I'm falling more and more in love with you every time I see you."

Beryl frowned.

"Really, Captain Dyke," she replied, "if you will persist in talking like that, I shall have to stop having anything to do with you."

Dyke laughed.

"I'm quite serious," she went on. "Now please don't interrupt me any more; I want to finish this before the light falls."

"Righto! I'll let you finish it. Then we can talk of love."

He strolled away and lit his pipe. But he kept his eye on her, and when, half an hour later, he saw her making preparations for departure, he returned to her side.

"I say, how simply splendid!" he exclaimed with genuine enthusiasm, as he examined the finished sketch.

"I'm glad you like it," she returned, as she placed it in her portfolio.

"Which part of the old tub are you going to draw next?" he inquired.

"I don't think I shall do any more here," she replied. "I should have liked to do one at the other end, but it's quite impossible to work there with all the coal dust flying about."

"That's a fact! You'd get smothered."

He paused for a moment and then exclaimed: "I say! Why not come over and do a sketch or two on the old Swan to-morrow? She's not exactly a yacht, nor is she a picturesque old ruin; but I dare say you'd see something to draw."

She hesitated.

"Perhaps I will," she said slowly. "I'll see what I think about it in the morning."

"Righto! I'll come over for you immediately after breakfast."

Next morning the weather looked very unsettled. The sky was overcast and a stiff north-easterly breeze which had risen during the night had caused the sea to become choppy. Dyke was disappointed, for it did not seem to be a very good day for Beryl to begin sketching aboard the schooner. However, he rowed over to the yacht as he had said he would, in order to find out her intentions.

She met him at the top of the gangway.

"I'm coming," she announced.

"Good girl!" he exclaimed. "But I warn you that you may get wet on the way. A lot of spray keeps coming over the boat."



"Oh, I don't mind about that! I've got nothing on that will matter."

They found the journey as wet as Dyke had predicted. The weather seemed to be getting worse and as the boat pitched and tossed he could not help thinking that it would be wiser to turn round and take Beryl back to the yacht. However, he did not wish to appear unnecessarily fussy, so he carried on.

As soon as they got on board, he asked her whether she would like to have a look round. She said that she would. He accordingly conducted her over the schooner, showing off everything with the air of a proud father introducing his first-born to a visitor.

"What do you think of her," he asked, when she had inspected the tiny cabins and the still tinier galley.

"She's awfully sweet," Beryl replied, enthusiastically. "And so neat and clean and quite comfy, too! I should simply love to do a trip in her."

"Well, you can if you like," he replied audaciously. "All you've got to do is to change your mind about being Mrs. Kirch and become Mrs. Dyke instead."

She frowned.

"Now, look here," she exclaimed, "if you're going to start that nonsense again, I shall go straight back to the yacht. You promised that you wouldn't. Otherwise I shouldn't have come here."

"Sorry," returned Dyke contritely. "From now on my conduct will be beyond criticism."

The inspection over, she carefully chose a place from which to sketch. Then with Dyke's help she attempted to set her easel. But it proved to be impossible to do this satisfactorily. The schooner was rolling considerably, and the easel would not remain upright in the desired position. She was, therefore, compelled to work with her drawing-board on her knee. Dyke continued to hang about after she had commenced to sketch, but she soon dismissed him, telling him that she could not work while he chatted to her.

As the morning progressed the wind continued to freshen, and Dyke watched the rising sea with some anxiety. The barometer was falling rapidly and there was every indication of an approaching storm.

When Beryl had been sketching an hour or so, he walked up to her.

"I think you ought to get back to your ship," he said. "I don't like the look of the weather at all."

"I shall be all right," she declared. "I'm not afraid of getting a bit of a ducking."

"Very well," he said. "Just as you like."

Presently the cook came up from the cabin and rang a diminutive hand-bell.

"Come along and have some hash!" Dyke called to Beryl.

Beryl found the cabin very small after the yacht's spacious saloon.

"Where are the others?" she asked, noticing the absence of Murray and Hayes.

"Murray is on watch on deck," Dyke replied. "It's necessary to have someone up there in this weather. Hayes is doing a job on the auxiliary engine. They'll be down presently."

The meal was nearly over when Murray put his head through the skylight and asked Dyke to come up on deck.

"I shan't be a moment," said Dyke, excusing himself. "So please stay where you are. Cook's just bringing the coffee."

On reaching the deck he saw that the wind had increased considerably while he had been below.

"If it gets much worse," shouted Murray into his ear, "I doubt whether the anchor will hold."

"So do I," Dyke returned. "And if she drags we'll be on the beach in no time. It's lucky I told Hayes to have ready everything below. Turn the men out. We'll have to heave up right away."

Ten minutes later Beryl, who had finished her lunch and was thinking of coming up to find out what was detaining Dyke so long, was startled to hear the sound of the auxiliary engine starting up. She sprang to her feet and dashed up the companion ladder.

"What on earth are you doing?" she demanded of Dyke.

The anchor was up and the Swan was already heading out to sea.

"Abducting you," he replied. And this time there was not the shadow of a smile on his face.

"WHAT do you mean?" Beryl demanded.

"I've decided that it's no use staying here any longer," Dyke replied. "So I'm leaving. And I'm taking you with me."

"No, you're not! Stop the ship at once. I'm going back to the yacht."

"Sorry, but I can't oblige."

"You really mean that you intend to kidnap me?"

Instead of answering her Dyke turned to give an order to the helmsman and to shout something to a sailor in the rigging. It certainly looked as if he meant what he said.

It was now blowing a full gale, and the auxiliary engine not being very powerful, the schooner was hard put to it to make any headway against it. She had, in fact, struggled only a few hundred yards from her anchorage. The yacht was now abreast.

Beryl looked wildly round her. Everyone was intent on his allotted task, and nobody was paying the least attention to her. Suddenly her glance fell on a megaphone, which was standing on the deck close to the wheel. In two seconds she had snatched it up and dashed to the rail.

"Yacht, ahoy!" she shouted. "I'm being kidnapped."

Kirch and Captain Shaw had just appeared on deck, and, when they heard her shout, they looked towards the schooner in amazement they took in what was happening. After a few moments they shouted back, but the hiss of the water drowned their words.

Out of the corner of his eye Dyke saw a group rapidly collecting on the yacht's deck. But he was too busy handling his ship to pay any attention to it, and he made no attempt to interfere with Beryl. The latter continued to shout appeals for help through the megaphone. However, these produced only inaudible replies. From their actions it looked as if Kirch was urging some course, whilst Captain Shaw was expressing doubt.

At last the schooner was clear of the bay and out of immediate danger. Dyke, therefore, told Murray to carry on, and joined Beryl at the extreme stern of the vessel. He followed her gaze. Her appeals were at last being responded to. The launch, which had been lying on the sheltered side of the yacht, had put out and was now heading towards them. In her were Captain Shaw and several others. She was making very heavy weather of it. She plunged and tossed in the most erratic manner, whilst sheets of spray swept her from stem to stern.

"THE fools!" Dyke exclaimed. "They'll get swamped if they don't look out."

"If they're drowned, it'll be your fault," Beryl cried.

Dyke did not reply to this. Instead, he continued to watch the launch. For a few minutes she continued on her way, gaining perceptibly on the schooner. But the farther she got out of the bay, the more dangerous was the way in which she behaved. Then she suddenly swerved round and began to head back to the yacht. Evidently Captain Shaw had realised, as Dyke had done, that if he carried on his tiny craft would go to the bottom.

"Where are you taking me to?" Beryl demanded, her eyes ablaze.

"I really haven't decided yet," he replied with a grin. "We have six weeks' stores on board, so we can go to almost anywhere in the Indian Ocean—India, Australia, East Africa. Have you any special preference?"

"I think you have gone mad. I came aboard here this morning, believing that you could be trusted to behave decently. Instead of that, you show yourself to be an absolute cad."

Suddenly she turned away from him and walked across to where Murray was standing.

"Are you going to let him carry me off like this, without doing anything to stop him?"

Murray smiled at her good-humoredly.

"I've got to obey orders, you know."

"Does that mean that you're going to stand by and let a defenceless girl be kidnapped?"

"I'm afraid so."

"I expect you're all in league with one another. When one of you wants to do something of this sort, the others all help him."

Murray's grin broadened.

"That's about the price of it. Sailors have a pretty bad reputation, you know."

For a moment she stood silent, looking about her as if wondering whether there was anyone else to whom she could appeal for help.

"Don't you worry," said Murray suddenly. "Old Dyke is one of the best. You can trust him absolutely."

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" she returned scornfully.

"Things aren't always what they seem to be. I shouldn't be surprised if, when the trip is over, you're sorry to be home again."

As he spoke Dyke joined them. Over his arm was an oilskin coat.

"If you want to remain on deck, you'd better put this on," he said to Beryl. "Otherwise you'll soon be soaked through with the spray."

"No, thanks," she replied coldly. "I don't want it."

"In that case you'll have to go down into the cabin."

"Have to, did you say?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to remind you that, even if this is your ship, I'm not under your orders. I'm going to remain here—without your coat."

"If you do, you'll be soaked through in no time. And you've only got the clothes you stand up in."

For a moment she looked at the coat, hesitating.

"No," she announced defiantly. "I'm quite all right as I am."

"We may have several days of this weather. If you insist on getting wet like this, you'll spend most of the time in bed. And I need hardly tell you that we have plenty to do here without nursing you through a chill. So, as you won't look after yourself, I shall have to look after you. If you won't do as I ask you, you must choose between having this coat put on by me, or of being carried down below out of the wet—also by me."

For a few seconds she was silent, speechless with indignation.

"I'd no idea you were such a—a beast," she stammered at last.

"Well, you know now. Which is it to be?"

Again she hesitated. Then she held out her hand.

"Oh, very well. Give it to me. I'll put it on."

And in silence she allowed him to help her into it.

She spent most of the afternoon on deck watching the land receding into the distance and finally disappearing altogether. At five o'clock, tea was announced, so she went down into the cabin. She shared the meal with Dyke and Hayes. Both of them treated her as if she were a regular member of the mess, and under the influence of their geniality she thawed somewhat. Her anger at being carried off against her will was passing, and its place was being taken by a thrill of adventure.

The meal over, she announced her intention of going on deck again. But Dyke would not let her. The weather was becoming worse, and he pointed out to her that, unused as she was to such a small vessel, she would be in considerable danger of being washed over the side. However, he went up himself and it was not until eight o'clock that she saw him again.

"A nasty night!" he exclaimed, dragging off his dripping oilskins.

"Is it still getting worse?" she asked.

"Not much—and we don't want it to. It's bad enough as it is. Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you, that is your room."

And he indicated one of the two small berths that led off the main cabin.

"The cook told me that that was yours," she returned quickly.

"So it is normally. But I shall sleep in here—if I sleep anywhere, which isn't likely, if this weather holds."

He had intended to give her some explanation of his action in carrying her off, but he decided that the time was not yet ripe. He, therefore, drank a mug of cocoa which the cook had prepared for him and returned to the deck.

Dyke did not get much sleep that night, for the storm continued undiminished for several hours. At sunrise, however, the wind began to drop, and by eight o'clock it was blowing no more than a stiff breeze. A heavy swell was still running, though, and when Beryl came on deck she had her work cut out to keep on her feet.

After breakfast Dyke lay down in order to get some much-needed sleep. Beryl took the opportunity to try to obtain from Murray some information as to the ship's destination. But either he could not tell her or he would not, and she was obliged to be content with the assurance that she had no need to worry.

The weather continued to improve and by noon nothing but the swell was left of the storm. When eight bells struck Dyke came up and relieved Murray.

"Enjoying the trip?" he asked Beryl, as soon as Murray had disappeared.

"Is it likely that I should after being kidnapped like this?" she returned hotly. "Oh, I don't see why not. They say that some girls like to be carried off by force."

"Well, I'm not one of them."

"So I see."

"Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what your object is in doing it?"

"That is quite easy. As I have already told you, I fell in love with you the first time I saw you and—"

"As you say, you've already told me all that. There is no need for you to repeat it."

Dyke smiled.

"Anyway," he persisted, "whether you like it or not, I did fall in love with you—and you sailed away on another ship and got engaged to someone else. Then you came into my life again. If I had left you alone, you would have sailed away once more and I should never have seen you again—or, at least, not until you had become Mrs. Kirch."

"So you thought you'd better carry me off, so that you could make love to me."

"Yes."

"Have you thought what people will say about me, when I get back?"

"THIS is not Wimbledon, you know. A chaperon is quite unnecessary in this part of the world. And in any case, we are going to get married at once, so there's nothing to worry about."

For a moment Beryl stood looking at him without uttering a word. So great was her indignation that she could not at once put it into words.

"Going to get married?" she cried. "So you are mad! I thought you must be."

"No, I'm not."

"If you weren't you wouldn't think it is possible that I should even consider marrying you, engaged as I am to another man."

"In the ordinary way I shouldn't dream of suggesting it—in fact, if I'd found that you were engaged to some ordinary, decent fellow, I should not have dreamt

of trying to make you love me. But with Kirch it is another matter. I can't bear to see you throwing yourself away on a rotter like him."

"That's right! Run down a better man than yourself behind his back!"

"Very well. I won't say another word against him until he is present to defend himself. But as for his being a better man than myself—I can't let that pass. He allowed me to carry you, his fiancée, off from right under his nose. That shows quite conclusively, I think, that I am the stronger and the better man."

"In your own estimation, perhaps! Well, I suppose it's too much to expect decent behaviour from you, but you might at least tell me where you are taking me."

"Certainly! We are bound for Port Michael, a small port in Madagascar."

"What are we going there for?"

"To get a marriage licence, of course. Ah! Dinner is ready. Run down and help old Murray chew the salt horse."

About four o'clock that afternoon Beryl was sitting in the cabin reading a book, when Dyke called through the skylight, telling her to come up as he had something to show her that would interest her. Wondering what it could be, she waited five minutes, just to show him that she was not completely at his beck and call, and then joined him on deck.

"Look!" he exclaimed.

Two or three miles away stretched a long, low coast-line, broken almost directly ahead of the schooner by the mouth of a small river.

"That is Port Michael," Dyke explained. "We shall be anchored in the river in less than an hour."

For a minute or two she stood looking at the shore in silence.

"I say!" Dyke exclaimed suddenly. "Do you really think that I'm an awful rotter?"

"Of course I do."

The Swan entered the river and was soon anchored close to a small jetty. Presently the Port Officer came on board. Dyke met him on deck and took him down into the cabin. They remained there for a quarter of an hour going through the usual formalities. Then they came on deck again.

"You can go ashore in the Port Officer's boat," said Dyke to Beryl. "He says that he will be pleased to give you any assistance you require."

The Frenchman bowed.

"I shall be charmed, mademoiselle," he gushed.

"Thank you very much," she replied. "I will come with you."

As soon as they had left the ship's side, Dyke turned to Murray.

"Get the dinghy out at once and follow them," he ordered. "I dare say that fellow is all right—I've met him before—but I'm taking no chances. Keep Miss Gretton in sight and be at hand in case she gets into difficulties."

The dinghy reached the jetty not far behind the Port Officer's boat, and Dyke watched first Beryl and her escort and then Murray disappear among the trees that bordered the road leading to the town. When they had gone, he continued to lean over the rail, smoking placidly, and from time to time a little smile played about his lips.

A couple of hours passed and then Beryl re-appeared—this time in company with Murray. They got into the dinghy and were soon back on board the schooner.

"Where are the police?" Dyke gravely asked Beryl.

"Oh, I couldn't find them," she replied rather breathlessly. "It's only a small place and they don't seem to have any. There's nothing in the shops either," she added artlessly. "I couldn't even get any picture post-cards."

Good heavens! Is it as bad as that? But surely the Port Officer was able to direct you to the police station?"



"No, he wasn't a bit of use. He didn't seem to understand what I wanted."

"That's a pity. I don't know when you'll get another opportunity of having me arrested."

"Oh, well! I shall have to punish you in some other way."

Not a trace of a smile showed on Dyke's face.

"Did you say anything to the Port Officer about the mutiny?" he went on.

"No."

"But, if you had done, he would have made arrangements for help to be sent to the yacht."

"I—I suppose he would have. But I didn't think of it. I—I was looking for someone to arrest you all the time."

As it was now too late to do any business that day, Dyke waited until morning to go ashore. When, after the storm, he had found himself near Port Michael, he had thought that it would be a good idea to call there and see if he could obtain any tools which would enable him to cut through the frames in the wreck's double-bottom noiselessly.

He had not been ashore ten minutes next morning when he passed a couple of shabby negro policemen, and he soon found that the police station was one of the few buildings of any size in the town. The discovery amused him considerably. He did not enter the building, however. He had already considered whether he should appeal to the authorities to send help to the yacht, and had decided against doing so. If a coastguard cutter or a gunboat were sent to their assistance, the whole story of the treasure would come out. Very likely the Government would claim the whole of it, and, in any case, his own chance of recovering it and earning the reward would be gone for ever.

As for the cutter, he found that no one had one for sale—in fact, there was not such a thing in the place. Nor could he obtain any other tools which would have helped him. This was a great disappointment, for he knew that unless he made some definite progress soon, the mutineers would reach the treasure before he did.

When, therefore, he sailed out of Port Michael, he reluctantly turned his ship's head northwards.

"Where are you taking me to now?" inquired Beryl as the Swan crossed the bar.

"Home, James," returned Dyke with a smile. "Back to the dear old yacht."

"And about time, too," she declared.

Nevertheless, he thought she seemed disappointed.

For a few minutes Beryl stood looking at the receding shore.

"I say!" exclaimed Dyke suddenly. "Did you really believe all I said yesterday about abducting you?"

"Of course! And, anyway, it is obvious that all I said about you was true."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that, if I were you. If you really want to know the truth, I hardly had any option but to carry you off the way I did. I found that the ship was in imminent danger of being driven ashore and I saw that the only thing to do was to put up anchor at once and get out to sea."

And without answering that she turned and dived down the companionway.

The wind was now favorable and early the following afternoon the Swan sailed into Rodriguez Bay and dropped anchor in her old berth.

As soon as the ship had been secured, Dyke took up his glasses to see how things had been progressing in his absence. He first looked at the wreck. The mutineers were still working there, and everything seemed to be much as it had been when he last saw it. He then turned his attention to the yacht. He saw at once that the return of the schooner had been the signal for the outbreak of great activity there. Everybody seemed to be on deck. Mr. and Mrs. Buckley, together with Kirch and Captain Shaw, stood near the head of the ladder, and the remnants of the ship's company were bustling about near them. The launch was lying alongside, and, as Dyke watched, Kirch led the way down to it, followed by Mr. Buckley, Captain Shaw and three or four others. To his dismay he saw that one of the party was a sailor carrying a rifle.

Dyke handed his glasses to Beryl. "They're evidently coming to fetch you," he said.

"Yes," she replied. Then, with a gasp, "What—what is it that that man is carrying?"

"A rifle. They look like business, don't they?"

BERYL swung round, alarm on her face.

"You must hide at once," she cried.

"Why?" he asked her quietly.

"Because—don't you see—if they catch you—I don't know what they may do—Oscar, I mean."

"I shall tell him what I told you—that I had no option but to take you with me."

"But supposing he doesn't believe you? He has a terrible temper. He may tell that man to shoot you without waiting for an explanation."

Dyke caught hold of her hand.

"I think you like me just a little bit after all," he said softly.

"No, I don't; of course, I don't. But I don't want—I don't want there to be any bloodshed. Do please go and hide."

"Sorry, old girl, it can't be done. If there's any trouble, I'm not going to run away from it."

That trouble was imminent was obvious from the manner of the party from the yacht as they boarded the schooner. Kirch led the way, closely followed by the man with the rifle, whilst Captain Shaw and Mr. Buckley were just behind them. They advanced towards Dyke with the air of a body of detectives about to arrest a dangerous criminal.

Mr. Buckley was the first to speak.

"You scoundrel!" he cried. "What do you mean by abducting my niece in this fashion?"

"It's not quite so bad as that," Dyke returned. "I was obliged to put out to sea in a hurry and could not wait to take Miss Gretton back to her ship."

"You lie!" snarled Kirch. "There

was nothing whatever to prevent you bringing her back."

"If I had done so my ship might have been blown ashore while I was doing it. I came up from dinner to find that the weather had become much worse while I had been below and it was necessary to get out to sea at once. Quite apart from the question of the safety of the ship, it would have been very dangerous to have attempted to transfer Miss Gretton in a small boat in the sea that was then running."

"I don't believe a word of it!" declared Mr. Buckley.

"Nor I!" echoed Kirch. "Why did you wait until it was too late before you thought of bringing her back? You should have been able to see that the weather was getting worse and brought her back when you could."

Beryl interrupted him.

"You've all been doing a lot of talking," she observed. "But no one seems to have thought it necessary to ask me how I got on."

"I'm sorry, my dear," exclaimed her uncle. "In our anxiety to deal with this—er—scoundrel as he should be dealt with, we have been very remiss. Did you have a very terrible time?"

"On the contrary, I enjoyed myself immensely."

The effect of this announcement was to take a good deal of the wind out of the rescue party's sails.

"Well, well, well!" said Mr. Buckley. "I'm very glad to hear that—very glad indeed. At the same time I must say that I am rather surprised."

"So am I," burst out Kirch, who did not appear to relish the turn which events were taking. "If you ask me the whole thing was a put-up job. Dyke deliberately invited Beryl to come over to his ship at a time when he knew that a storm was imminent, so that he could have an excuse for sailing away with her."

Mr. Buckley seemed bewildered, uncertain what to believe.

Kirch saw that the time to strike had arrived.

"Come on," he said. "We've talked long enough. Let's lock him up."

"What do you mean?" demanded Beryl.

"We're going to lock him up, so that he can't get up to any more mischief. Then when we leave here we'll take him with us and, as soon as we reach some place where there is a proper police force we'll hand him over to them."

"But you can't do that. He hasn't done anything to be sent to prison for."

However, Kirch seemed to think differently and insisted that Dyke should be locked up at once.

Mr. Buckley, naturally indignant at what he still thought to be an attempt to ruin his niece's good name, backed him up. Captain Shaw protested rather feebly that he thought that it was going a little too far, but since his employer supported Kirch, he did not press his objection, but merely added that he did not think that there was a place on board the yacht suitable for the purpose.

"There are several vacant state-rooms," Mr. Buckley pointed out.

"I dare say there are," cried Kirch, "but we're not going to keep him in luxury like that. Isn't there an empty store-room or somewhere like that, where we can put him?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Captain Shaw.

"Then we'll keep him on the wreck until we sail," Kirch announced. "There are plenty of empty rooms there."

"But the men will let him out as soon as our backs are turned," Mr. Buckley objected.

"That we won't," declared the sailor, who had been standing close at hand with his rifle under his arm. "We've no time for the likes of him—running off with a decent girl like that. Besides, he's after our gold. He ain't no friend of ours."

When the party had been about to set out to rescue Beryl, the need for arms had been felt, and Kirch had asked the mutineers to lend him a rifle. They had naturally refused to do so, but they had a strong suspicion that Dyke was planning to seize the gold they were after and were glad of a chance to put him out of the running. They had, therefore, agreed to allow one of their number to accompany the party as an escort.

"All right," agreed Mr. Buckley. "We'll put him there. But we shall have to look up the other two of them as well, or they'll let him out at once."

Beryl protested again, but neither her uncle nor her fiancé would listen to her. It only remained to be seen whether Dyke and his companions would allow themselves to be taken prisoners without a fight.

"YOU'RE talking nonsense," Dyke declared. "Let me suggest that you take Miss Gretton with you and go back to your own ship."

"If you think that you can get out of it like that you're mistaken," exclaimed Kirch. "Put up your hands—all three of you. Cover them, Jones."

The sailor obeyed with alacrity. Dyke did not raise his hands, but he saw that it would be best to submit for the time being.

He certainly had no wish to be locked up, but he thought that it would not be for long, as Mr. Buckley, with Beryl at his ear, would be sure to cool down and compel Kirch to release them; and even if he did not, he and Kirch would find that they had enough trouble on their hands with the mutineers, without adding to it by keeping three prisoners.

Both Captain Shaw and Beryl made further protests, the former rather feebly, the latter with considerable vehemence. But Kirch would not listen to them and proceeded to hustle his prisoners into the launch.

On reaching the wreck Dyke was thrust into a room which had once been used as a bosun's store—a receptacle for ropes, blocks and so forth—but which was now empty. The door, which was a heavy affair of steel fitted with a substantial lock, closed behind him. Then, for a few minutes he heard his captors talking outside, discussing the whereabouts of the key. This was presently found and he was left alone. Murray and Hayes were locked in another room.

The storeroom was lit by a small, begrimed porthole, and until it grew dark Dyke did his best to find some way of escape, but there was none. The walls, ceiling, and floor were all, like the door, of steel. The porthole was too small for him to crawl through and so was the ventilator in the roof. He searched the place for anything that might enable him to pick the lock or force the door open, but discovered nothing suitable.

No one came near him for the rest

of the day, but in the morning he was brought a can of water and some bread and cheese, which he was told would have to last him until the following day. He found the time dragged heavily on his hands. To give himself something to pass the time rather than because he had any hope of success, he made further efforts to find a way of escape. But he was eventually forced to abandon these, having exhausted every possibility, and after that there was nothing for him to do but to sit and wonder how long he would be kept there.

He had ample time for reflection and he thought over Kirch's attitude towards him. There seemed to be more in his refusal to listen to his explanation than any natural indignation he might feel at what he must have at first thought was the abduction of his fiancée. He had accused him of paying undue attention to Beryl, but for some time he had not appeared to worry about this and had often shown himself to be more than a little indifferent to the girl he was engaged to. Was there anything behind this sudden hostility, Dyke wondered?

He had seen Kirch trying to pump Binns once. Possibly he had made another and more successful attempt while the Swan had been away. It was more than likely that he connected the story of the gold with the bullion he had stolen from the mail-train and subsequently lost. Doubtless he had connected the Swan's presence in Rodrigues Bay with the treasure which was supposed to be hidden in the wreck. Was he hatching some scheme of his own for seizing that treasure, if the mutineers should unearth it? Knowing what he had done in the past, Dyke thought that it was very likely. And if he were, he probably regarded the present as a Heaven-sent opportunity for getting one party of rivals out of the way.

Dyke wondered what was happening aboard his schooner. Most likely his native sailors were enjoying themselves in lazing about and fishing. Well, that wouldn't be any harm. But he hoped the mutineers would not take advantage of his absence to loot her.

Night fell again and after a while he dropped off to sleep. He was awakened by a gentle tapping on his door.

"Hullo!" he called.

"Hush!" came in a whisper through the key-hole, "It's me."

Dyke sat up abruptly.

"Beryl!" he exclaimed as softly as his excitement would permit. "What are you doing here?"

"I came over to see how you're getting on."

"I say! You are a brick!"

"Well, I knew—er—that you must be very uncomfortable here, and I thought that there might be something I could get you. I've brought you some cigarettes and a couple of uncle's best cigars."

"Splendid girl!"

"There's no key in the lock. How shall I give them to you?"

"There's a porthole round at the side."

She found it and passed a paper package through it to him.

"Thanks ever so much," he said. "I've been dying for a smoke all day. I'm afraid I'm not being treated with the consideration usually given to commanders under arrest."

"I'm so sorry. It's beastly of them."

"What do they say about me? How

much longer do they intend to keep me here?"

"Well, Uncle is becoming more reasonable and Captain Shaw has been trying to persuade him to let you out. But Oscar is still very angry with you and won't hear of it."

"I expect he thinks there's less chance of me cutting him out while I'm safely locked up here."

"Is there any way I can let you out?"

"I'm afraid not—unless you can pinch the key. But that would be too risky."

"I'll try to get hold of it."

"No, no, you mustn't. I don't want you to get yourself into trouble on my account. But, I say, if you come over again, you might bring me a good, hefty screwdriver and a file. With them I ought to be able to get out without the key."

"Right! I will. Now I'm going to give Mr. Murray and Mr. Hayes some cigarettes I've got for them, and then I must be getting back. Good night!"

"Good night, old girl, and thanks ever so much."

The following day passed in much the same way as its predecessor had done, the only difference being that Dyke's captors were more generous in the matter of rations. This time, however, when darkness fell he did not go to sleep.

AFTER what seemed like many days, he heard light footfalls outside, and there came a gentle knock on the door.

"Hello!" he called softly through the keyhole.

"I've got them!" came back Beryl's voice in an excited whisper.

"Splendid!"

She handed him a package through the porthole.

"I'd have brought them last night," she said, "but I couldn't find them until this morning."

Dyke unwrapped the package, finding inside just the tools he wanted. He at once set to work to remove the lock from the door. He found it difficult to turn the screws that held it, for they were all rusty; but he was able to file the heads off those he could not move, and after half an hour's work the lock came off.

He pushed open the door.

"Beryl!" he exclaimed, seizing her hands. "You're one of the best."

She laughed.

"I couldn't let you remain shut up there for ever, just on my account, could I? We must let out the others. They're in that room over there."

Dyke called through the door of the other room.

"Anyone awake there?"

Both Murray and Hayes expressed their delight at hearing his voice. He then quickly explained the position. "Can you get out, if I give you the tools?" he asked.

"You bet!" exclaimed Murray.

"All right. Be as quick as you can. I'll wait for you by the ladder."

He and Beryl strolled slowly along the deck.

"I ought to be getting back," she said. "It's dreadfully late."

"I know it is," he replied. "But those two will be out in a few minutes. If you'll wait, we'll row you back. In any case, we shall have to borrow your boat to get back to our ship in."

"Very well," she agreed.

They leaned over the rail near the

ladder. It was a quiet night, with hardly a breath of wind. Clouds hid the stars and it was very dark.

Suddenly Dyke placed his hand on Beryl's shoulder.

"Why did you do it?" he asked softly. "Do what?" she replied, in the most innocent manner possible.

"Let me out."

"Oh, that! Well, you see, I thought that, as it was on my account that you got locked up, it was up to me to let you out."

"That was very sweet of you. But I think there was more in it than that."

"What more could there be?"

As she spoke she moved a little away from him.

She started to move towards the ladder. She had, however, hardly taken a couple of steps when they were both startled by a crash further along the deck, followed almost immediately by the voice of Captain Blinn.

"Who the devil is that?" they heard him shout, and in the stillness of the night it sounded as if he were addressing a mass meeting. "What are you doing aboard my ship at this time of the night, waking everybody up?"

Dyke muttered an imprecation.

"What's the matter with the old fool?" he said softly. "If he goes on like that someone aboard the yacht will hear him."

Murray evidently thought so, too.

"Shut up, you old ass!" they heard him exclaim. "If you don't, we'll make you."

This had the effect of quietening him somewhat, though he continued to mumble abuse.

A moment later Murray and Hayes hurried up.

"We got out without much difficulty," announced the former, "but unfortunately I knocked over something in the dark close to that old lunatic's room and woke him up."

"Let's hope no one on the yacht has heard him," Dyke returned. "Come on! We must take Miss Gretton back as quickly as possible."

All four of them climbed hurriedly down into the boat, and in a few moments they had pushed off.

Dyke looked anxiously towards the yacht. To his relief all seemed quiet there. They bent to their oars, and it was not long before they reached the accommodation ladder.

"Good night!" Dyke whispered as he helped Beryl out of the boat. "And thank you again."

"Good night!" she replied.

She had hardly spoken when they heard a footstep at the top of the ladder.

"Who's that?" came the voice of Kirch.



DYKE would have dragged Beryl back into the boat and tried to get her out of sight before she was recognised, but it was too late. A torch suddenly shone out from above, revealing both her and the boat's occupants.

"Beryl!" exclaimed Kirch. "What the devil have you been doing?"

"Just a little rescue work," she replied lightly.

"Rescue work? Do you mean to say you let those blackguards out?"

"Well, you see—"

Kirch uttered an unpleasant oath. "I've a good mind to break every bone in your body," he cried.

This was more than Dyke could stand. "Cut that out!" he ordered menacingly.

Kirch ignored him, but remained standing at the top of the ladder in a threatening attitude, as if intending to do physical violence to Beryl as she came up to him. The second mate had now appeared and was standing close behind him. Dyke called to him.

"Please see Miss Gretton safely to her room."

When Beryl reached the top, Kirch stood aside to let her pass, contenting himself with saying something to her which Dyke could not hear.

For a minute or two Dyke stood watching. Then, when she had disappeared through a doorway, he turned to his companions.

"Come on!" he said briskly. "We'd better be getting aboard the Swan before they start something."

However, Kirch showed no inclination to "start" anything. As they rowed towards the schooner Dyke kept a sharp eye on the yacht, but saw no signs of any attempt being made to follow them.

On reaching the Swan they found one of the yacht's boats tied to her ladder. Evidently there were strangers on board. They climbed on deck and looked about them. Through the small skylight on the poop a dim light was shining, and on looking down into the cabin they saw two members of the yacht's crew lying asleep on the settee. Dyke learned afterwards that they had been put on board the schooner by agreement between Kirch and the mutineers, in case his men should make some attempt at rescue, or at going for help on their own account.

"Come on!" Dyke whispered. "We'll soon settle with those birds."

And settle with them they did. The two men, waking to find themselves disarmed, offered very little resistance, and were soon hustled into their own boat and told to clear out—an order which they seemed only too glad to obey.

Dyke found to his relief that, with the exception of the disorder made in the cabin by the two mutineers, nothing had been interfered with.

"Now, look here!" he said, addressing Murray and Hayes. "If we're going to get that gold we shall have to act quickly. We must have an oxy-acetylene cutter."

"But where are we going to get one from?"

"As you know, there was none to be had at Port Michael. I think, though, that it should be possible to get one at Port Alexandre. That is a day's run further down the coast."

"Yes," Murray agreed. "We ought to be able to get one there."

"I want you to start for there at once."

"Us? Aren't you coming, then?"

"No, I'm going to stay behind—aboard the wreck. It will take you three or four days to get to Port Alexandre and back. With no one to interfere with them, these fellows may reach the bottom of the hold in that time, and get into the tank where the gold is. If I'm aboard the wreck, I shall be able to make sure that they don't reach it."

Both Murray and Hayes agreed that what he said was true, and both of them tried to persuade him to let one of them take his place. However, he would not listen to them.

He put some tins of bully beef and a box of biscuits into a bag and set out with Murray for the wreck.

"I wish you'd let me stay instead of you," said Murray, when they reached their destination.

"I know you'd like to," Dyke replied. "But I'm sorry, old man, it can't be done."

As soon as Murray had gone, he carried his bag of stores down into the engine-room. There he found a secluded recess which he decided to make his home until the return of the schooner. It was far from being a comfortable place, but it had the advantage of being as immune as it was possible for it to be from a chance visit by some sailor who might be roaming about in search of odds and ends to salvage.

Dyke then began to consider how he could hinder the work of the mutineers. Several schemes occurred to him. The one which promised to be the most satisfactory was that he should flood the hold.

He returned to the engine-room and at once set about the task. He found the seacock without much difficulty but to trace the pipe connections was more of a problem. However, he did it at last and started to open the necessary valves. The first he succeeded in turning after straining at it for several minutes, but the second he found was completely rusted up.

As it was now daylight, there was nothing more that he could do for the present. Therefore, as he had been up all night, he decided to get some much-needed rest and settling himself down in a corner of his retreat, he went to sleep.



At noon he awoke, and, after he had had something to eat, he set out on a reconnoitring expedition.

Taking care to avoid being seen, he made his way to a point from which he could view the work going on in No. 2 hold. The mutineers had evidently finished their lunch and resumed digging. He noticed, however, that they were now not working so hard as they had been when they had started on their treasure hunt. They were, in fact, definitely slackening.

The coal was being shovelled into the two big coaling baskets by men down in the hold and then raised to the deck by means of blocks and tackles attached to a derrick.

There was only one derrick fit for use and Dyke saw that, if he could put it out of action, it would be very much harder to raise the coal. He, accordingly, decided on a plan of campaign and settled down to await the coming of darkness. About midnight, when everything was quiet, Dyke crept from his hiding-place and, taking care not to disturb Captain Binns, made his way forward. His object was to cut the rope which supported the derrick. The derrick itself was a wooden boom and when it fell it would almost certainly fracture itself irreparably.

He had a knife, but did not use it, for he did not wish to make it appear as if the rope had been cut deliberately and so reveal to the mutineers that there was an enemy aboard the wreck. He had found a piece of iron with a jagged edge and

with this he proceeded to rasp the rope thus giving it the appearance of having been worn through in use.

Suddenly the rope snapped. A moment later there was a loud crash, accompanied by a sharp crack, as the end of the heavy boom struck the deck. As Dyke had expected, it almost broke in two. He was, however, unable to stop and examine the damage.

In the morning Dyke took good care to be in a position to witness the scene on deck when the mutineers came on board. They had, of course, seen from the yacht that the derrick had fallen, but when they examined the damage at close quarters they were loud in their curses. For some time no move was made to resume work.

While the mutineers were still arguing as to what should be done, Dyke noticed a dinghy approaching from the yacht. In it were Beryl and the second mate. They came on board and stood watching what was going on not far from the empty cabin where Dyke was hiding.

Presently Beryl asked the officer to fetch something from the boat. This was Dyke's opportunity. As soon as the second mate was out of earshot, he called softly to her.

"Beryl! Beryl! Come here!"

She turned and looked wonderingly at him.

To her amazement she saw his face framed in a porthole.

"Come in here," he called, so that she could only just hear him. Then his face disappeared.

Almost mechanically she moved to obey and a moment later was in the room with him.

"Captain Dyke!" she cried. "Whatever are you doing here?"

"I've been watching you," he replied, a twinkle in his eye.

"But—but I thought, that is, everyone thought that you'd gone away in your ship."

"I should have done, of course, but I simply couldn't tear myself away. The thought of never seeing you again was too much for me, so I slipped over here just before she sailed, in the hope that I might get a word with you now and then."

"But you shouldn't have done. You've got me into enough trouble without trying to get me into any more!"

Nevertheless she did not seem to be altogether displeased.

"Uncle pretended to be very annoyed, but I think he was really rather glad—his feelings about you had already cooled down a lot, you know. And Captain Shaw told me when no one else was there that I was very plucky. But Oscar was absolutely furious."

"Er, yes. Is he feeling any better about it now?"

"Yes, a little. He's got something else to occupy his mind. He is organising an expedition to go for help."

"But I thought that it had been decided that it would be unwise to send several men away like that."

"I know. But he has persuaded the others to change their minds. Captain Shaw says why not wait until the engines are ready, which won't be long now. But Oscar says that the engineers keep on saying that they're nearly ready, but they never are, and he doesn't think that they know what's the matter—and we can't stay here like this for ever."

So it has been agreed that he and Mr. Johnson, the third mate, and one of the engineers, shall go in the launch to St. Denis and get the authorities there to send a gunboat to our help."

This was most unwelcome news to Dyke.

"But it is rather a long way to send that small launch," he objected.

"They're going to tow one of the life-boats with food and petrol in it and a little tent for me."

"A what?"

"A tent. Oscar wants me to go, too."

From outside came the voice of the second mate calling her.

"I mustn't stay here any longer," Beryl exclaimed.

"All right. But please don't go on this trip."

"I don't know," she replied. "I shall see." She hesitated a moment and then added suddenly: "Don't let them get the gold before your ship comes back."

And before he could say anything, she had gone, leaving him gasping at the way in which she had seen through him.

THAT night Dyke again inspected the mutineers' work. There was no doubt that he had delayed them considerably by cutting down the derrick. Nevertheless, despite the awkwardness of their new gear, they had done a fairly good half-day's work. He could see that he would have to do something more if he wanted to make sure that they would not reach the manhole before the schooner returned.

As he looked about for some further means of hindering them, his glance fell on the two big coaling baskets. Probably they were the only suitable receptacles available for raising the coal from the hold.

It did not take him long to put this thought into action. First one basket and then the other fell with a splash into the water and in a few minutes the tide was carrying them out to sea.

"Well, that's that!" he said to himself as he wiped the coaldust from his hands. "They'll find it hard to replace those."

He was awake early the following morning, and as soon as he heard the men come aboard he went up to his vantage-point to see what happened on deck.

When the mutineers discovered that their baskets had vanished their comments were both loud and lurid.

"That weren't no accident," one of them declared. "Them two baskets was pushed over the side by someone. You can see the marks in the coaldust."

"That's a fact!" another agreed. "But who the devil could 'a' done it?"

"Old Captain Barmy, I expect," was the reply.

Later in the day Dyke went back to his look-out post. He found that the mutineers had abandoned their hunt and were now engaged in making a couple of large wooden boxes to replace the two baskets. By the time that these were finished the sun was setting and they left the wreck without having moved a shovelful of coal.

That evening Dyke decided to rest on his laurels. For one thing there did not seem to be anything more that he could do to hinder the mutineers, and for another they left one of their number as a nightwatchman, so that, in any case, it would be difficult for him to do anything more without revealing himself. With luck the Swan might return next

day, so there was really no need for him to take any further action.

However, there was no sign of the schooner next day, nor on the day following. He began to grow anxious.

More serious still, though, was the fact that the launch also had failed to come back. Had any harm befallen Beryl? he asked himself repeatedly. He kept on telling himself that there was no cause to worry. Nevertheless, he would have been much happier if he had known where she was and when he would see her again.

Looking into No. 2 hold, he saw to his relief that there was still some coal left there. But it was only a very little. By noon next day the mutineers would probably have cleared away all that remained between them and the gold—unless he did something to stop them. But he seemed to have done everything he could do.



As he thought the matter over, it occurred to him that it might be worth while to make another attempt to open the sea-cock and flood the hold. It seemed rather a forlorn hope, but it would be better than sitting down and doing nothing.

Accordingly, he descended into the engine-room again and once more tried to turn the valve which had previously defeated him. For some time it looked as if he was going to be no more successful than previously. But the paraffin with which he had aoused it on the occasion of his previous attempt had now soaked well into the rust, and after several attempts he managed to move it.

For a minute or two he stood listening to the water gurgling through the pipes. Then he went up on deck again to see what was happening in No. 2 hold. Sure enough, he found that water was already trickling between the lumps of coal. It would be some time before it rose to any considerable depth, for the hold was a large one. However, it would be seven or eight hours before the inflow was discovered, for the night watchman was not likely to notice it, and by that time the flood should be several feet deep. Happy in the thought that he had done a good evening's work, he went below again and turned in.

He was awake again at five o'clock and at once paid another visit to the hold. To his dismay he found that the water was not more than a foot deep. He had hoped that it would have been much deeper. Still, he told himself, the men would not arrive for another two or three hours. By that time it should be considerably deeper. But then he saw that it was no longer rising. He had no difficulty in guessing the reason for this. The mouth of the pipe must have become blocked by a fall of coal. Unfortunately it was in an inaccessible place, so he could do nothing to clear it. It was very disappointing. However, he consoled himself with the thought that there was quite enough water in the hold to prevent the mutineers reaching the manhole for a couple of days at least.

That the men themselves agreed with him in this he learned as he listened to their comments when they discovered what had happened. They were loud in their curses, and it was not long before they began another search for their mysterious enemy. But Dyke was successful in eluding them and they eventually abandoned their hunt and set about getting the water out of the hold.

There was no pump available, so the only way they could do this was by bailing. They collected all the buckets they could find aboard the yacht and began. But it was a slow job and Dyke saw that it would be some time before they would be able to open the manhole door without flooding the compartment where the gold lay.

Next afternoon, however, the Swan sailed into the bay and dropped anchor. As Dyke looked cautiously out at her, he was greatly relieved, for he was tired of playing a lone hand. Besides relief, though, he felt greatly excited. If Murray had succeeded in obtaining the cutter, they should be able to reach the gold before many hours had passed and win the race with the mutineers by a short head. But nothing could be done until darkness enabled Murray to slip over to him, and he was obliged to restrain his impatience.

His pleasure at seeing his ship again was damped by the realisation that Kirch's expedition had not yet returned. There was no getting away from the fact that it was now considerably overdue.

The return of the Swan caused the mutineers no little perturbation and they suspended work for some time to look at her and speculate upon her business. But as no one left her, they could obtain no definite idea of her object in returning.

Late in the evening Dyke saw the Swan's boat approaching.

"Heavens! I'm glad to see you again!" exclaimed Murray, when he came alongside. "Everything all right?"

"Pretty fair," returned Dyke. "Though you've returned only just in time. Have you got it?"

"You bet we have—though we had to pay an awful price for it. But we thought we were never going to get back. We had strong headwinds pretty nearly all the way."

"Well, I'm mighty glad to hear you've got it, anyway."

"I didn't bring it with me in the boat, as I thought it better to find out how the land lay first."

"Quite right! Slip back and get it now and we'll start work right away."

They soon had the gear rigged. The oxy-acetylene flame began its work. The dark recesses of the double-bottom were lit by its blinding glare as it cut through the thick steel plate as a saw cuts through cardboard—effectively, but leaving a jagged edge behind it. In a very short time there was a crash and a large piece of steel plate fell out, leaving a hole through which a man could crawl without difficulty.

The edges of the hole were very hot, so for a few minutes the three had to possess themselves in patience. At last, however, they had cooled sufficiently to be touched without danger.

"Now for it!" cried Dyke, and he dived through the opening.

The others followed him as he scrambled through the holes in two more frames. When they had passed through the last

of these, a sight met their eyes which made their already quickly beating hearts beat faster still. Illuminated by Dyke's torch was a large heap of wooden boxes. To their over-excited imagination there seemed to be literally hundreds of them. And each one, they knew, contained five thousand pounds' worth of gold!

"We've won!" cried Dyke. "Come on, boys, let's have a look inside them!"

The boxes were piled up to a height of about three feet, and the heap seemed to recede into the dimness for a considerable distance. All the boxes appeared to be intact, though some at the bottom were damp and mouldy.

When they lifted one, they found that it was much heavier than it looked. They had brought a chisel with them and it did not take them long to wrench off the lid. It was full to the top with long, thin bars of gold.

"Phew!" exclaimed Dyke. "Just look at it!"

"Oh, boy!" cried Murray. "I'm not going to do any more work for the rest of my life."

"It'll be marble halls and a Rolls Royce for me," Hayes chimed in.

The first excitement of their find over, Dyke became practical again.

He and Murray took up their positions. Then, just as Hayes was handing him the first case, they heard a noise above them.

"What's that?" Murray whispered.

"Sounds like someone moving about in the engine-room," Dyke replied.

For a minute or two they remained motionless and silent.

"It was probably only a couple of rats chasing each other," said Hayes at last.

"Let's hope so," Dyke returned.

"Wait a moment," said Murray. "I'll have a look through the manhole, just to make certain."

He crept noiselessly to the manhole and cautiously raised his head through it. Just as he did so, something heavy descended on it with a thud, and he dropped back unconscious.

DYKE flashed his torch on the manhole. Framed in the opening was the head of Captain Binns, a horrible grin on his face. For a moment it remained there, and in that moment Dyke, realising that he and his companions were completely in the power of this old madman, whipped out his revolver and fired point-blank at him. But Binns moved back just in time, and a split second saved him from death.

Crouching close to the manhole, but out of range and invisible, Binns uttered a horrible laugh.

Dyke manoeuvred in an attempt to get a sight of him. But it was easy for Binns to dodge the beam of his torch and to keep in the dark. Dyke saw that he would have to put his head through the hole and risk a blow such as had felled Murray. He sprang towards the opening, but he was too late. He heard Binns grunting and gurgling as if straining at something. Then he uttered another dreadful laugh, which was cut short by the crash of the manhole door as it fell into position. Dyke and Hayes tried desperately to push it up, but Binns had the advantage of position, and despite their efforts succeeded in screwing down the clamps which held it.

"He's got us all right!" gasped Hayes.

"Yes," Dyke replied, "though we're not dead yet."

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SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

To their relief they found that Murray was already returning to consciousness. He had been stunned, but had received no serious injury, and was soon almost normal again.

"Why not use the cutter again?" suggested Hayes. "There's plenty of gas left."

"Why not, indeed!" cried Dyke. "Come on! Let's go ahead and do it."

To reach the second manhole they had to cut through a steel plate like the one which had so long separated them from the treasure. They soon had the apparatus in position and began work. Overhead they could still hear Captain Binns moving about.

The cutting of the hole was accomplished without difficulty and they soon found themselves in the next section of the double-bottom. To their relief the manhole was still open. However, for the present they did not use it. Binns had no light and they did not want to apprise him of their escape by letting him see theirs. For they intended to take him prisoner at once. They would have little chance of removing the gold to the Swan without interference from the mutineers, if he were loose.

With stealthy steps they crept up behind the old skipper and pounced on him. He struggled in their grasp, but in a couple of minutes they had his hands and feet secured. They carried him to a small room half-way up to the deck, in which the engineers' stores had once been kept, and thrust him into it.

As soon as the men had left the wreck that evening, Dyke and Hayes (Murray having returned to the schooner) descended into the double-bottom and began to bring the boxes of gold up through the manhole. As Dyke had expected, some of them were rotten and needed careful handling. One, which contained minted sovereigns, almost fell to pieces in their hands and they had some difficulty in repairing it.

Just before midnight Murray arrived with the boat. The three of them then began the work of transporting the gold over to the schooner. This proved to be a considerable task. The boxes, each of which weighed about one hundred pounds, had to be carried up over fifty steps—and steep steps at that—and then carefully lowered over the side into the boat.

When the boat was full it had to be rowed half a mile to the schooner, where the boxes had to be unloaded from it and placed in the hold. The three of them worked as hard as ever they had done in their lives, but when dawn broke, at least ninety of the boxes were still aboard the wreck.

Once again Dyke and Hayes remained on guard over the gold, whilst Murray returned to the schooner.

At midday Dyke, having had a few hours of much-needed sleep, went up to his vantage post. The mutineers seemed to have realised that they had nearly finished, for they were working much harder than they had done on the previous day and there was a general air of excitement among them.

To his dismay there was still no sign of Kirch and the launch, nor of any ship that he might have sent to the aid of the party on the yacht.

Had Kirch persuaded Beryl to run off with him and marry him, or rather had he forced her to do so?

He decided that he would complete

the transhipment of the treasure that night and sail for St. Denis the following morning.

These thoughts were cut into by a sudden babble of voices from No. 2 hold. The men had reached the manhole door and were opening it.

He hurried below and roused Hayes.

"Come on!" he exclaimed. "Those fellows are entering the double-bottom now. If we listen, we may be able to hear something."

They descended to their own manhole and lay on the floor. Through the crack round the door came a medley of loud and angry voices, but at first they could not make out what was being said. They had no difficulty, however, in guessing that the mutineers had failed to find the treasure and were expressing themselves accordingly.

A MOMENT or two later they could hear men almost directly beneath them. They were now able to make out what was being said. Most of it consisted of exclamations such as: "It's gone!" "Someone's pinched it!" "If I get my hands on them!" "The old fool was lying!" intermingled with streams of profanity.

Suddenly there was another shout. "Look! A quid! A golden quid!"

Evidently a coin which had fallen from the half-rotten box of minted gold, had been overlooked.

"So it was here all right!" came another voice. "Then swabs on the Swan have pinched it while we've been sweating our hearts out digging, that's what they done."

"But how could they have got at it and taken it away?" demanded a third.

"Blessed if I know. But they must have, that's a cert."

For a few minutes this point was discussed with heat. Then somebody hit on the solution.

"They must have got in through that manhole, see?" he declared. "It'll be the one in the engine-room. Then they must have cut through that there frame, where the rough hole is. That must have been what that hammering was the other night."

"I guess you're right, mate," agreed another. "But what have they done with the stuff?"

"Taken it aboard that flamin' schooner of theirs, o' course."

"I wouldn't mind betting they haven't had time to shift it, and it's still aboard this here wreck," said another.

Dyke looked at the heap of boxes which had been stacked as inconspicuously as possible in a dark corner.

"If they come down here," he said, "I'm afraid there's not much chance of them missing it; but there's nowhere we could hide it, even if there were time. Let's go up and see what's happening on deck."

They had just begun to climb the ladder when they were startled by an outburst of shouting from the room in which Captain Binns was confined.

"Come on!" cried Dyke. "That old lunatic has got the gas out of his mouth. If those chaps hear him it will be all up."

They crouched in the shadow, waiting to see what would happen.

"It's old Captain Barmy," they heard one of the men exclaim. "He's in there."

"Then leave him there," retorted another. "If it 'adn't been for him, we wouldn't have had all this graft for nothing. I bet 'e told someone else that yarn afore 'e told it to us."

"Let's haul him out and tell him what we think of him," a third suggested.

This met with approval, and in a couple of minutes the door of the store-room had been forced open and Binns had been dragged out.

"They've stolen my gold," he cried, in an agonised voice.

"What d'yer mean?" one of the men demanded roughly. "Who's stolen your gold?"

"Those swabs from the schooner. I knew they were after it. I was watching them. They've robbed me of the gold I've been looking after ever since I can remember."

"When?"

"Yesterday. No, it was the day before yesterday. I caught them in the double-bottom and they locked me up."

"So ho! Were they taking the gold away with them?"

"No. Yes—I don't know."

"How did they get into the double-bottom?"

"Through the engine-room manhole. I tried to stop them coming up, but they got out when I wasn't looking."

"Praps it's still down below," interposed another man excitedly. "Come on, boys!"

He sprang to the ladder and the whole crowd cascaded down it in his wake, passing close to Dyke and Hayes as they did so.

Hardly a minute had elapsed before a great shout proclaimed the discovery of the treasure.

Dyke looked cautiously out. The mutineers were crowded round the heap of boxes. Those in front were trying to open them, whilst those behind formed a struggling mass as they strove to get nearer to the gold.

"Now's our chance," he whispered to Hayes. "We can't take that away from them now, but if we nip up quickly, we can collar their boat and they'll have to remain here with it."

They slipped out of their hiding-place and ran up the ladder. The mutineers were devoting all their attention to the treasure and even when Captain Binns saw the fugitives and shouted a warning, they did not turn to see what was the matter.

Dyke had already formed a plan of action and when they reached the deck he hurriedly explained it to Hayes.

"We'll go over to the yacht and get help," he said, "and with luck we may be able to keep those chaps here a few days. While we're doing that, we'll send the schooner with the gold we've already got to the nearest British port. From there, we'll cable the French authorities to send a gunboat here."

He stepped up to the rail and looked over the side. As he did so, he gave a gasp of dismay. The mutineers' boat was nowhere to be seen.

"WELL, that settles that!" said Dyke grimly. "But wherever can the confounded boat have gone to?"

"There it is!" exclaimed Hayes, pointing towards the schooner.

Dyke looked in the direction indicated. Sure enough, there was the missing boat

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with half a dozen men in it. The latter were evidently about to board the Swan.

All this while a continuous babble of voices rose from below.

"Those chaps down there seem to be enjoying themselves," said Hayes.

"And I hope they'll continue to do so for a bit," Dyke returned. "Then with luck we may be able to get hold of the boat when the others get back."

However, fortune was not with them that day. The men in the boat had barely covered half the distance to the wreck when Dyke and Hayes noticed a sudden change in the character of the shouting from below, and a minute or two later the mutineers came pouring up on deck.

"Blimey! If them two blokes aren't here!" cried the first to appear.

"They're the swabs that's got it," declared a second.

Dyke and Hayes found themselves surrounded by a mob of angry men.

"Where is it?" cried one of them, a big, raw-boned fireman.

"Where is what?" returned Dyke coolly.

"Our gold, o' course. Our gold, what you've pinched from us."

"I thought you'd just found it."

"Well, we ain't, see. There's some of it down there, but not all—not by a long sight."

"We've counted it," announced another man. "There's no more than half of it there, if there's that."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't help you."

"Oh, you can't, can't you?" cried the fireman, shaking his fist under Dyke's nose.

"You can't, hey? Well, we'll soon find a way to make you."

They were as tough and as powerful a body of men as could have been found anywhere, and they were no cowards. Overpowered by weight of numbers he was borne to the ground and disarmed. A piece of rope was produced and in a minute or two, struggle though he did, he was secured hand and foot. Hayes was treated similarly.

This had hardly been done when the boat reached the ladder.

"Did you find anything?" demanded the sailor Atkins, leaning over the rail.

"No," a man in the boat replied. "The mate is still aboard her and he's got a gun, so we couldn't get aboard."

"We've found some of the stuff, but not all. The swabs must have taken the rest over there. We'll all go over."

"But the mate will pick us off with his gun before we get anywhere near. He told us he would, if we went back."

"We've got guns, too, ain't we?"

"Yes, but we ain't got any cover. He can fire at us through a porthole, and we shan't have a chance."

"Let's take these two blokes with us," suggested a third man. "Then the mate won't dare to fire at us for fear o' hitting them."

This idea met with general approval and Dyke and Hayes were bundled roughly into the boat. The mutineers could not carry out their intention to go in a body, for there was not room in the boat for more than a few. But as many as possible crowded into it, and this time they took with them all the arms in their possession.

Murray had, of course, seen what had been taking place on the wreck's deck, and had made a good guess at the meaning of it. As the mutineers had foreseen, the presence of the two prisoners in the

boat prevented him from firing at them, and he was obliged to let them board the schooner without resisting.

The first thing they did was to seize Murray. Realising that he was hopelessly outnumbered, he did not attempt to defend himself and he was soon tied up as the others had been. The mutineers then drove the native sailors into the fore-cabin and locked them in.

A heated discussion now took place as to what should be done next. Atkins suggested that they should bring over the gold from the wreck, take possession of the schooner and sail away in her. However, this proposal sound though it was, was promptly howled down.

Dyke and Hayes were hauled out of the boat and laid on the deck. The mutineers then requisitioned the Swan's dinghy and with the two boats proceeded to transfer the gold from the schooner's hold to the yacht.

Presently the last of the boxes had been lowered over the side.

"What shall we do with them blokes?" asked one of the men, indicating the three prisoners.

"Leave 'em there," returned Atkins laconically.

However, this was greeted with a murmur of disapproval. The mutineers had gained the treasure they had worked for for so long, and were mostly in a benevolent mood.

Finally Atkins made a suggestion which fitted in with the views of all.

"See the way the current's running?" he asked.

"Well, if we slips her cable, this old tub will drift ashore on that sandy beach over there. Then they won't be able to go for a gunboat in her."

"But if we let's 'em loose first, they'll"

"Of course we won't let 'em loose. We'll lock 'em up in one of the rooms down below. There's no sea running, so they'll be quite safe. First thing in the morning, when they're aground, we'll come over and let them out."

The others agreed to this, and the three prisoners were carried down into Dyke's berth. They all three protested loudly, horrified at the thought that the ship was to be deliberately cast away. But the mutineers would not listen to them, and merely slammed the door and locked it.



AS soon as they had been left alone the three prisoners made efforts to release themselves.

Eventually Murray, using his teeth, succeeded in loosening the cord which bound Dyke's wrists and after that it was only a matter of minutes before they were all free.

Dyke dashed to the porthole and looked out.

"We're still some distance from the beach," he cried. "We must have stuck on a bank."

They put their shoulders to the door and were soon up on deck. It was now nearly dark, but they could see that what Dyke had said was correct. They had grounded on a bank or shoal about a quarter of a mile from the beach.

Dyke looked over the side.

"They've left us our boat," he exclaimed. "I suppose they didn't want the rag of rowing an extra one back to the yacht. We'll let the men out of the fore-cabin and see if we can tow the old ship off."

Having released the native sailors, they manned every possible oar in the boat and, attaching a line from it to the schooner's stern, they attempted to tow her off the bank. But although they strained every muscle, they were unable to move her.

"She's stuck fast, I'm afraid," declared Dyke in disgust. "And as far as I can see, it's high water now."

"Yes," Murray agreed. "It is. But there's one consolation. It's neap tides now. When the springs come in a few days she'll probably float off all right."

"Let's hope she will. But in the meantime that doesn't help us much. I wonder what those scum are doing now?"

"Raising Cain aboard the yacht, I expect."

"MORE than likely. We'd better go over and see what's happening. Shaw may be glad of our help."

Dyke pocketed a revolver which the mutineers had not troubled to look for, and they then all tumbled into the boat.

As they drew near the yacht they saw that a heated argument was taking place on the after deck between the mutineers on the one hand and the engineers on the other. Both parties were too much engrossed to notice the boat.

Atkins was taking a leading part in the proceedings.

"I tell you," he announced in a loud voice, "that we intends to leave here at once."

"Well, you can't—at least not in this ship," the chief engineer retorted. "The repairs down below are not finished."

"Well, they ought to be."

"That's no business of yours."

"Ain't it? You'll soon find that it is, mister. We ain't going to be held up here by a lot of — engineers, what's too lazy to work. We want to get home and enjoy ourselves. Them engines have got to be put right quick—see?"

He set off confidently towards the saloon, the others following in his wake. Soon they had all disappeared from view, though the noise which they made could still be heard.

Dyke waited a little to make sure that they were not coming out again, and then turned to his companions.

"You two stay and look after the boat," he said. "I'm going aboard to have a word with Buckley and Shaw."

"Will you be safe?" inquired Murray anxiously. "Hain't we better come, too?"

"No, I shall be all right. I have my gun. It'll be better for you to stand by to take me off in a hurry, if necessary."

He got aboard without interference and made his way up to Captain Shaw's room. He found that a council of war was in progress there, Captain Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Buckley and the chief engineer being present. The latter was reporting what had just taken place on the after deck.

"Captain Dyke!" cried Mr. Buckley, springing up. "The very man we want to see!"

They had not met since the memorable day on which he had been taken prisoner on board his own ship and hustled off to the wreck, but Dyke forbore to comment on his change of attitude.

"You seem to be having a spot of trouble," he said cheerily.

"Trouble!" exclaimed Mrs. Buckley. "We're all going to be murdered in our beds. I'm sure of it! None of us will ever see home again."

"I don't think it's quite as bad as that," Dyke reassured her. "They're only a bit over-excited at their success."

"You're right about the over-excited!" cried Captain Shaw. "They've broken into the wine-locker and are now in the saloon enjoying themselves. I've tried to get them to listen to reason, but they won't pay any attention to me. They've gone stark, staring mad."

"WHAT I'm afraid of," said the chief engineer, "is that they'll wake up in the morning with thick heads and will come down below and raise trouble."

"Have they brought the gold over from the wreck?" inquired Dyke.

"Yes," replied Mr. Buckley, "but—"

"Then I suggest that you take Mrs. Buckley over there. It will be very uncomfortable, I'm afraid, but she will be better there than here. I don't think for one moment that any of you are in actual danger from those fellows, but when they get a few drinks into them they may become insulting. I would offer you the hospitality of my own ship, but she's ashore on a sandbank, and if it comes on to blow she will be anything but safe."

They discussed this suggestion and finally decided that the Buckleys, accompanied by one of the mates and the chief steward, should go over to the wreck and make it their headquarters for the present, while Captain Shaw and the remaining officers stayed on the yacht. It was also decided that, if the mutineers made any further demands on the chief engineer, he should agree to hurry forward the completion of the repairs, but that he should actually delay finishing the work until the return of Kirch.

Two boats were available, and these were loaded with bedding, cooking utensils and other articles which it was thought might add to the comfort of Mrs. Buckley and the rest of the party during their sojourn on the wreck. How long this might last they could not tell, so they took with them as much food as they conveniently could. They did not know what attitude the mutineers might take up after the first flush of their success had worn off, and they wished to be prepared in case provisions were refused them.

On reaching the wreck they found that Captain Binns was still there, although the gold which he supposed himself to be guarding had been taken away. Whether he had declined to leave the wreck on which he had lived for so long, or whether the mutineers had refused to allow him to accompany them when they left for the last time, they could not say. The old man stood in a corner, watching them as they hauled their baggage aboard; but he had by now grown so used to his solitude being disturbed that he made no attempt to interfere with them.

When he and his companions had done all they could to help in establishing the refugees in their new quarters, Dyke announced that they must return to the Swan.

"We'll make another attempt to refloat the Swan at high water to-morrow morning, and, if we succeed, we'll sail for St. Denis right away."

High water was at six o'clock next morning, and at that time Dyke mustered his entire crew for the attempt to tow the schooner off the bank. However, despite all their efforts, they were unable to move her.

As soon as they had finished a hurried breakfast, Dyke and Hayes set off in the dinghy, leaving Murray to look after the schooner. First they rowed round the yacht, in order to get some idea of what was happening there. Half a dozen sailors were lounging about the deck, but the rest were not to be seen. No doubt, as Hayes expressed it, they were "sleeping it off."

On reaching the wreck they found Captain Shaw there. The refugees had just finished an improvised breakfast in the dirty and mildewed saloon. The visitors accepted the coffee which was offered to them and then the whole party moved out on deck.

"If we've got to stay here," Mr. Buckley declared, "we shall have to have our meals in the open. That place has gone beyond anything that we can do to it."

"I hope," Dyke returned, "that you won't have to stay here for—"

Suddenly he broke off. As he had been speaking his eye had been searching the horizon, and now for the first time he made out a tiny craft in the distance.

"Look!" he cried. "There's the launch, or I'm a Dutchman!"

Everybody followed his gaze. It was soon seen that the approaching craft was the missing launch, though she no longer had the lifeboat in tow. As yet it was impossible to make out who was in her.

Breathlessly Dyke watched her draw nearer.



"SHE'S not there!" Dyke exclaimed. "Miss Gretton isn't there!"

Cries of consternation greeted this announcement.

"Not there!" exclaimed Mr. Buckley. "But she must be!"

He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked anxiously at the launch. There was, however, no doubt about it—its only occupants were Kirch and the engineer. Only too clearly Beryl was missing.

The launch was heading towards the yacht, but on hearing a hail from the wreck, the engineer, who was at the wheel, turned her head in that direction. As he brought her alongside there was a chorus of inquiry from those on deck.

"Don't worry!" cried Kirch, reassuringly. "She's quite safe."

"Thank heavens!" cried Mr. Buckley. "Come up here and tell us what has happened."

As soon as Kirch reached the deck he proceeded to give an account of his expedition's adventures.

"We had quite a good passage to St. Denis," he said. "We were a bit cramped in the launch, of course, but we managed all right. When we got there, however, our luck turned. We found that a native rising had just broken out in the interior, and the authorities had their hands full with it."

"It then decided to cable to the authorities in Mauritius, which is the nearest

British island, asking them to send help. But I found that that also was impossible. The rebels had cut all the telegraph wires and St. Denis was completely isolated. There was nothing we could do except wait a few days and see whether the situation improved. But it didn't—

in fact, it grew worse. I saw that we should have to go to Mauritius ourselves, so I chartered a schooner and got ready to sail. Then it occurred to me that you would be getting very anxious at our failure to show up. I first thought of coming back here in the schooner and then going on to Mauritius, but I came to the conclusion that it would waste too much time. The only thing to do was to divide our party—one section to go to Mauritius in the schooner, the other to return here in the launch. That is what we did. Beryl, naturally wanted to come with me; but I thought that it would be too risky for her in the launch with such a small crew, so I insisted on her going in the schooner. She is probably well on her way to Mauritius by now, and I've no doubt that she will be here in the relief ship in a few days."

However, if the Buckleys were satisfied with Kirch's story, Dyke was not. As he listened to it, it had struck him that it rang anything but true. But he deferred commenting upon it until later, when the party had broken up and he found himself alone with Kirch and Captain Shaw.

"Do you think Miss Gretton will really be quite safe?" he demanded of Kirch.

The latter, who had so far completely ignored him, turned on him angrily.

"Of course she will be," he declared. "Why the devil shouldn't she be?"

"If I had been in your position, I should have sent the engineer back here in the launch with the third officer and gone with her in the schooner to Mauritius."

"Perhaps you would. But you were not in my position."

Dyke drew closer to him.

"What I want to know," he said, a steely look in his eye, "is where Miss Gretton is?"

"I have told you—not that it is any business of yours."

"Your yarn is a pack of lies."

Kirch turned white with fury.

"Who the devil do you think you are, you low-down beach-comber? Where Miss Gretton is is my business, not yours. She's engaged to me—not you, and I'll trouble you to remember it. If I say she's safe, she is safe."

Dyke saw that he had gained his point. Kirch had as good as admitted that his story was false.

With this he turned on his heel and walked away.

For the present there was nothing more to be done aboard the wreck, so Dyke and Hayes rowed back to the Swan. They found Murray awaiting them with more bad news.

"All our crew have skinned out," he announced laconically, as Dyke stepped aboard.

"Skinned out? Why?"

"I think they were a bit scared by what happened yesterday. At any rate they told me that there were evil spirits aboard the ship and that they were leaving at once. I did my best to stop them, but it was no use. They jumped over the side and swam for it. As far as I could see, they all landed safely."

"Well, that puts the lid on it."

Dyke proceeded to give him an outline of Kirch's story.

"I'm certain that there's some dirty work on foot," he declared. "We must refloat the schooner at the first possible moment. Then we'll get Mrs. Buckley out of this. Things are getting too hot here for her. We'll go to St. Denis and see if we can learn anything about Miss Gretton there. As for the gold, we shall have to let it take its chance."

"But how are we going to get the schooner afloat again without men?" queried Murray.

"There are the officers on the yacht, of course. They could give us a hand to get her off the bank when the spring tides come in a day or two. But we shall need some men to sail the schooner, and they can't very well leave their own ship and come with us. I'll see if I can get some men from the village down the coast."

He outlined his plan of action. They were to land him on the shore and he would walk along the beach to the village, coming back in a native boat. He decided on this route in preference to rowing there, because he thought that it would be too far to pull a boat single-handed.

Half an hour later Murray rowed him ashore and he set off on his twenty-mile tramp along the beach.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when he landed and he hoped to reach the village before nightfall. However, he found the going very much harder than he had expected.

He had been trudging along for over three hours when on rounding a point of land he saw the mouth of a small river in front of him. And in midstream there was anchored a schooner.

Drawing closer he saw by the name on her stern that the strange vessel was the Phoebe of St. Denis. Evidently a local vessel, he thought. But what was she doing here?

Suddenly he gave a gasp. A man had come up from below and he had recognised him. He was Johnson, the third mate of the yacht, who was supposed to be on his way to Mauritius.

Dyke at once sensed that it would not do to allow himself to be seen, so he took cover behind some bushes. For some while he watched the schooner. Johnson leaned over the rail and lit his pipe. He was the only person in sight; but Dyke had a very strong feeling that, where he was, Beryl would not be very far away.

Dyke decided that he must board the schooner at once.

Luck was with him. He had not gone more than half a mile further, when, at a place where the river suddenly narrowed considerably, he came upon a small group of native huts. To his delight he saw that a couple of crude canoes were moored to the bank.

He could not speak the native language, but a sailor can always get over that difficulty, and it was not long before he had arranged by means of signs for the hire of a boat and a couple of rowers.

By now it was nearly dusk. He approached the Phoebe cautiously. Johnson had now gone below and there was no one to be seen aboard her. The canoe slid alongside and in a moment he was on deck.

He looked quickly around him and, as he did so, his attention was attracted by a suspicious-looking object on the poop, covered with a tarpaulin. He strode

up to it and lifted the covering. Below was a machine-gun.

"So, ho!" he whispered to himself. "That's the game, is it?"

He had only just replaced the tarpaulin when he heard a step on the companion stairs and Johnson appeared again.

For a moment the third mate stood looking at him in amazement.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I might ask the same of you," Dyke returned. "I thought you were on your way to Mauritius."

"Well, I'm not. Now get ashore!" "I am looking for Miss Gretton."

"Well, you won't find her here, so beat it!"



"I CAN'T take your word for it. I am going to search the ship." Johnson stepped in front of the companion entrance.

"You're going to do nothing of the sort," he snarled. "Get out of this at once."

Without wasting time in further argument, Dyke advanced towards him. He was not much bigger than the other, but he was considerably more powerful. Johnson evidently realised this for, after hesitating a moment, he growled a curse and then stepped aside.

"You go first!" Dyke ordered. "I don't intend to be hit in the back."

Reluctantly Johnson obeyed.

At the bottom of the narrow stairs Dyke found himself in a small, ill-kept cabin, dimly lit by a smoking oil lamp. Off it led two doors.

"Which of these rooms is she in?" he demanded.

As he spoke one of the doors opened and Beryl appeared.

"Beryl!" he cried. "Thank heavens, you're safe!"

"Hullo!" she exclaimed. "Where have you suddenly sprung from?"

"I've been looking for you. I can't tell you how glad I am to see you. I've been frightfully worried about you."

"I'm afraid we've been away much longer than we expected to be. But it was some time before we could get this schooner."

"Wouldn't the authorities send a ship to help us?"

"No. Oscar went to see them as soon as we reached St. Denis, but they wouldn't believe his story. He said they seemed to think it was a trick of some kind."

"They must have been good character readers."

As he spoke there was the sound of an engine.

"There he is now, if I'm not mistaken," he went on. "He'll be rather surprised to find me here."

Johnson moved towards the companionway.

"Stay here," Dyke ordered curtly.

A moment later there was a step on the stairs and Kirch appeared.

"Here we are again, little girl!" he

cried, advancing towards Beryl. Then he saw Dyke.

"You!" he exclaimed. "What the blazes are you doing here?"

"Trying to find out what you are doing here."

"Indeed!"

"What are you doing here with this schooner?"

"It is no concern whatever of yours, but if you want to know, I put in here on my way back from St. Denis, in case there was serious trouble on the yacht. I decided to leave Miss Gretton here, while I went on in the launch to find out how the land lay."

Dyke turned to Beryl.

"Is that what he told you when he left here this morning?"

"Of course," she replied. "What other reason could he have had?"

Kirch turned to her.

"You mustn't listen to him," he said. "I think he has some idea that he can cut me out with you."

"I know he has," returned Beryl. "I think that the best thing we can do is to ask Captain Dyke to leave."

"I think so, too," Kirch agreed. "Dyke, get off this ship before I throw you off!"

Dyke hesitated for a moment. Obviously he could not remain there alone in the enemy's camp.

"All right," he said. "I'll go."

Johnson led the way up the stairs, whilst Kirch brought up the rear. Beryl remained below in the cabin.

Dyke was about to climb over the rail on to the ladder, when something hard was pressed into the small of his back.

"If you make a sound, I'll fire," Kirch hissed in his ear.

"What's the game now?" he inquired.

"We're going to keep you here. You'll be safer. Come on, Johnson, we'll dump him in the fore-peak. No one will hear him there, if he starts shouting."

They started to bustle him forward, but they had only taken him a few steps when they were arrested by a cry from the companionway.

"What are you doing?" came the voice of Beryl.

Kirch turned to her, uttering an exclamation of annoyance.

"I've decided to lock him up, in order to teach him manners," was his reply.

"But you just told him to get off the ship."

"WELL, I've changed my mind. It has occurred to me that, if I let him go, he'll go back to your people and tell them a lot of lies."

"Why should he do that?"

"Good heavens! Surely you realise what kind of a scoundrel he is? He's just been telling you lies, hasn't he?"

"Y-yes. All the same, I don't think there's any need to lock him up."

Kirch muttered an oath.

"Oh, very well! If you're so anxious about him, he can go. Here, you! Beat it before I change my mind."

Much relieved, Dyke lost no time in obeying. Attracted by the altercation, several of the schooner's crew had appeared—as tough a looking bunch of French half-caste negroes as could have been found anywhere. He had no wish to be turned over to their tender mercies by their bandit master.

"Thank you very much," he said to Beryl, as he stepped on to the ladder. "I hope we shall meet again soon—in fact, I feel sure we shall."

With that he climbed down into his boat.

He decided to return to the Swan by sea, instead of walking back along the beach, and he directed the rowers accordingly. They quickly slipped down the river and over the bar. They made good time, with the result that it was not much after ten when he reached his destination.

Murray and Hayes were on deck. He quickly told them of what had occurred.

"Kirch is obviously planning to seize the gold for himself," he said. "He's got a machine-gun—I don't think they guessed that I saw that, or no amount of persuasion would have induced him to let me go—and I think we may be certain that he will swoop down on those fellows aboard the yacht within the next day or two and carry off the loot."

"Unless we stop him," qualified Murray.

"Yes, we'll do that, if we can. But the main thing that I'm worrying about is Miss Gretton's safety. If there should be a scrap, she may be in serious danger."

"That's a fact! What do you suggest that we do? Organise an expedition and rescue her before the scrap starts?"

"No. For one thing, to do so would in itself mean a scrap, and for another, it would be difficult, if not absolutely impossible. If they spotted us coming, we could never reach them in face of their machine-gun. As far as I can see, the only thing we can do is to go aboard the yacht and warn the men that they are likely to be attacked and tell them to take care that she is not hurt. They're not bad chaps at heart and I've no doubt that they'll listen to me."

"That's so. But Kirch must be the most awful outsider to expose her to such danger."

"He's an outsider all right. Still, he may intend to land her on the beach before the scrap starts. However, we'd better go and talk to those fellows at once."

They rowed quickly over to the yacht. There was no one on deck as they approached and they were not challenged as they walked aboard.

"They all seem to be turned in," said Hayes quietly.

"Let's have a look in the saloon," Dyke suggested. "Very likely they're there."

He was right. Most of them were.

It was evident that they had been celebrating their good fortune by drinking all day and had succumbed to their potations. Only three or four were awake, and these were carrying on an alcoholic argument in one corner.

"They won't be in much of a condition to defend their gold in the morning," he said.

Suddenly a thought struck him.

"And when one comes to think of it," he added excitedly, "they're not in much of a condition to defend it now. I wonder where they've stowed it."

"Let's see if we can find it," exclaimed Murray.

They did not have far to look, for the mutineers had piled up the boxes of gold in the stateroom nearest the top of the gangway.

For a few moments the three stood looking at the heap of treasure. Once more a million pounds in gold lay before them for the taking.

"All we've got to do now," said Murray excitedly, "is to take it away."

They roused Captain Shaw and those of his officers who were still aboard the yacht, and explained the situation to them. They were only too glad to help. Dyke then sent Hayes over to the wreck to fetch those there, who were equally willing to join him. As a result Dyke found that he had at his disposal an additional six men. Mr. Buckley was also anxious to lend a hand, but he could not leave his wife.

Captain Shaw superintended the loading of the gold into the boat and the transporting of it to the shore. While this was being done, Dyke, accompanied by two helpers armed with shovels, landed and set about looking for a suitable place to bury the treasure. They selected a sandy spot situated between two sand dunes and about a quarter of a mile from the beach. There they dug a large hole. Then, when all the boxes had been landed, the entire force joined in carrying them inland.

Everybody worked well, but it was a long job. About four o'clock it began to rain hard, which did not add to the comfort of heavy work in the middle of the night. However, before the sun was above the horizon the last box had been brought up from the beach and the hole itself filled in. Finally, they did everything they could to obliterate all signs of their work. In this the rain, which was now coming down in torrents, helped them considerably.

Their task completed, the entire party returned to the wreck for a wash and breakfast. Afterwards, when the weather had cleared, they stood about on deck, talking.

All was still quiet aboard the yacht.

"I'm thinking there'll be some sore hearts as well as sore heads over there before long," said Captain Shaw with a twinkle in his eye. "Those fellows will wake to a very cheerless dawn."

It was the general opinion that Kirch would not long put off his attempt to seize the treasure. It was decided that nothing could be gained by resisting him, and that it would be best for Captain Shaw and the officers to remain aboard the wreck.

Sure enough, soon after eight o'clock the Phoebe appeared round the corner of the land. She came slowly towards the yacht, propelled by her auxiliary motor, and finally stopped quite close to her.



TWO or three of the mutineers had by now appeared, and they leaned over the rail, gazing curiously at the newcomer. To these Kirch addressed himself through a megaphone.

"Hey, you! We've come for that gold."

"Then you can go away again," one of the men shouted back. "You ain't getting it."

"Bring it up on deck and look slick about it," Kirch roared. "We mean to have it."

One or two more men had joined those by the rail, and they greeted this demand with a chorus of jeers.

However, they soon found that it was

no laughing matter. The cover had already been removed from the Phoebe's machine-gun, and it now suddenly came to life. A hail of bullets swept over the yacht; but the man behind it was evidently aiming high, for no one was hit.

The men fled, panic-stricken, through a door, and for a few minutes nothing more was seen of them. Then someone opened fire on the schooner with a rifle. Immediately the machine-gun was directed at the porthole, and the rifle was silenced.

All was now quiet on both sides. To the watchers on the wreck it seemed as if a position of stalemate had been arrived at. The mutineers were only armed with three or four rifles and revolvers, but they were secure behind steel walls. Kirch's party, on the other hand, had a machine-gun, and, doubtless, small arms as well. But with the exception of a couple of pieces of sheet-iron which partly shielded the machine-gunner and the man at the wheel, they had no protection.

However, Kirch knew the psychological value of his machine-gun. Suddenly it opened fire again, and, although there was nobody to be seen, it swept the yacht from end to end. Then the schooner started to move, and slid slowly alongside the yacht.

As soon as the two vessels touched, Kirch, Johnson, and half a dozen of their evil-looking crew sprang aboard the yacht. No resistance was offered to them, and in a few moments they had entered the door through which the mutineers had disappeared. Dyke expected to hear the sound of shots from within, but the mutineers, who must by now have been in the worst stage of the after-effects of their previous night's carousal, were in no condition to defend themselves, and it soon became apparent that they had abjectly surrendered.

A few minutes later Kirch and his men reappeared together with several of the mutineers, who led the way to the cabin in which they believed that the booty was lying. But when they opened the door they found that the treasure had gone.

Immediately there was an outbreak of shouting, cursing, and angry accusations. The rest of the mutineers came trooping out on deck and added to the turmoil. Kirch seemed to be threatening the mutineers with dire penalties if they did not reveal the true hiding-place of the gold; whilst the men themselves were obviously accusing each other of treachery.

For half an hour pandemonium reigned aboard the yacht. Several rough-and-tumble fights broke out, and it began to look as if the situation would develop into a battle royal on all-against-all lines. However, Kirch suddenly decided to end it, and, gathering his men round him, succeeded in restoring a semblance of peace.

Dyke saw that he intended to search the yacht thoroughly. He began by going through the deck houses, and then for some time he was out of sight while he combed the interior of the ship. His efforts were, of course, fruitless, and, when he again appeared on deck, he seemed to be not only very angry, but much perplexed.

For a few minutes he stood discussing the situation with Johnson. Then, apparently, something drew his attention to

the wreck. This seemed to start a new train of thought in his mind, for in a few minutes he had commandeered the yacht's dinghy and was on his way across with some of his men.

Seeing him approaching, Dyke and Captain Shaw held a hurried consultation and as a result decided not to attempt to prevent him coming on board. They had no wish to have the machine-gun turned on them.

Dyke met him at the top of the ladder. An imp of mischief prompted him to make fun of the discomfited bandit.

"Where's that gold?" demanded Kirch.

"What gold?" inquired Dyke innocently.

"You know very well what gold I mean. Where is it?"

Dyke turned to the others, who were grouped behind him.

"The gentleman has lost some gold," he said. "Has anyone seen it?"

"Cut that out!" snarled Kirch. "I guess you know where it is all right. Stick 'em up!"

He flourished his revolver in Dyke's face. The latter had his hand on his own gun inside his pocket, and he felt sorely tempted to fire through his coat. But Mrs. Buckley was standing only a few feet away and he could not involve her in a shooting affray.

"All right!" he replied, leisurely obeying Kirch's order. "But I assure you that it is quite unnecessary. We have no gold here."

"I'll see about that myself, Johnson, see if any of them has a gun."

He left Johnson on deck to hold up Dyke and the other men, and with his three sailors began a systematic search of the wreck. Needless to say, he found no gold, but, just as he was about to give it up as a bad job, he came upon the shovels that had been used that morning. These still had telltale scraps of wet sand on them.

"So it's buried ashore, is it?" he cried. "Why couldn't you have told me at first, and saved me all this trouble? Whereabouts did you plant it?"

"SURELY you don't think we're going to tell you?" returned Dyke icily.

"If you won't tell me I shall have to put pressure on you. But before I do so, I intend to give you one more chance." Kirch turned to Mr. Buckley. "As I am going to marry your niece, I don't want to cause you any unnecessary unpleasantness. I will, therefore, make you a fair offer. If you will tell me where the gold is hidden, I will give you five per cent. of it."

Mr. Buckley drew himself up.

"Never in my life have I been so insulted," he spluttered. "You are a scoundrel and a blackguard! If you have not yet killed anybody in your attempt to steal this gold, it is pure chance. You are a murderer by intention. And I once regarded you as a friend. As for marrying my niece—"

He broke off, words falling him.

"Well, I'm not going to argue either question with you," returned Kirch. "I have given you a chance. I can't do more than that. I intend to have that gold at any cost. At least one of you knows where it is hidden—probably all of you. I'm going to lock you all up and keep you locked up, without food or drink, until you decide to tell me where it is."

"But you can't do that to Mrs. Buckley," cried Dyke, springing forward.

"All, I said. I am very sorry to have to cause any discomfort to a lady who has been a charming hostess to me, but I have no option. I cannot overlook the fact that her having to share your imprisonment will be an additional inducement to you to tell me what I want to know."

Despite their protests, the whole party were hustled into the saloon and the door locked.

"I'm leaving someone to look after you," Kirch told them through the panels. "He has orders to shoot at the first sign of trouble, so I shouldn't advise you to try anything on. When you've decided to talk, let him know."



THEY then heard him speaking in a lower tone to Johnson.

"I'm going ashore to have a look round. They can't have carried the stuff very far. If I can manage to spot the place, it will be quicker than waiting for those people to speak. I shall want as many men as possible to dig, so I'll take the two from here and leave you on guard. I guess you'd rather do that than dig, eh?"

"I'll say I would."

"All right. Keep your eyes open and shoot if they start anything."

As soon as he had gone the prisoners gathered round and discussed the situation in subdued tones. For some while the talk consisted mainly of condemnation of Kirch. Dyke considered revealing what he knew about his past, but he saw that Mr. and Mrs. Buckley were feeling deeply the fact that they had entertained and been on intimate terms with a criminal in disguise, so he decided not to harp on the subject.

Suddenly it struck him that Johnson was remarkably quiet. Tiptoeing to the door, he stood listening. From outside came the sounds of the regular breathing of a man asleep.

He turned to the others.

"That fellow has dozed off, I think," he said softly.

"Even if he has, it's not much use to us, I'm afraid," returned Captain Shaw. "If we attempt to break open the door, the noise will wake him before we are through."

"That's so. Still, we may as well see what can be done."

He placed a chair close to the door and climbed on to it. Along the top of the partition there was a space for ventilation. This had originally been filled with ornamental fretwork, but that was no longer there, and by straining his neck he was able to see into the alley-way beyond. There, seated on a box, was Johnson, his head sunk on his chest, overcome by the noonday heat.

"He's asleep all right," Dyke whispered, as he stepped down. "I think I can fix him. I want something heavy."

He looked round the saloon. Fixed to the wall was a rusty electric fan. It was just the thing! He quickly loosened the thumbscrew and removed the body of the fan from its pedestal. Next he took off

the blades and guard. This done, he had a small and deadly missile.

"Stand by to break down the door," he directed, and climbed on to the chair again.

Taking careful aim, he hurled the fan at Johnson. It struck him on the head.

"Got him!" cried Dyke, as his victim rolled over on to the ground and lay still.

A few blows from a heavy chair broke open the door and they were free.

The prisoners streamed into the alley-way.

"Tie him up and then see if you can bring him to," said Dyke. "While you're doing that I'll have a look outside."

He went to the outer door and looked cautiously out. In the left foreground lay the Pheobe.

Suddenly he gave a gasp of surprise. On a hatch not ten feet from the door lay his revolver. Johnson had thrown it there when he had disarmed him and had evidently forgotten about it. He at once retrieved it.

On going inside again he found that Johnson had come to and was sitting securely bound with his back against the wall.

"Now," said Dyke grimly, "I want to know where Miss Gretton is?"

"And you can keep on wanting," was the surly reply.

"I'm not going to waste time in argument. Either you tell me at once, or I shall tie a line round you, dump you over the side and keep ducking you until you tell me or a shark gets you."

Johnson turned pale.

"No, no, don't do that," he cried, quickly changing his tune, when he saw that Dyke meant business. "She's in the launch on a shoal near the mouth of the river."

"What on earth is she doing there?"

"She slipped away in the launch during the night. I don't know what her idea was or exactly when she went, but she was missing when we turned out this morning and the man on watch was just coming to after being unconscious for some time. He said that someone had sprung on him from behind and knocked him on the head. It must have been she—she's got plenty of pluck, I must say. We thought she'd come here to her uncle and aunt, so we decided to carry on according to plan. But as soon as we got outside the river, we saw the launch with her in it stuck on a sandbank in a narrow channel between a small island and the mainland."

"So you left her there, you dirty rat!"

"Confound it all! What else could I do? You know what Kirch is—not the sort of man to stand any interference. Besides, she's quite safe there."

"Is? Do you mean to say that Kirch hasn't sent anyone to get her off?"

"No. I expect he's forgotten all about her. He's been pretty busy all day."

"What I ought to do is to put a bullet through you and dump you over the side. However—"

He turned to the others who were grouped behind him.

"I'm going to look for her at once," he announced.

THE sun was just setting when Dyke came within hailing distance of the launch.

"Hallo!" he called to Beryl. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"Yes, you can," she shouted back. Sounding the shallow water with an

oar, he carefully brought his boat along-side the launch.

"I'm so glad to see you," Beryl exclaimed. "I've been simply terrified all day. Has anything dreadful happened?"

"It might have been worse, but it was bad enough," Dyke replied, and he gave her a brief account of what had occurred since he had last seen her.

He took the launch's anchor and threw it into the water.

"That's in case she floats off," he explained. "Now let's get moving."

He rowed a short distance up the river in which the Phoebe had been lying and made the boat fast to a tree.

"I expect you're feeling a bit peckish," he said, as they stepped ashore.

"I am—very much so," Beryl replied. "I found a bottle of beer in the launch, but no food. I've had nothing all day."

"I don't know whether we shall be able to find anything to eat round here. Anyway, we had better hurry up and look before it is quite dark."

In a patch of bush close to the bank they found some ripe bananas growing. They helped themselves liberally and then sat down on a fallen tree to eat them.

"Where are we going to spend the night?" asked Beryl.

"We'll have to find a good place near here and camp out."

"But we can't stay here all night," she objected uncertainly.

"Sorry, old girl," returned Dyke, "but I'm afraid we shall have to. Come on! We'll break off some of the dead wood from this tree and build a fire on that clear stretch of sand over there."

Presently they were seated together in front of a roaring fire.

"You don't seem quite so much annoyed with me now as you were yesterday evening," Dyke remarked.

Beryl did not reply.

"Has anything happened to make you think that I'm not quite such a worm as you thought I was?"

"Yes," she burst out suddenly. "Something has."

"Tell me about it," he said gently.

"I—oh! I don't think I ought to."

"Is it something about your fiancé?"

"Yes—no—he isn't my fiancé any more."

"Isn't he? Splendid! That's the best bit of news I've heard for a long time. But you'd better tell me all about it."

"It was like this. While we were away at St. Denis, I developed an awful suspicion that there was something very wrong going on. We were supposed to be trying to get the authorities to send help to the yacht, but we saw very little of anyone in an official position. The day after we arrived there was a very nasty-looking man came to see Oscar at the hotel where we were all staying."

"He spent quite a long time alone with Oscar and he came again two or three times after that, but I couldn't find out what the business was that they were discussing. Then, when we'd been there a couple of days more, Oscar announced that he had arranged with the man for the hire of a schooner—the Phoebe—and had engaged some men to enable him to restore order aboard the yacht. I asked him why the authorities weren't going to send a gunboat, and he told me that they wouldn't believe his story."

"That seemed quite plausible, so I said no more about it, but when I saw the schooner and the awful crew Oscar had got hold of, I didn't like the look of things at all. However, there seemed to be

nothing for it but to go back to the yacht in her.

"As you know, we didn't go straight to the yacht. Oscar said he wanted to see how things were going on there first."

"Well, that brings us to last night. I'm afraid I was very horrid to you, but I was annoyed with you for saying nasty things about Oscar—I was engaged to him then, of course. But after you had gone it struck me that what you had said about the story he had told you all on the wreck fitted in with my suspicions. I, therefore, determined to do all I could to find out the truth. It occurred to me that, if what you had said were true, as soon as I was out of the way Oscar would want to tell that horrid man Johnson what he had really been doing all day. So I decided to do a little eavesdropping. I pretended to have a headache and went to bed early. But instead of actually turning in, I listened at the door while Oscar and Johnson were sitting drinking in the cabin. They gave themselves away completely. I heard them making plans for what they were going to do to-day—how they were going to steal the gold and shoot anyone who resisted them. Despite what I'd been suspecting it came as an awful shock to me. I was absolutely dazed with horror to think that I was actually engaged to a man like that."

"I saw that, not only could I not stay aboard the schooner with him a minute longer than was absolutely necessary, but that I must warn you. So when they had gone to bed, I slipped out and, after knocking the watchman on the head from behind—you'll think it dreadful of me, but I enjoyed doing it immensely; he was such a vile-looking creature—I took the launch and started off."

Dyke proceeded to give her a more detailed account of the events of the past few days.

"I'm so glad he didn't get the gold after all," she exclaimed when he had finished.

"It's not the first time he has tried to get it."

"But I didn't know—when did he try before?"



"ABOUT a couple of years ago—just before I first saw you." And Dyke went on to tell her of the wrecking of the mail train and of how he had recognised Kirch as the leader of the bandits.

When he had finished, Beryl sat silent for a while, breathing heavily.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" she asked after a bit.

"Because I was determined from the first that I would take you away from him without putting you against him with a story like that. But if I had failed to do that, I should have told you before you married him."

For a while they sat in silence, gazing into the fire.

Suddenly Dyke became aware of little sounds from close behind him. Beryl had started to cry. In a moment he had slipped his arm round her and drawn her unresisting to him.

"Poor kid!" he whispered, as he gently smoothed her hair. "You have had a terrible time."

Suddenly a harsh voice came to them out of the darkness.

"Very pretty, I must say!"

In a moment they were on their feet. Close behind where they had been sitting was Johnson.

"What are you doing here?" Dyke demanded.

"I've come for your girl friend," announced Johnson, a nasty leer on his face. "Kirch wants her."

"Why didn't he come himself, then?" asked Beryl.

"Because he's too busy, that's why. He's still trying to find out where that gold's hidden."

"How did you get loose?" Dyke inquired.

"Kirch came back to the Phoebe for something to eat and to get lanterns, and saw what had happened. That bunch of scum on the wreck tried to prevent him coming aboard, so he threatened to turn the machine-gun on them. So they had to let me go, and Kirch is leaving someone at the gun to see they don't get up to any more tricks."

Dyke saw his hand moving towards his pocket.

"None of that!" he cried. "Put 'em up. I've got you covered through my pocket."

With an oath Johnson obeyed.

"Where's your boat?" Dyke demanded.

"Tied up to the river bank, of course!" Dyke addressed Beryl.

"Take the gun out of his pocket, please," he directed.

She obeyed.

"Now, back to your boat!" he ordered Johnson.

He marched him back to the river bank and waited to see him push off.

"And don't come back," he shouted after him, "or there'll be trouble."

When he was out of sight, he examined Johnson's revolver.

"I was wondering why he didn't hold us up right away," he said. "This explains it. There's nothing but empty cartridges here. Probably he found it out on the way here, but thought he could bluff us."

They made themselves as comfortable as possible on the steep slope.

"What are you thinking of doing in the morning?" Beryl inquired.

"We shall have to get help from somewhere," Dyke replied. "There is a small village a little way up the river, but I don't think it will be any good going there. The best thing to do will be to take the boat and go down the coast to the next one, which is much bigger. It can't be more than ten miles away. I would go there straight away, but it would be too risky in strange waters in the dark. With luck we may be able to get a larger boat there. Then we'll go on down the coast to the first place we come to where we can get assistance from the authorities."

"But I don't think you ought to do that. You ought to go back to the wreck."

"No. That wouldn't do at all. For one thing, it would mean that you would be in danger of falling into Kirch's hands again; and for another, there is not much that I could do there. The main consideration there now is the protection of your aunt. There are several fellows there already and, if they can't look after her, my being there won't make any difference."

"But what about the gold?"

"I'm afraid we shall have to leave that now. The safety of you and Mr. and Mrs.

Buckley is of infinitely more importance than that. Besides, I doubt whether Kirch will ever find it. Johnson said he thought he had, but I'll bet he's made a mistake."

"Even if he has, the others may give in and tell them where it is. You must go back. Don't worry about me. I shall be all right—so will Uncle and Auntie. Whatever you do, you mustn't let Oscar and that Johnson man find the gold. Heaven alone knows what they would do with it, if it fell into their hands! And if you go down the coast you may find when you get back with help that they've found it and disappeared."

Dyke squeezed her hand.

"You're a plucky little girl, that you are. There's certainly a good deal in what you say about the gold. All the same, I don't feel like exposing you to any risk for the sake of it."

"You mustn't consider me—I don't want you to consider me. You must prevent them getting it—really, you must."

"I'm! I must admit I'd like to, but I don't see that there's very much that I can do, even if I go back there. Kirch has a machine-gun and at least a dozen fully-armed men, whilst all the arms that we have between us are a couple of revolvers—no, three with this one of Johnson's—and very little ammunition. However, if you're really keen for me to, I'll go and see what can be done."

He slipped his arm under her shoulders and drew her nearer to him.

"You're not engaged to someone else now, you know?"

"No, but what has that got to do with it?"

"Well, there's no longer any reason why I shouldn't make love to you, is there?"

"I'm not so sure. I'm only just not engaged. I don't think it would be quite nice of me to seek consolation quite so quickly."

"Oh, I think that in the circumstances it would be quite in order."

Suddenly he bent over her and planted a kiss squarely on her lips.

She drew back, a little frown on her face.

"You shouldn't have done that," she said—but not as though she really meant it.

"I hate to contradict a lady, but I disagree with you. I should have done it. Shall I tell you why?"

"N-no. I don't think you'd better."

"All right, I won't."

She was silent for a few moments.

"I said I don't think you'd better tell me," she repeated.

"I know. I think you're quite right."

Again she was silent. Then, after what seemed a long time, Dyke heard a very small voice.

"Beast!"

For a few seconds he remained looking into her eyes. Then he put his mouth close to her ear.

"Because I love you," he whispered.

She did not answer, but he felt her arm creep round his neck. A moment later their lips met once more—and this time hers were not fugitive.

For a while they clung to each other. And while they did so neither time nor place, neither yesterday nor to-morrow, neither the sand dunes beneath them nor the stars above them—nothing counted except themselves.

At last with a little sigh she pushed him gently away.

"Darling!" she whispered, "I shouldn't—"

Suddenly she broke off, and he felt her fingers tighten on his arm.

"What's that?" Beryl breathed fearfully.

He listened intently. At the foot of the slope there was a patch of bush—and through that bush something was pushing its way.

Dyke whipped out his revolver and held it in readiness. For a few moments they waited, tense. Then a long, grey form emerged from the bush, stalked across the open sand and disappeared again in another clump of bush.

"They're on the warpath," he whispered. "Stay here, while I have a look-see."

He crawled to the top of the slope and peered cautiously over. The moon had just risen and in the hollow below he could see two men—Kirch and one of his sailors.

"It is Kirch and one of his lads looking for us," he told Beryl. "But you needn't worry. They can't possibly search every one of these little valleys, and they're now heading away from us."

Nevertheless, he felt by no means easy, and he was glad when morning came with no more alarms.

At last it was time to be stirring.

"We'll go back to the river and have a wash," he said, as he dusted the sand from his clothes. "Then we'll have breakfast off some more of those bananas we had last night. After that we'll push off for the dear old wreck. How will that suit you?"

"Splendid!" she cried. "Come along!"

However, on reaching the river bank they found that it was not going to be easy to carry out the latter part of his programme. Their boat had been sunk at her moorings. Her painter was still attached to the tree to which Dyke had fastened it, but only an inch or two of the gunwale remained above the water.



FOR a few minutes Dyke stood silent, considering what to do.

"Johnson said that they left the Phoebe's boat behind yesterday morning," he said at length. "Let's see if we can find it."

They did not have far to walk before they came in sight of the boat. Unfortunately, though, it was moored on the opposite side of the river.

"It's not much good to us over there," said Dyke. "We'll have to borrow that native canoe I had the other night and cross over to it."

However, on reaching the village upstream they were again disappointed. Neither of the two canoes was there, and Dyke learned that their owners were out fishing in them and would not return until nightfall.

"Do you think we can cross the river farther up?" asked Beryl.

"I doubt it," Dyke replied. "The bush along the banks above here looks pretty dense. Let's walk along the shore until we come to where Kirch and Co. are gold-mining and, when they are not looking, try to borrow their boat."

At this suggestion Beryl's eyes lit up.

"That's what we'll do," she cried. "It'll be great fun leaving them stranded on the beach. Come along!"

Until they reached the point of land which formed the limit of the bay, all was plain sailing. After that they had to proceed with great caution, obtaining as much shelter as they could from the sand dunes. Once or twice they caught sight of one of Kirch's men in the distance, but none near to them, and presently they were hiding in a clump of bushes not two hundred yards from where one of the yacht's boats lay just out of reach of the waves.

Dyke looked cautiously round.

"There's no one in sight," he whispered. "I expect they've given up searching round here, anyway. Now's our chance."

THEY sprinted across the open stretch of sand and reached the boat. But they had hardly begun to push it towards the water when they were startled by a harsh voice behind them.

"Stop that and put up your hands—both of you!"

Standing at the foot of the nearest dune was Kirch, covering them with an automatic. Several of his men were coming into sight behind him. There was nothing for it but to obey.

"I thought I told you to keep away from my fiancée," he snarled as he advanced towards Dyke.

"I do not take orders from you," returned Dyke. "And, in any case, she is no longer your fiancée."

Kirch called over one of his men and told him first to relieve Dyke of his revolver and then to take some rope from the boat.

"If you hurt him," cried Beryl, "I shall kill you."

"I wasn't speaking to you," Kirch snapped. Then, turning to Dyke: "Walk up there, and keep on walking till I tell you to stop."

Dyke was obliged to do as he was told. The way led between the sand dunes. After walking for five minutes they came to a dead tree stump.

"Tie him to that," Kirch directed.

Dyke was promptly seized by several men and, despite his struggles, bound to the stump. While this was being done, Kirch cut off a piece of rope and tied a couple of knots in it.

"Let him have it!" he ordered, handing it to the most powerful of his men.

As he spoke there was a shout from a short distance away. Turning, he saw that Johnson was coming towards them.

When he reached the group he glanced at Dyke and then turned to Kirch.

"So you've got him, eh?"

"Yes," Kirch returned. "And I'm going to flog it out of him."

"Well, I'm sorry to have to interrupt such an interesting affair, but I've found a place which, I'm sure, is where the stuff is hidden."

"Where?"

"In the hollow behind that dune."

Kirch turned to Dyke.

"Is that the place?" he demanded.

"Find out for yourself," Dyke retorted.

"I'm going to find out from you. If you don't answer my question, you know what you'll get."

"All right," Dyke said slowly. "That's the place."

Kirch told the man with the rope's-end

to remain there to keep an eye on him and see that Beryl did not release him. Then he turned and followed Johnson.

Kirch and his men were absent some time. Meanwhile Dyke found his position very trying. The sun beat down on him mercilessly and he suffered great discomfort from the rope which bound him and from projecting pieces of the tree. It was some consolation to him to know that he had sent the bandits on a wild goose-chase, but he could not help realising that he might eventually be forced to reveal the true hiding-place of the treasure.

At last Kirch reappeared with his men trailing behind him. The black look on his face told only too clearly that he had found nothing.

"You lying beast!" he cried, striding up to Dyke and striking him on the face. Then to the man with the rope's-end: "Hey, you! Lay into him!"

THE man was about to carry out the order when Dyke was again saved by a shout from Johnson. Everyone turned to see what was the matter. To the amazement of all, a party of strangers was advancing from the beach.

Kirch gazed at the leader of the newcomers as if he had caught sight of someone who had risen from the dead, while Dyke's astonishment was almost as great. For he was Pieters, the man who had first turned on Kirch and who had later told the story of the treasure to Dyke.

"You!" cried Kirch.

Pieters stopped in front of him.

"If it isn't Gentleman Joel!" he exclaimed, running his eye over him. "Whoever would 'a' thought of seeing you here? And if it ain't Cap'n Dyke, too! How-de-do, Cap'n! You don't look very comfortable there, I must say. What are they doing to you?"

Behind him were grouped about a dozen swarthy Arabs, all armed with antiquated rifles and long knives.

Kirch, recovered from the surprise of the meeting, advanced towards him.

"I've got you at last," he hissed, "you dirty, double-crossing, yellow rat!"

As he spoke, he flashed out his automatic and fired. But Pieters had been watching him and jumped aside, pulling the trigger of his ancient carbine as he did so. The bullet missed Kirch, but hit one of his men. The half-caste ruffians promptly retaliated. In a few seconds the two parties had scattered and taken cover behind the bushes and sand dunes, each leaving one casualty lying in the open.

Then began a ding-dong sniping contest. Dyke seemed to have been forgotten by both the leaders. But the stump to which he was tied was in the middle of the battlefield and bullets were passing uncomfortably near him.

Beryl also was ignored. She flung herself flat as soon as the firing commenced, but instead of taking cover she crawled towards Dyke.

"Make for the beach," he cried. "Now's your chance to get away."

Even as he spoke a bullet struck the stump.

"I'm all right," she replied steadily, and began to loosen the knots. The bandits had not troubled to make an elaborate job of securing their prisoner and in a few moments he was free.

"Come on!" he cried, stooping low. "We must run for it."

He found this not so easy as it sounded,

for after being tied up so long he was stiff. But fortunately neither side seemed interested in him for the moment, and he and Beryl reached the beach in safety.

The boat which they had intended to take earlier in the day was still there, and without loss of time they launched it.

As soon as they were well clear of the beach, Dyke stopped rowing.

"Beryl!" he exclaimed, taking her hand. "You're the pluckiest little girl I've ever known."

"Don't be silly," she returned. "I couldn't let you stay there and be shot—could I?"

Dyke bent to his oars and they soon reached the wreck. They were given a warm welcome.

"Thank heavens you're both safe!" exclaimed Mr. Buckley, as his wife enfolded Beryl in her arms. "We saw you being seized by Kirch. Then when those other men went ashore and the firing began, we were terrified to think of what might become of you."

"What has been happening here?" inquired Dyke.

Soon after you left last night Kirch returned and we were obliged to release Johnson. However, he seemed to have given up the idea of keeping us shut up, but he was careful not to leave us a boat, so that it was impossible for us to go and look for you, when you didn't return. Then, this morning, soon after we saw you and Kirch on the beach, the dhow sailed into the bay. The man Pieters, whom Murray tells me you've met before, came aboard. He told us that the dhow happened to call at the island on which, according to what he says, you left him, and he persuaded the skipper to bring him here. He wanted to know where you were and where the gold was. Murray knew that he was not exactly a pal of Kirch's, so we told him the stuff was buried ashore and that Kirch was trying to find it. When he heard that, he was off like a shot."



THAT was a bright idea! It certainly got us out of a nasty hole. They still seem to be scrapping. Let's hope they wipe each other out. But if they don't and neither of them finds the gold, I'm afraid we shall have some more trouble with them. I think we'd better fetch the launch, which is quite undamaged, and take Mrs. Buckley and Beryl in it to St. Denis."

"I don't think that will be necessary," put in Captain Shaw. "We were signalling to our men on the yacht early this morning. They were feeling pretty sick at losing the gold and, as they saw no chance of recovering it, they were anxious to throw their hand in."

"It goes against the grain to have to make terms with such a crowd of mutinous blackguards, but in the circumstances we couldn't very well do anything else."

"That is so," Dyke agreed. "When will you be ready to sail?"

"The chief says that there is only an hour or two's work to do and so it's really only a question of raising steam."

"Good! Oh, I say, look there!"

He pointed towards the shore. The Arabs had emerged from the sand dunes and were running down the beach, Pieters leading the retreat. They reached their boat and pushed off hurriedly without waiting to pick up one of their number who had fallen. As they rowed towards the dhow a fusillade of shots followed them from the dunes.

"Kirch seems to have got the best of it," exclaimed Dyke.

Kirch and some of his men attempted to launch a boat, either with the idea of following up their victory or of recapturing Dyke. But the Arabs prevented this. From behind their bulwarks they raked the beach with bullets and Kirch was compelled to withdraw his men behind the dunes, leaving two of them lying on the beach. Of these latter one was the engineer from the yacht, who had thrown in his lot with him.

Pieters now held a strong position, for, whilst the dhow was out of range of the Phoebe's machine-gun, it commanded the stretch of beach on which Kirch's boat was lying. Until darkness fell the bandits would have to remain on shore.

As there was no longer anything to prevent them doing so, the refugees on the wreck now returned to the yacht.

Mr. Buckley asked the chief engineer when they would be able to sail.

"If we have no more trouble," the chief replied, "we shall be able to get away at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I was hoping you'd be ready to-night. We'll go straight to St. Denis and put the authorities on the track of those fellows. How will that suit you, Captain Dyke? You will come with us, of course?"

"It is good of you to offer us a passage," Dyke replied, "but Murray, Hayes and myself will have to stay here. We must keep an eye on the Swan. We ought to be able to get her off in a day or two."

"But will it be safe for you to remain here?"

"Oh, I think we shall be able to look after ourselves all right."

Dyke and his two lieutenants spent the afternoon in rowing over to the river mouth with some tins of petrol and re-floating the launch. When they had brought it back, he arranged with Mr. Buckley for it to be left with him in order that he might use it in getting the Swan off the sandbank.

A good lookout was kept for any signs of trouble from Kirch and his gang. However, while daylight lasted, the presence of Pieters and his Arabs prevented them renewing their attempt to make Dyke speak and they resumed their efforts to find the treasure themselves.

Late in the evening Dyke was leaning over the rail enjoying the cool breeze after the heat of the day. Everyone was resting after the day's labors and all was now quiet on the yacht.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by the sound of oars. Peering into the darkness, he made out the dim outline of a boat, which was approaching the yacht.

In a few moments he was with Captain Shaw, telling him what he had seen.

"Whatever their game is, we're prepared for them," cried the latter. And he proceeded to issue a rapid series of orders.

The gangway had been hauled up at sunset, so that it was now practically impossible to board the yacht from a small boat. Several powerful lights fitted with large reflectors had been placed along the yacht's side, and these

were now switched on. They revealed a boat filled with the bandits and with Kirch himself in the stern. But although those aboard the yacht could see them, they themselves were invisible.

"Boat, ahoy!" hailed Captain Shaw. "What do you want?"

"I'm coming aboard," shouted Kirch. "I've got something I want to talk to you about."

"I suppose you want to make another attempt to force us to tell you where the gold is buried, eh?"

"You're right—I do. And force is the right word. If you don't let me come on board I shall use my machine-gun."

"Go ahead! You're not likely to hurt anyone with it, because we are well prepared for it."

"Even if you have plugged up a few of your portholes, I shan't have any difficulty in filling you full of lead where it will hurt. Come on! Lower that ladder!"

"Nothing doing! And let me tell you that we've got you covered from two places—so you'd better beat it while you've got the chance."

Kirch made further threats; but when someone on the dhow opened fire on him, he realised his exposed position and turned his boat round and rowed away.

At half-past five next morning Dyke and his companions stood at the top of the ladder saying good-bye to Mr. Buckley and Captain Shaw.

"We are most grateful to you for your assistance," said the former, "especially after the—er—little misunderstanding we had. I hope we shall see you in St. Denis in a few days' time."

"I hope so, too," Dyke replied, "but my plans are uncertain."

As he was speaking, he looked about, wondering where Beryl could be. On the previous evening she had promised to see him off, but as yet she had not appeared—and he would have to leave in a few minutes.

"Beryl is not feeling very well this morning," Mr. Buckley went on, as if answering his unspoken question. "She sent word to say that she hopes that you will excuse her coming up to say good-bye, and that she wishes you luck."

"Thank you. I hope there is nothing serious the matter."

"Oh, I don't think it is anything to worry about! It's probably only that she's feeling a bit run down after the strain of the last few days."

Everything was now ready for departure and, followed by Murray and Hayes, he walked down the ladder to the launch. There the second officer, who had been seeing that some tins of petrol and other stores had been properly stowed, reported that all was in order and with a breezy farewell stepped aboard the yacht. The painter was then cast off and the launch drew away from the yacht's side.

Having covered a quarter of a mile or so, Dyke stopped the engine and, as the launch lay rolling gently on the swell, waited to see the yacht leave.

The windlass was already at work heaving up her anchor, and soon white foam at her stern showed that the engines were in motion. The graceful vessel swung slowly round. Then, when her bows pointed towards the open sea, she began to move forward faster. On the bridge stood Mr. Buckley waving a handkerchief. Dyke waved back.

When would he see Beryl again? he wondered. Would he be able to recover the treasure in time to reach St. Denis

before she left, or would he lose it altogether? The whole course of his life depended on what the answer to that question would prove to be.

He stood watching the receding yacht until she had rounded the headland and was lost to sight. Then with a sigh he turned to the wheel and started the engine.

"Well, that's that!" he said.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he noticed something moving beneath a canvas cover which had been thrown down in an untidy heap in the bows. He took a step towards it and pulled it aside. There, sitting on the bottom of the launch and with a roguish smile on her lips, was Beryl.



DYKE uttered a cry of amazement.

"Beryl!" he exclaimed. "Whatever are you doing there?"

"I thought I should like to be kidnapped again," she replied demurely.

"Oh, indeed! Well, anyway, you can be kidnapped without sitting there. Come along aft, so that I can give you a good talking to."

He told Murray to take the wheel and seated himself beside Beryl in the stern. The engine was running rather noisily and they could talk without being overheard.

"Do you think it very dreadful of me?" she inquired, a smile in her eyes.

"Yes, I do—very. I'm afraid that this kidnapping won't be such a long affair as the last. As soon as they miss you they'll come back."

"They won't miss me until this evening at the earliest—perhaps not until to-morrow morning. Auntie is laid up with the strain of the last few days, and I made the steward who looks after me promise to keep uncle out of my room as long as possible. I'm afraid he'll get into a terrible row when they find I'm not there, but I'll make it all right for him."

Dyke leaned closer to her.

"Why did you do it?" he inquired softly.

For a few moments she contemplated her feet in silence.

"Well, you see," she said at length. "I was afraid that Oscar would find the gold before the authorities sent help here, and that, if he did, you would try to take it away from him and perhaps get shot. So I decided to remain behind and share the danger with you."

On the previous evening Dyke had thought out a plan for seizing the Phoebe, on which there were apparently only a couple of men. With her in his possession, he would have Kirch at his mercy. Now, however, the presence of Beryl made any such attempt out of the question, and, apart from refuelling the Swan, there was nothing to be done except wait and hope that help would arrive from St. Denis before Kirch found the treasure.

This hope was not destined to be realised. They had not been aboard the schooner an hour when they saw signs of increased activity ashore. The bandits were carrying something down to the water's edge, and, when they trained their glasses on them, they saw only too clearly that that something consisted of boxes of gold.

"They've found it!" cried Dyke in dismay. "Of all the confounded luck!"

Pieters and the Arabs also saw what was taking place and promptly opened fire on the men ashore. But the latter were taking no chances and were piling the boxes at a point well out of range of the dhow. Seeing this the Arabs hastily tumbled into their boat. It was evident that now that the enemy had performed the task of finding the gold they meant to seize it from them. However, they had not covered more than half the distance to the beach when the Phoebe's machine-gun opened fire on them, and they were forced to retire to the shelter of their own ship.

Dyke had several times wondered why Kirch had not already used his machine-gun to drive them right out of the bay. He now guessed that the reason was that he wished to flaunt the gold in front of their eyes before he destroyed them.

Kirch now got into his boat with some of his men and rowed out to the Phoebe. Arrived there, he proceeded to direct the annihilation of his one-time assistant and his Arabs. The Phoebe moved closer to the dhow and then the machine-gun began to rake her with merciless fire. The Arabs attempted to reply, but they were quickly mown down, and with them Pieters. Finally, a handful of survivors succeeded in slipping the anchor cable and raising a sail. Seeing that Pieters was dead, Kirch did not follow them as they moved slowly out to sea, and presently they disappeared round one of the headlands.

Dyke watched the course of events anxiously, for he was afraid that Kirch might follow up his victory over the Arabs by attacking the Swan. Apparently, however, he had other plans. As soon as the dhow had been driven off, he returned with his men to the beach and they set about the task of transporting the boxes of treasure to their schooner.

While this was going on the time of high water arrived, and Dyke and his assistants made another attempt to refloat the Swan. The launch was attached to her with a long line and her engine opened full out. But the schooner refused to move.

WITH nothing left that he could do, Dyke watched Kirch's activities, his mind in a turmoil.

He was very anxious as to what action Kirch might be intending to take with regard to Beryl, whose presence aboard the Swan he had probably spotted. It was obvious that the wisest thing to do would be for them all to take the launch and set out for St. Denis in her. Then Beryl would be comparatively safe. But when he suggested doing this, she would not hear of it, and announced that she had no intention of running away.

At last, when the afternoon was well advanced, the bandits appeared to have finished their task. They hoisted up their boat and a little later began to weigh anchor.

Those aboard the Swan watched breathlessly.

"It looks as if they're coming this way," Dyke exclaimed, as the Phoebe's bows swung round.

An appalling thought struck him. Supposing Kirch intended to turn his machine-gun on them, with the object of taking vengeance on himself and Beryl? "Take cover!" he cried. "Lord knows what he may be up to!"

The Phoebe was now moving slowly towards them.

"Beryl!" he exclaimed. "You must go below. And keep clear of the portholes."

"If you can stay here, so can I," she returned.

Dyke was in no mood for flowery speech. "Go below at once," he directed. "You are in danger here."

She did not move and he was about to catch hold of her and carry her below, whether she wanted to or not, when his attention was attracted by a shout from the Phoebe.

"Schooner, ahoy!"

Seeing that there was no time for further argument, Dyke dragged Beryl into the shelter of the bulwarks and then looked cautiously over the top. The Phoebe had approached to within a short distance and was stopping. Her machine-gun was trained on the Swan.

"I want Miss Gretton," came the voice of Kirch once more.

"Well, you're not going to have her," Dyke roared back.

"I am. I've got the gold and now I'm going to have her. Put her in a boat and bring her over. If you don't, I shall sweep your deck clear."

Instead of replying, Dyke turned to Beryl.

"Please go below, Beryl!" he whispered. "You're in terrible danger here. If you go, we may be able to get the fellow at the machine-gun with our revolvers."

"I'm all right," she replied. Then, before he could stop her, she sprang on to the top of the bulwarks.

"Fire away!" she cried, standing there with her hand on a stay.

Dyke stood up.

"Come down!" he cried. "The man may take you at your word."

"No, he won't. He won't fire with me here."

Dyke looked again at the other ship. Apparently Beryl was right. Kirch did not dare to fire while there was a risk of hitting her. But he had evidently another plan in his mind. Several of his men were busying themselves with some object which was attached to the mast-head by a long line. That this represented some new danger Dyke did not doubt, but what it could be he was unable to guess.

"If she doesn't come here at once," Kirch bawled again, "I've got something here which will shift the whole lot of you."

"Then shift us!" retorted Beryl.

Kirch seemed to require no further challenge. The Phoebe was now quite close to the Swan—too close for her safety. Dyke thought, remembering that his own ship was fast on a shoal. Kirch gave an order and one of his men began to climb out on to the bowsprit carrying the object which was attached to the line. Dyke now saw that it was a petrol tin with a bundle of cotton-waste attached to it. In an instant he guessed that Kirch's purpose was to hurl a fire bomb aboard the Swan, in order to set her on fire and compel Beryl to leave her.

He shouted a warning. At the same instant the man put a match to the waste. Being soaked with paraffin it flared up at once. He released the tin, and it swung through the air in a wide arc. At the end of its swing, the sling was pulled up sharply by a second cord, with the result that the tin with the blazing waste attached to it shot out towards the Swan. For a breathless second Dyke watched it hurtling through space. Then it fell harmlessly into the sea—a few yards short. As it did so, the tin suddenly burst and a sheet of flame shot up from the surface of the water. Fortune-

ately, however, the wind was blowing away from the schooner's side, and, although the burning petrol spread over a considerable area, it did not come near enough to be dangerous.

"Phew! That was a near thing," exclaimed Murray. "Good heavens! Look! They're going to have another try."

Sure enough, a second tin of petrol had been produced and was being placed in the sling.

"We'll have to put a stop to that," Dyke cried. "They may make a better shot next time."

Crouching behind the bulwarks, he took very careful aim. He fired. The bullet hit the petrol tin, puncturing it and at the same time causing a spark and igniting the petrol. In a few moments the whole of the fore end of the Phoebe's deck—the end at which the machine-gun was mounted, was enveloped in flame.

With a curse Kirch drew his automatic and fired several shots in the direction of the Swan. But his aim was wild and he was obliged to turn his attention to the blaze.

MEANWHILE, despite

Kirch and Johnson's efforts to control it, the fire spread, and soon the only part of the Phoebe which was tenable was her small poop.

"She'll sink and no one will get the gold," cried Beryl.

The doomed schooner, now quite out of control, was drifting on the current away from the Swan. Kirch and Johnson were still trying to fight the flames with buckets of water; but it was a hopeless business and suddenly they gave up. The only thing left for them to do was to follow their men over the side. Johnson took a header into the water, but Kirch stood hesitating on the top of the bulwarks, evidently fearing to jump. And as he stood there looking down, first one dark fin and then another appeared close to Johnson. Someone aboard the Swan shouted a warning to the man in the water. But it was too late. He suddenly threw up his arms, uttered a shriek and disappeared.

Kirch looked desperately round him. Behind him were the flames, in front of him the sharks.

"Swine though he is, we can't let him be eaten by sharks," exclaimed Dyke. "You fellows stay here. I'll go after him in the launch."

He dashed towards the ladder. But even as he did so, fate decided Kirch's problem for him. There was a loud crack and the schooner's mast fell with a crash on to the poop. A block hit Kirch square on the head and he toppled over into the sea. The waves closed over him. He did not rise again.

For fully a minute the watchers stood silent, looking grimly at the place where he had disappeared.

"That's the end of that!" said Dyke slowly.

As he uttered the words, Beryl collapsed insensible in his arms.

There was now nothing to be done but to wait for the return of the yacht. Meanwhile the Phoebe burnt herself out and late in the evening it was possible to inspect her charred remains. The whole of her deck had been burnt off, together with part of her sides. In the open cavity which was left lay the treasure. Many of the boxes had been burned, but the gold itself was, of course, undamaged.

Just before midnight the yacht ap-

peared. Her anchor had barely touched the water when a boat left her side.

"Is Beryl there?" shouted Mr. Buckley, as it drew near the Swan.

Beryl had been resting below, but before Dyke could reply she appeared at his side.

"Hullo, Uncle!" she cried. "Here I am—quite safe!"

"Thank heaven for that! We've been terribly worried about you. We had nearly reached St. Denis before we missed you. We turned back straight away. Whatever have you been up to?"

Mr. Buckley came aboard the schooner and Dyke and Beryl together recounted the events of the day.

"It's a wonder that any of you are still alive," he exclaimed, when they had finished. "I would never have believed that Kirch would have turned out like that!"

Beryl shuddered.

"What are your plans now?" Mr. Buckley asked Dyke.

"I'm going to make another attempt to get the old Swan afloat at high water tomorrow morning. If I am successful, I shall take the gold aboard and sail for Capetown at once."

"Wouldn't it be better if we were to take the gold? It is an immense sum to put in such a small vessel."

"I don't think so. The Swan is small, but she is also pretty solid. Besides, it has caused enough trouble aboard your ship already. However, I should be obliged if you would lend me two or three reliable men."

Next morning Dyke succeeded in re-floating his schooner. Beryl came over from the yacht to witness the attempt, and he declared, as the Swan floated clear, that she brought him luck. Afterwards she remained to watch the gold being transported from the burnt-out Phoebe.

When darkness had fallen Dyke took her back to the yacht. He did not hurry—in fact, it was the slowest passage the launch had ever made.

"Happy?" he whispered to her, as she nestled close to his arms. He had stopped the engine, and the launch lay rolling lazily on the swell. Overhead an infinity of stars looked down on them from out of a perfect sky.

"Yes," she breathed. "Isn't it wonderful?"

Her head lay on his shoulder. Slowly she turned and looked up into his eyes. Then her arm stole up and drew him closer to her. They kissed.

"And you will marry me as soon as we reach Capetown?" he asked.

"Yes—the very first moment possible."

"You'll get there in the yacht before I do, but I shan't keep you waiting long."

"No, we'll arrive there together. I'll get Uncle to tell Captain Shaw to go slow, so that we're never out of sight of each other."

"That'll be splendid."

As dawn was breaking next day two vessels sailed out of Rodriguez Bay, one a large and graceful steam yacht, the other a small but trim schooner. On the yacht was Beryl, her mind freed from the terrors and anxieties of the past few days, her heart singing with joy. On the schooner was Dyke, his worries over, the stolen treasure safe in the hold, and happiness only a few days ahead.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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